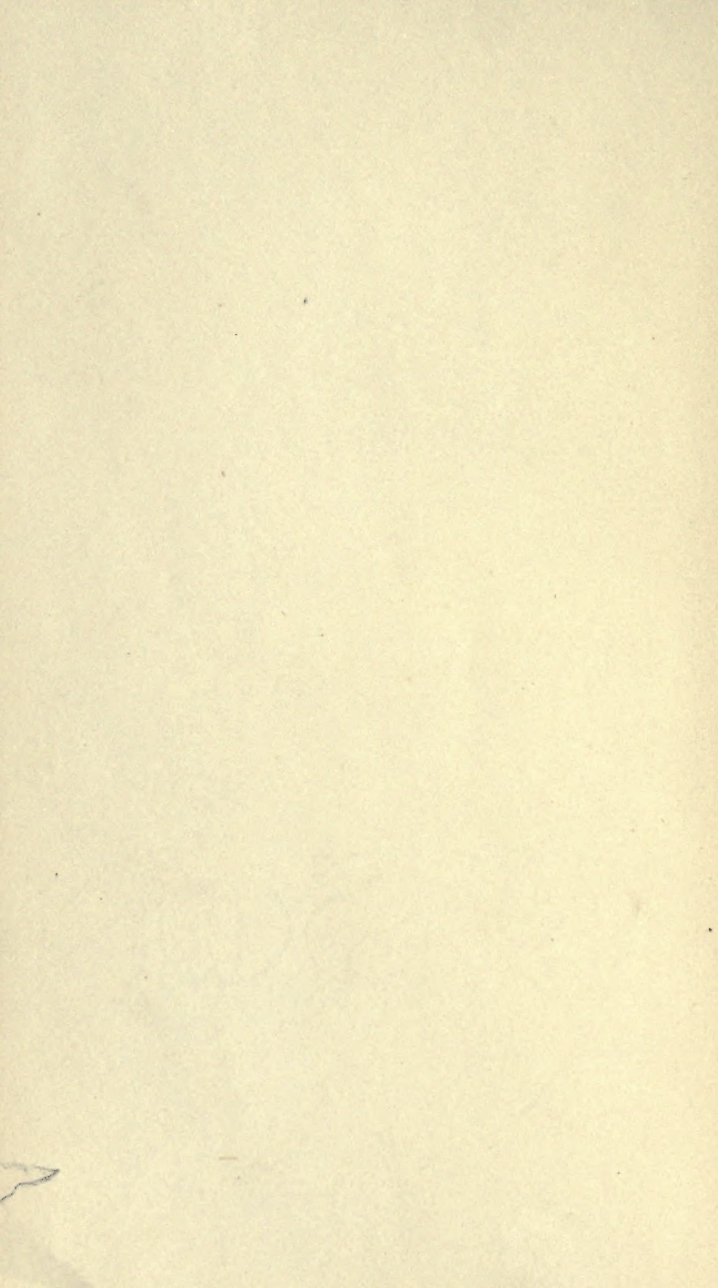


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REVISED, IMPROVED, AND CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED,

CONTAINING

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AS PERFORMED AT

THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN'S CATCH CLUB, THE GLEE CLUB,
THE HARMONISTS' SOCIETY, THE ARGYLL GLEE CLUB, THE
LODGE OF ANTIQUITY, THE SOMERSET HOUSE LODGE,
THE LODGE OF INVERNESS, AND THE LODGE OF
PRUDENCE, 122, OF FREEMASONS, THE AMA-
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ALL PUBLIC SOCIETIES, IN GENERAL.

COMPILED BY

RICHARD CLARK,

ONE OF THE GENTLEMEN OF HIS MAJESTY'S CHAPELS ROYAL,
AND DEPUTY AT ST. PAUL'S AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

" May the Chorus of our Songs, as they go round, be able to
CATCH the true spirit of GLEE, and all our cares go off, like the re-
port of a CANNON "—T. D.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR :

AND MAY BE HAD OF HIM, NO. 25, STANGATE STREET, BRIDGE
ROAD, LAMBETH ; AT THE ARGYLL ROOMS, AND OF MESSRS.
CLEMENTI'S AND CO. 26, CHEAPSIDE.

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Little College Street, Westminster.

THE
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IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO ALL LOVERS OF

ENGLISH MUSIC,

BY THEIR OBEDIENT

AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

RICHARD CLARK.

M188297

look for encouragement, if not at home, and among his own countrymen ?

If it were not for the Noblemen and Gentlemen belonging to the Catch Club, the Glee Club, and a few other Musical Societies, (some of which are mentioned in the title page) who can value the indefatigable study and labour of the above composers, their works would be laid, untouched, neglected, and almost forgotten, on the shelf.

The Glee, "If wine and music," page 370, is also set for 3 Voices, by Mr. J. B. Sale, pub. single—Argyll Rooms.

Mr. Sale, Secretary to the Catch Club, Thatched House,
St. James Street.

Mr. Blackbourn, Secretary to the Glee Club, Crown and
Anchor, Strand.

Mr. Glennie, Secretary to the Harmonist's Society, Albion Tavern, Aldersgate Street.

N.B.—Any information respecting the Clubs, may be had as above.

PUBLICATIONS SPOKEN OF IN THIS WORK.

The Convito Harmonico.

A Work edited by *S. Webbe, jun.* published by Chappell, No. 50, New Bond Street, in 4 volumes, £1.16 s.—To be continued.

Vocal Harmony.

A Work published by Messrs. Clementi & Co. 26, Cheapside, in 6 books, £1. . s.

Any of the Glees in the above Work may be had single.

Dr. Callcott's Two Volumes,

Edited by *Wm. Horsley, M.B.* published by Birchall & Co.—133, New Bond Street.

This Work contains a very fine Portrait of the Dr. and also a very interesting account of his Life and Writings.

The Triumphs of Oriana.

Edited and published by *Wm. Hawes*; the first time printed in score, with a very curious and interesting biographical account of Queen Elizabeth.

Also those Madrigals formerly published by the Rev. Mr. Webbe, The above Works may be had at the Royal Harmonic Institution. 246, Regent Street, or No. 7, Adelphi Terrace, Strand.

Those Madrigals with Hawes at the bottom were published by him.

GOULDING & Co. Music Publishers, No. 20, Soho Square.

POWERS, Music Publisher, 34, Strand.

N.B. All the Irish Melodies may be had as above.

MONZANI, Music Publisher, 28, Regent Street.

PRESTON, Music Publisher. 71. Dean Street, Soho.

Any old and scarce Songs may be had above.

Euterpean.

A Work published by Mr. Snowden, a Sadler by trade, and a lover of Music.

Mr. Sale's Three Volumes,

Containing many Gleees by the late Earl of Mornington, some by himself, and others. 36, Marsham Street, Westminster. 12s. each.

Mr. T. Walmisley's Book of Gleees.

And those single, may be had of him, and at all the principal Music Shops.

The Editor has been informed that those pieces of Poetry bearing the name of Little, are by T. Moore, he having formerly assumed that name, as author.

Warren's Numbers.

It is much to be regretted, that a work which is become so valuable as that brought out by Mr. Warren, who was Secretary to the Noblemen and Gentlemen's Catch Club, should have contained so many compositions which could not, from the nature of the words, be left open to the inspection of our families. Those obscene Catches were meant to be sung only among the wits of that time, but were never intended to appear in print, before the public; many of the numbers containing those words, were bought up, and purposely destroyed; and many were also destroyed by a fire, which happened at Warren's house. Some of the scarce numbers have been sold for as much as 5 and 9 guineas, and the work for 40 guineas: it is, however, much reduced in price, though not in value. This work was brought out in 32 numbers, containing 652 pieces, at 2s. 6d. per number; the scarce numbers are 11, 17, 23, 24, 27, and 31.

It will be seen (by the following extract from the preface to a work composed and published by Orlando Gibbons, and dedicated to his great friend Syr Chris. Hatton, containing 20 Madrigals) that the poetry was written by Syr C. Hatton, viz:

"They were most of them composed in your own house, and the language they speake, you provided them, I only furnished them with tongues to utter the same."

Musica Transalpina.

It appears by the preface to the first book of this Work, published 1588, by N. Yonge, that the whole was translated from the Italian, by a gentlemen of the name of Thomas Watson, an Italian merchant, principally for his own delight and use, except two of them translated from Ariosto, by Wm. Byrde, and set to music by him.

T. MORLEY also published some Madrigals collected out of the best and most approved Italian composers' works, to 4 and 5 voices, which are also translated into English, and, most likely by Morley himself, for Baldwin (1591) speaking of Morley, says,

“ With singer and with penne, had not his peere ;”

And also states, that it was the custom, with many of our English Madrigalists, not only to compose the music, but the words also, the great tendency of which Morley sharply reproves, as savouring of indecency, and, not unfrequently, of impiety. See his learned Introduction to Music, p. 205.

He too, says the account, was his own poet ; and this may, in some degree, account for the unnatural accommodation of the words, in some of the madrigals from the Italian composers, published by him. Supposing Morley to have understood but little of that language, this may also account for its now and then having occasioned such a distortion of measure and rhyme, and obscurity of construction. Syr Chris. Hatton also complains of the badness of the poetry of his time, in a madrigal, page 192, which he wrote, and which was set to music by Or. Gibbons, viz :

Oh that the learned poets of this time,

Who, in a love-sick line, so well can speak,

Would not consume good wit in hateful ryhme,

But with deep care some better subject seek.

N.B. For the information of those who may have Musical Libraries to dispose of, Mr. Musgrave, Auctioneer, No. 5, Bread Street, Cheapside, is strongly recommended, who understands music very well, knows the best and most favourite works, ancient and modern, and, consequently, can put the music together in lots, so as to sell to the most advantage.

GLEES, MADRIGALS,

&c. &c.

THE GRACE.

CANON *for 3 Voices.*—W. BYRD.

NON nobis, Domine ! non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam.*

PSALM CXV.

Not unto us, O Lord ! not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise !

* It has been usual at public meetings on some occasions to applaud, after singing this grace ; but the breach, rather than the observance, of this custom, would certainly be more decorous. "*Non nobis, Domine !*" is a solemn act of thanksgiving, felt and expressed in the most divine strains, not intended to excite applause, but to inspire the heart with the deepest sense of gratitude to the Divine Being.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Con. Tenor, and Base.)

GLORIOUS Apollo from on high beheld us,
Wandering to find a temple for his praise,
Sent Polyhymnia hither to shield us,
While we ourselves such a structure might raise.

Thus then combining,
 Hands and hearts joining,
 Sing we in harmony Apollo's praise.

Here ev'ry gen'rous sentiment awaking,
 Music inspiring unity and joy ;
 Each social pleasure giving and partaking,
 Glee and good-humour our hours employ.
 Thus then combining,
 Hands and hearts joining,
 Long may continue our unity and joy.—*S. Webbe.*

Convito, p. 258.—Single, Birchall's.—Do. Chapell's.

* This is invariably the first Glee that is sung at the Glee Club, after "Non nobis, Domine!" and was written and composed by Mr. WEBBE before the Club was established, when the meetings were held alternately at each others house, and hence he describes them, Wand'ring to find a temple for his praise.

GLEE *for 5 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.—*Medal*, 1768.

(Treble, Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

A GEN'ROUS friendship no cold medium knows,
 Burns with one love, with one resentment glows :
 One, should our interest and our passion be,
 My friend should hate the man, that injures me.—*Pope.*

Convito, p. 350.—Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 7, p. 24.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—J. S. SMITH.

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

As on a summer's day,
 In a green-wood shade I lay ;
 The maid that I lov'd,
 As her fancy mov'd,
 Came walking forth that way :
 And as she passed by,
 With a scornful glance of her eye,
 " What a shame," quoth she,
 " For a swain must it be,
 Like a lazy loon for to lie.
 And dost thou nothing heed
 What Pan, our god, has decreed ?
 What a prize to-day,
 Shall be giv'n away ;
 To the sweetest shepherd's reed :
 There's scarce a single swain,
 Of all this fruitful plain,
 But with hopes and fears,
 Now busily prepares
 The bonny boon to gain.
 Shall another maiden shine
 In brighter array than thine ?
 Up, up, dull swain !
 Tune thy pipe once again,
 And make the garland mine !" — *Rowe.*

Single, Birchall's.—Convito, p. 180.—Warren, No. 15, p. 30.—
 Bland, Vol. VI. p. 715.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Trebles and Base; or Con. Ten. Base.)

As o'er the varied meads I stray,
 Or trace through winding woods my way;
 While op'ning flow'rs their sweets exhale,
 And odours breathe in every gale;
 Where sage Contentment builds her seat,
 And Peace attends the calm retreat;
 My soul responsive hails the scene,
 Attun'd to joy and peace within.
 But, musing on the lib'ral hand
 That scatters blessings o'er the land;
 That gives for man with pow'r divine,
 The earth to teem, the sun to shine;
 My grateful heart with rapture burns,
 And pleasure to devotion turns.

Anacreon on the Spring.

Single, Birchall's.—King's Book, p. 62.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—DANBY.—*Medal*, 1783.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake!
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings;
 From Helicon's harmonious springs,
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take.
 The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Now the rich stream of music winds along,
 Deep, majestic, smooth and strong,
 Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign :
 Now rolling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour ;
 The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

Gray.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 445.—Single, Birchall's.—Warren,
 No. 22, p. 4.—Convito, p. 252.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Dr. COOKE.—*Prize Glee, 1782.*

(2 Trebles, Con. and Base.)

As now the shades of eve embrown
 The scenes, where pensive poets rove ;
 From care remote, from envy's frown ;
 The joys of inward calm I prove.
 What holy strains, around me swell !
 No wildly rude tumultuous sound :
 They fix the soul in magic spell ;
 Soft let me tread this favour'd ground.
 Sweet is the gale that breathes the spring,
 Sweet, thro' the vale, yon winding stream ;
 Sweet are the notes love's warblers sing,
 But sweeter friendship's solemn theme.

Thos. Jas. Mathias.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 388.—Convito, p. 82.—Single,
 Birchall, ditto Chapell.—Warren, No. 21, p. 11.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

ARE the white hours for ever fled,
 That us'd to mark the cheerful day ?
 And ev'ry blooming pleasure dead,
 That led th' enraptur'd soul astray ?
 Too fast the rosy-footed train,
 The blest delicious moments past ;
 Pleasure must now give way to pain,
 And grief succeed to joy at last.
 O ! daughters of eternal Jove !
 Return with the returning year ;
 Bring pleasure back, and smiles, and love,
 Let blooming love again appear.

Miss Aikin—Annual Register.

Single, Birchall's.—Warren, No. 29, p. 26.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

As I was going to Derby,
 'Twas on a market-day,
 I met the finest ram, Sir,
 That ever was fed upon hay :
 This ram was fat behind, Sir,
 This ram was fat before ;
 This ram was ten yards high, Sir,
 Indeed, he was no more !

The butcher that kill'd this ram, Sir,
 Was up to his knees in blood !
 The boy that held the pail, Sir,
 Was carried away by the flood !
 The tail that grew upon his rump
 Was ten yards and an ell !
 And that was sent to Derby,
 To toll the market bell !—*Old Ballad.*

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 406.—Single, Birchall.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

ABELARD.

AH ! why this boding start, this sudden pain,
 That wings my pulse, and shoots from vein to vein !
 What mean regardless of yon midnight bell,
 These earth-born visions, saddening o'er my cell !
 What strange disorder prompts these thoughts to glow,
 These sighs to murmur, and these tears to flow !
 Sleep, conscience, sleep ! each awful thought be drown'd,
 And seven-fold darkness veil the scene around.
 What means this pause, this agonizing start,
 This glimpse of heav'n, just rushing through my heart !
 Methinks I see a radiant cross displayed,
 A wounded Saviour bleeds along the shade !
 Around th' expiring God, bright angels fly,
 Swell the loud hymn, and open all the sky.

O save me ! save me ! ere the thunder roll,
 And endless terrors swallow up my soul.
 Fly ! for justice bares the arm of God,
 And the grasp'd vengeance only waits his nod !

Cawthorne, Master of Tunbridge School.

CATCH for 3 Voices.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

AN ! how, Sophia, can you leave
 Your lover, and of hope bereave !
 Go fetch the Indian's borrow'd plume,
 Yet richer far than that you bloom ;
 I'm but a lodger in your heart,
 And more than me, I fear, have part.

Dr. Callcott.

Single, Birchall.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

ARISE, ye winds ! from your deep caves,
 And rouse, oh ! rouse the swelling waves ;
 Oh ! drive my love again to shore,
 That I may see his face once more !
 Who flies from me on the broad back
 Of the salt ocean, thro' the track

Of yielding floods : while left alone
 I sigh, and tell deaf rocks my moan.
 Cruel, ah ! cruel, how he swore,
 For ever, he would me adore,
 Next to the powers divine, but see,
 O God of Love ! men's treachery :
 Too easy my belief's betray'd,
 And all my hopes, just blooming, fade.
 Come grief, come on, to thee I'll wed,
 And on the sea-bank make my bed.
 Come, sea nymphs, from your coral caves,
 Arise, ye tritons, from your waves
 Revenge my death ; oh ! close my eyes ;
 For wrong'd in love, a virgin dies.
 " Witness the sun that shines so bright,
 Witness the tapers of the night,
 Witness the spring and groves," she cried ;
 And then she laid her down, and died.

Convito, p. 152.—Webbe's 4th Book, p. 35.

GLEE *for 5 Voices*.—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Con. 3 Ten. and Base.)

ALL my sense thy sweetness gained,
 Thy dear hair my heart enchained ;
 My poor reason thy words moved,
 So that thee, like heav'n, I loved :
 Fal la la leridan,
 Dan dan dan deridan dei.

Now thy sweetness, sour is deemed,
 Thy hair, not worth a hair, esteemed ;
 Reason hath thy words removed,
 Finding that but words they proved :

Fal la la leridan,
 Dan dan dan deridan dei.

Woe to me, alas ! she weepeth ;
 Fool, in me what folly creepeth !
 Was I to blaspheme enraged,
 Where my soul I have engaged ?

Fal la la leridan,
 Dan dan dan deridan dei.

Sweetness ! sweetly pardon folly,
 Tie me hair, your captive wholly ;
 Words ! O words of heavenly knowledge !
 Know, my words their faults acknowledge :

Fal la la leridan,
 Dan dan dan deridan dei.

Sir Philip Sidney.

5 Coll.—Preston.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*

R. COOKE, and also by R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

ADIEU, ye jovial youths ! who join
 To plunge old care in floods of wine ;

And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
 Discern him strug'ling in the bowl.
 The sole confusion I admire
 Is that my Daph'ne's eyes inspire ;
 I scorn the madness you approve,
 And value reason next to love.—*Shenstone.*

R. Cooke's 1st Book.—Birchall.—Preston's.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

Ask me, "why I send you here,
 This firstling of the infant year?"
 Ask me, "why I send to you,
 This primrose all bepearl'd with dew?"
 I strait will whisper in your ears,
 "The sweets of love are washed with tears."
 Ask me, "why this flower doth shew
 So yellow green, and sickly too?
 Why the stalk is weak and bending,
 Yet it doth not break in sending?"
 I must tell you, "these discover
 What doubts and fears are in a lover."

Carew's Poems.

Convito, p. 424.—Stevens' 5 Book.—Preston's.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. COOKE.

AWAY! let nought to love displeasing,
 My Winifreda, move thy fear;
 Let nought delay the heav'nly blessing,
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

What though no grants of royal donors,
 With pompous titles grace our blood;
 We'll shine in more substantial honors,
 And, to be noble, we'll be good.

Thro' youth and age in love excelling,
 We'll hand in hand together rove;
 Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
 And babes, sweet smiling babes! our love.

And when, with envy, time transported,
 Shall think to rob us of our joys;
 You'll, in your girls, again be courted,
 And I'd be wooing in my boys.

Mr. Gilbert Cooper.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

AWAY! away! we've crown'd the day,
 The hounds are waiting for their prey;
 The huntsman's call invites ye all,
 Come in, boys, while ye may.

The jolly horn, the rosy morn,
 With harmony of deep-mouth'd hounds;
 For these, my boys, are sportsman's joys,
 Our pleasure knows no bounds.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

ALTHO' soft sleep Death's near resemblance wears,
 Still do I wish him on my couch to lie;
 Come, balmy rest! for sweetly it appears,
 Without life, to live! without death, to die.

DUETT.—GEORGE HAYDEN.

(Tenor and Base.)

As I saw fair Chlora walk alone
 The feather'd snow came softly down,
 As Jove descending from his tow'r,
 To court her in a silver show'r.
 The wanton snow flew to her breast,
 As little birds into their nest;
 But being o'ercome with whiteness there,
 For grief dissolv'd into a tear.
 Thence falling on her garment's hem,
 To deck her, froze into a gem.
 The wanton snow, &c.

Da Capo.

Single, Birchall.—3 Voi. by Hen. Lawes.—Playford's Musical Companion, p. 121, 1673.—Convito, p. 97, Chappell.

THE ENQUIRY.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—J. BATTISHILL.

(Treble, Con. 2 Tens. and Base.

AMIDST the myrtles as I walk,
 Love and myself thus enter talk ;
 “ Tell me,” said I, in deep distress,
 “ Where I may find my shepherdess ?”

“ Then fool,” said love, “ knowst thou not this ?
 “ In ev’ry thing that’s good she is ;
 “ In yonder tulip go and seek,
 “ There thou shalt find her lip and cheek.”

“ ’Tis true,” said I, and therepon,
 And went and pluck’d them, one by one,
 To make a part a union,
 But, on a sudden, all was gone.

At which I stopt ; said love, “ these be,
 “ Fond man, resemblances of thee ;
 “ For, as these flowers, thy joy must die,
 “ Even in the turning of an eye.”

T. Carew, Esq.—1668.

Says love to me, “ thou foolish swain,
 “ Thy search in myrtle grove is vain ;
 “ Examine well thy noblest part,
 “ Thou’lt find her seated in thy heart.

The late Earl of Sandwich.

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices.*—DOWLAND,—1597.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

AWAKE, sweet love ! thou art return'd,
 My heart, which long in absence mourn'd,
 Lives now in perfect joy ;

Only herself hath seemed fair,
 She only I could love ;

She only drave me to despair,
 When she unkind did prove.

Despair did make me wish to die,

That I my joys might end ;

She only who did make me fly,

My state may now amend.

If she esteem thee now aught worth,
 She will not grieve thy love henceforth,

Which so despair hath proved ;

Despair hath proved now in me,

That love will not inconstant be,

Though long in vain I lov'd ;

If she at last reward thy love,

And all thy harms repair,

Thy happiness will sweeter prove,

Rais'd up from deep despair ;

And if that now thou welcome be,

When thou with her dost meet,

She all this while but play'd with thee

To make thy joys more sweet.

Hawes.

DUET.—Sir J. STEVENSON.

(Tenor and Base.)

ALAS, poor fly ! thy race is run,
 But thou hast lov'd and liv'd with glee ;
 And, ah ! behold my setting sun,
 For I have lov'd and liv'd like thee.
 One glass has form'd this grave of thine,
 An hundred hogsheads may be mine.

The Tenor of the above was composed expressly for Mr. Incledon.
 Power's, single.

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices*.—Earl MORNINGTON.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

And for 3 Voices.—W. KNYVETT.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

As it fell, upon a day,
 In the merry month of May ;
 Sitting in a pleasant shade,
 With a grove of myrtles made ;
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;
 Every thing did banish moan,
 Save the nightingale alone :
 She, (poor bird !) as all forlorn,
 Lean'd her breast against a thorn ;
 And there sung the doleful'st ditty,
 Which to hear it was great pity.
 That to hear her thus complain,
 Scarce could I from tears refrain ;

For her griefs, so lovely shown,
Made me think upon my own.—*Shakspeare.*

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 17, p. 1.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

AROUND the festive board we social join,
Quaffing full draughts of mirth-inspiring wine ;
The toast goes round, and beauty's happy reign
Is here exalted, by each cheerful strain.
But what if beauty should with love conspire,
To treat with proud disdain our am'rous fire ;
Dethrone the tyrants, and your freedom gain,
By fixing Bacchus evermore to reign.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*

L. ATTERBURY.—*Gained a Prize, 1778.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

ADIEU, ye streams ! that smoothly flow,
Ye vernal airs ! that softly blow ;
Ye trees ! by blooming spring array'd,
Ye birds ! that warble thro' the shade.
Unhurt, from you my soul could fly,
Nor drop one tear, nor heave a sigh ;
But, forc'd from Celia's charms to part,
All joy deserts my drooping heart.

Warren, No. 17, p. 35.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 296.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

ALBION, thy sea-encircled isle,
 With plenty shall for ever smile;
 Kind Nature sheds her genial showers,
 To raise thy fruits and paint thy flowers :
 While all the graces of the spring,
 Along thy cheerful vallies sing ;
 What Nature yields, what arts command,
 Is found in Britain's happy land.

Warren, No. 18. p. 45.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, M. B.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

AWAKE, fair maid ! the silvan lyre,
 Now fraught with love's poetic fire,
 Floats on the zephyr's wigs ;
 It waves the lillies o'er thy head,
 It hovers round thy virgin bed,
 Yet scarcely dares to sing.
 The bosom of the ev'ning gale,
 Which sheds its dew-drops o'er the vale,
 Receives the am'rous strain ;
 Alas ! that breeze how highly blest,
 Shall nestle in thy snowy breast,
 Whisp'ring a lover's pain.

2d Collection, Birchall.

MADRIGAL *for 5 Voices.*W. BEALE.—*Gained the Prize Cup, 1813.*

AWAKE ! sweet muse ! the breathing spring ;
 With rapture warms, awake, and sing !
 Awake ! and join the vocal throng.
 To Phillis raise the cheerful lay,
 O, bid her haste ! and come away ;
 In sweetest smile herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

Burns.

Single Birchall's.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Treb. Con. Ten. and Base.)

BLOW, blow, thou winter-wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh ho ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the green holly ;
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly ;
 Then heigh ho ! the holly,
 This life is most jolly.
 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :

Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the green holly,
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly ;
 Then heigh ho ! the holly,
 This life is most jolly.

Shakspeare, Comedy of As you like it.

Song by Dr. Arne.

Single Birchall's.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

ODE for 5 Voices. J. S. SMITH.—*Medal, 1775.*

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

BLEST pair of sirens, pledges of heav'n's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ,
 Dead things, with inbreath'd sense, able to pierce ;
 And, to our high rais'd phantasy, present
 That undisturbed song of pure consent,
 As sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne,
 To him that sits thereon,

With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee ;
 Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires,
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just spirits, that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout, and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly :

That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
 May rightly answer that melodious noise,
 As once we did; till disproportioned sin
 Jarr'd against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect diapason; while they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O! may we soon again renew that song,
 And keep in tune with heav'n, till God, ere long,
 To his celestial concert us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

*Milton.**

Convito, p. 121.—Single, Birchall.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony,
 p. 252.—Warren, No. 14. p. 37.—Single, Chappell's.

* Bishop Williams, while he was Lord Keeper, chose to retain the deanery of Westminster for the sake of the choral service performed there: he was loath, says his historian, to stir from that seat where he had the command of such exquisite music; and in a more particular manner the same person speaks of the love which that great Prelate bore to music; for, says he, that God might be praised with a cheerful noise in his sanctuary, he procured the sweetest music both for the organ and voices of all parts, that ever was heard in an English quire; in those days, that Abbey and the Jerusalem chamber, where he gave entertainment, were the volaries of the choicest singers that the land had bred.

Life of the Lord Keeper Williams, by Hackett, Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, p. 62, 46. Milton has been very explicit in declaring what kind of music delighted him most in the verses above.

Sir J. Hawkins, 1st v.

Preliminary Discourse, lxxxiv.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

BELINDA, see, from yonder flow'rs

The bee flies loaded to his cell;

Can you perceive what it devours?

Are they impair'd in shew or smell?

So tho' I rob you of a kiss

Sweeter than their ambrosial dew;

Why are you angry at my bliss?

Has it at all impoverish'd you?

Addison.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles and Base, or Con. Ten. and Base.)

BLOW, warder! blow thy sounding horn,

And thy banner wave on high;

For the Christians have fought in the holy land,

And have won the victory.

Loud the warder blew his horn,

And his banner wav'd on high;

Let the mass be sung,

And the bells be rung,

And the feast eat merrily.

The warder look'd from the tower on high,

As far as he could see,

I see a bold knight, and by his red cross,

He comes from the east country.

Then loud the warder blew his horn,
 And call'd till he was hoarse,
 I see a bold knight,
 And on his shield bright,
 He beareth a flaming cross.
 Then down the lord of the castle came,
 The red cross knight to meet,
 And when the red cross knight he espied
 Right loving he did him greet.
 Thou'rt welcome here, dear red cross knight,
 For thy fame's well known to me,
 And the mass shall be sung,
 And the bells shall be rung,
 And we'll feast right merrily.
 Oh ! I am come from the holy land,
 Where saints did live and die ;
 Behold the device I bear on my shield,
 The red cross knight am I :
 And we have fought, in the holy land,
 And we've won the victory :
 For with valiant might,
 Did the Christians fight,
 And made the proud Pagans fly :
 Thou'rt welcome here, dear red cross knight,
 Come lay thy armour by,
 And for the good tidings thou dost bring,
 We'll feast us merrily.
 For all in my castle shall rejoice,
 That we've won the victory ;

And the mass shall be sung,
And the bells shall be rung,
And the feast eat merrily.

Single Birchall.—Evans's Old Ballads.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—S. WEBBE and S. PAXTON.

(Treb. Con. Ten. and Base.)

BREATHE soft, ye winds ! ye waters ! gently flow ;
Shield her, ye trees ! ye flow'rs ! around her grow ;
Ye swains ! I beg you pass in silence by,
My love in yonder vale asleep doth lie.—*Mr. Phillips.*

Warren, No. 17, p. 8.—Convito, p. 105.—Chappell.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

BALMY gale ! I prithee say,
Whence those wings in fragrance dyed ?
O'er my love you chanc'd to stray,
She the perfum'd treat supplied.
Balmy gale ! such thefts forbear ;
Other sports from hence pursue ;
With the tresses of her hair,
What have you, O gale ! to do ?
Yield, Narcissus ! in her eye
See what tipsy brightness swims ;
Their delicious languors lie,
Drooping grief your lustre dims.

Wisdom ! were you left to chuse
 What is sweetest, what is best ;
 All things else you would refuse,
 If with her you might be blest.

From the Persic.

Vocal Harmony, Clementi, p. 384.

The first 2 Ver. by Wm. Horsley, for 5 Voi. 2 Con. Ten. and 2 Bases.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

DORINDA's sparkling wit and eyes,
 United, cast too fierce a light ;
 It quickly flashes, quickly dies,
 Charms not the heart, but burns the sight.

Love is all gentleness, love is all joy,
 Sweet are his looks, and soft his pace ;
 Her cupid is a blackguard boy,
 That holds his link just in your face.

Altered by Webbe

from Tom Brown.

Warren, No. 10, p. 16.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—W. HORSLEY, M.B.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base)

By Celia's arbour, all the night,
 Hang humid wreath, the lover's vow ;
 And, haply at the morning light,
 My love shall twine thee round her brow.

Then if upon her bosom bright,
 Some drops of dew should fall from thee ;
 Tell her, they are not drops of night,
 But tears of sorrow shed by me.

*Translated from the Latin of Angerianus,
 by T. Moore, Esq.*

Single, Birchall.—Convito, p. 402.

* Set as a Glee also by Spofforth.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—Sig. GIARDINI.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

BEVIAMO tutti tre, un' a la volta,
 Voglio bene, signor sì,
 Bav——viva bravo
 Obligato Signori miei
 Oh ! che gusto star allegri
 E Bever del bon vin.

Convito, p. 162.—Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 1, p. 20.—Single, Chappell.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—C. S. EVANS.—*Prize Glee*, 1811.

(2 Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

BEAUTIES, have you seen a toy,
 Called love, a little boy ?
 Almost naked, wanton, blind,
 Cruel now, and then as kind ?
 If he be amongst you, say,
 He is Venus' run away.

She that will but now discover
 Where this winged wag doth hover,
 Shall this night receive a kiss,
 How and where, herself could wish :
 But who brings him to his mother,
 Shall have that kiss, and another.—*Ben Jonson.*

Clementi, single.—To be had of the Composer.

CATCH for 4 Voices.—Dr. ARNE.

Buz, quoth the blue fly ;

Hum, quoth the bee ;

Buz and hum they cry,

And so do we ;

In his ear, his nose,

Thus do you see :

He eat the dormouse,

Else it was he.—*Ben Jonson.*

GLEE for 6 Voices.—M. ROCK.

(2 Cons. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

By the pricking of my thumbs
 Something wicked this way comes ;
 Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart,
 Come like shadows, so depart.

Shakspeare.—Macbeth.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—W. HORSLEY, M.B.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

BEAUTY, sweet love ! is like the morning dew,
 Whose short refresh upon the tender green
 Cheers for awhile, but till the sun doth shew,
 As strait 'tis gone as it had never been.

Soon doth it fade, that makes the fairest flourish,
 Short is the glory of the blushing rose ;
 The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
 Which, at length, thou must be forc'd to lose.

Daniel's Sonnets.

1st Collection, Birchall.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—W. HORSLEY, M.B.

(2 Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

BLEST is the fairy hour, the twilight shade
 Of ev'ning, wand'ring thro' her woodland dear ;
 Sweet the still sound that steals along the glade,
 'Tis fancy wafts it ! and her vot'ries hear.

'Tis fancy wafts it ! and, how sweet the sound !
 I hear it now, the distant hills up-long !
 While fairy echoes, from their dells around,
 And woods and wilds, the feeble notes prolong.

• *Mrs. Radcliff's Romance of
 Athlin and Dunbane.*

1st Collection, Birchall,

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—W. HAWES.

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

Boy ! who the rosy bowl doth pass,
 Fill me up the largest glass ;
 The largest glass, the oldest wine,
 The laws of drinking give, as mine.

Ye limpid streams ! where'er you flow,
 Far hence, to water drinkers go ;
 Go, to the dull and the sedate,
 And fly the god, whose bow'rs you hate.

But hither come, ye streams divine,
 Of rich and sparkling rosy wine ;
 Still must my ever thirsty lip,
 From large and flowing bumpers sip.

Single, Argyle Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—Sir JOHN STEVENSON.

Prize Glee, 1812.

And DUETT.—Dr. CLARKE.

BORNE in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower;
And rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light graces dressed in flow'ry wreaths,
And tiptoe joys their hands combine;
And love his sweet contagion breathes,
And laughing dances round the shrine.

Warm with new life the glittering throng,
On quivering fin and sportive wing;
Delighted join their votive song,
And hail thee goddess of the spring.

Dr. Darwyn.

Single, Birchall.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.

L. ATTERBURY.—*Prize Glee, 1780.*

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

BEGONE, dull care! without delay,
To gloomy deserts haste away;

Hither haste ye sons of pleasure !
 Joys here know no bounds nor measure ;
 Banish care, and drowsy thinking,
 Now's the reign of love and drinking.

Warren, No. 19, p. 20.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 350.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—W. HAWES.

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

BRING me flowers ! and bring me wine !
 Boy, attend thy master's call ;
 Round my brows let myrtles twine,
 At my feet let roses fall.

Breathe in softest notes the flute,
 Form the song, and sound the lute ;
 Let the gentle accents flow,
 As the whisp'ring zephyrs blow.

What avails the downcast eye !
 What avails the tear, the sigh !
 Why should grief obstruct our way !
 When we live but for a day.

Then, boy, bring me wine, &c.

Late Duchess of Devonshire.

Single, Argyle Rooms,

MASONIC ODE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

By mason's art the aspiring dome,
 In various columns shall arise;
 All climates are their native home,
 Their god-like actions reach the skies.
 Heroes and kings revere their name,
 And poets sing their deathless fame;
 Great, gen'rous, noble, wise, and brave,
 Are titles they most justly claim.
 Their deeds shall live beyond the grave,
 Which babes unborn shall loud proclaim;
 Times shall their glorious acts enrol,
 Whilst love and friendship charm the soul.

Warren, No. 27, p. 5.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—M. ROCK.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

BENEATH a church-yard yew,
 Decay'd and worn with age,
 At dusk of eve, methought I spy'd
 Poor Slender's ghost, that whimp'ring cry'd,
 O sweet! O sweet! Anne Page!

Ye gentle bards, give ear!

Who talk of am'rous rage,
 Who spoil the lilly, rob the rose,
 Come learn of me to weep your woes!

O sweet! O sweet! Anne Page!—*Shenstone.*

Single, Argyle Rooms.—Warren, No. 23, p. 10.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

BACCHUS, Jove's delightful boy,
 Gen'rous god of wine and joy;
 Still exhilarates my soul,
 With the raptures of the bowl.

Then with feather'd feet I bound,
 Dancing in the festive round;
 Then I feel the sparkling wine,
 Transports delicate—divine!

Then the sprightly music warms!
 Songs, beauty, and music charms;
 Debonaire, and light, and gay,
 Thus I dance the hours away.

Fawkes' Anacreon.

Euterpean,—In Warren, No. 6, p. 18, by Norris.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

BACCHUS, would'st thou deign to hear me,
 Rosy god of sparkling wine;
 Haste, and with thy presence cheer me,
 Grace my board, and with me dine.

Large libations will I pay thee,
 Condescend and be my guest;
 Haste, and quickly come, I pray thee,
 That thy vot'ry may be blest.

Plenty sits within my dwelling,
 See the mantling liquor flow,
 Ripen'd fruits and clusters swelling,
 Mark, how mortals live below.

Haste thee, then, nor slight this proffer,
 Crown thy vot'ry's wish, I pray ;
 Joys shall flow, more than I offer,
 Haste thee, then, and come away.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—LORD MORNINGTON.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

BACCHUS, sprightly god of wine !
 Inspire my lays to sing thy praise ;
 Thy wit and pow'r divine.

'Tis wine that cheers our souls,
 When from our flowing bowls,
 We quaff the purple grape.

So drink, my honest fellow,
 Drink 'till you be mellow ;
 Let not one drop escape.

Warren, No. 20, p. 18.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. Ten and Base.)

BRONTE, Piragmo e Sterope
 Del cor m'han fatto incudine,
 E del gran Giove il folgore
 Battendo in esso van.

Eolo vi mena il mantice,
 Plutone il fuoco stuzzica,
 Le Furie il fulmin temprano,
 I Fati a Giove il dan.—*Matastasio.*—*M.S.*

TRANSLATION.

Brontes, Pyracmon, and Steropes, have made of my heart an anvil, and are beating the thunder bolt of great Jove upon it. Æolus blows the bellows, Pluto stirs the fire, the Furies temper the bolt, and the Fates hand it to Jove.—*Spofforth.*

GLEE for 4 Voices.—S. WEBBE.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

BACCHUS, to arms! the enemy's at hand!
 Laura appears! stand to your glasses, stand!
 The god of love, the god of wine defies,
 Behold him, in full march, in Laura's eyes.

Bacchus, to arms! and, to resist the dart,
 Each with a faithful brimmer guard his heart;
 Fly! Bacchus, fly! there's treason in the cup,
 For love comes pouring in with ev'ry drop.

I feel him in my heart, my blood, my brain;
 Fly! Bacchus, fly! resistance is in vain;
 Or, craving quarter, fill a friendly bowl,
 To Laura's health, and give up all thy soul.

Lord Landsdown.

* And set for 4 Voi.—Ireland.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. ROGERS, 1673.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

COME, come, all noble souls! who, skilled in music's art,
 Do join in this society to bear a part;
 For in this pleasant grove we'll sit, we'll drink and sing,
 And imitate those cheerful birds now in the spring;
 The muses nine shall know, and all most plainly see,
 Our off'ring at their shrine is love and harmony.

Single, Birchall.—Playford's Musical Companion, p. 186.—Convito, p. 245.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—BATTISHILL.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

CONSIGN'D to dust, beneath this stone,
 In manhood's prime, is Damon laid;
 Joyless he liv'd, but died unknown,
 In bleak misfortune's barren shade.

Lov'd by the muse, but lov'd in vain,
 'Twas beauty drew his ruin on,
 He saw young Daphne on the plain,
 He lov'd, believ'd, and was undone.

Beneath this stone the youth is laid,
 O! greet his ashes with a tear!
 May heav'n, with blessings, crown his shade,
 And grant that peace he wanted here.

Pearch's Collection.

Warren, No. 1, p. 22.—Elegant Extracts, Book 2nd, 319.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Lord MORNINGTON.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

COME, shepherds ! come away without delay,
 While the gentle time doth stay ;
 Green woods are dumb, and will never tell to any,
 Those sweet kisses, and those many
 Fond embraces which were giv'n ;
 Dainty pleasures that could even
 In coldest age raise a fire,
 And give virgins soft desire ;
 Come, shepherds ! come away without delay,
 While the gentle time doth stay.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 17, p. 38.

ON SHENSTONE.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. ARNE.

(Con, 2 Tens. and Base.)

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
 We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid ;
 Though sorrow may blemish the verse,
 Yet let the soft tribute be paid.

They call'd him the pride of the plain,
 In sooth he was gentle and kind ;
 He mark'd in his elegant strain,
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
 No bloom on the blossoms appear ;
 The trees of the forest shall fail,
 And winter discolour the year.

No birds in our hedges shall sing
 Our hedges so vocal before ;
 Since he that should welcome the spring,
 Can hail the gay season no more.

Cunningham.

Convito, p. 46.—Warren, No. 8, p. 20.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 94.

The above Glee is invariably sung at the Glee and Catch Clubs, on the first Meeting after the decease of any Member.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Lord MORNINGTON.

(Treble Con. Ten. and Base.)

COME, fairest nymph ! resume thy reign,
 Bring all the graces in thy train ;
 With balmy breath, and flow'ry head,
 Rise from thy soft ambrosial bed ;
 Where, in Elysian slumber bound,
 Embow'ring myrtles veil thee round ;
 Awake, in all thy glories drest,
 Recall the zephyr from the west,
 Restore the sun, revive the skies,
 At Nature's call, and mine, arise !
 Great Nature's self upbraids thy stay
 And misses her accusom'd May.

See, all her works demand thy aid
 The labours of Pomona fade ;
 A plaint is heard from ev'ry tree,
 Each budding flow'ret waits for thee.
 Come, then, with pleasure at thy side,
 Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide ;
 Create, where'er thou turn'st thine eye,
 Peace, plenty, love and harmony.—*R. West.*

Warren, No. 18, p. 19.—Single, Birchall.—Convito, p. 252.

LOVERS AND BACCHANALS.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Con. Ten. and 2 Bases.)

LOVERS.

CUPID, my pleasure ! soft love, I thee implore ;

BACCHANALS.

Bacchus, my treasure ! brisk wine I will adore :

LOVERS.

Give me a beautiful maid, to bless my longing arms !

BACCHANALS.

Give me a bumper of red, in that I view all charms !

LOVERS.

Without thy joy, life soon would cloy,

And prove a mere disease ;

BACCHANALS.

The noble juice will mirth produce,

And give us ease.

The words altered by Mr. Webbe from Leveridge.

Single, Birchall's.—Essex Harmony, p. 48.

EPITAPH

On W. Lawes, a Musician, killed at the Siege of West Chester, during the Interregnum.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—RT. COOKE.—Prize Glee, 1788.

CONCORD is conquer'd ! in this urn there lies
The master of great music's mysteries ;
And in it is a riddle, like the cause,
Will Lawes was slain by those, whose wills were laws.
Warren, No. 27, p. 10.

ELEGY

On the Death of W. Lawes.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—SIMON IVES.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

Lament and mourn, he's dead and gone,
That was the most admired one ;

Renowned Lawes.

General of the forces all,
In Europe that were musical ;
Have we not cause to weep and mourn,
When as the children yet unborn

May make us sad,
To think that neither girl nor boy
Shall ever live for to enjoy

Such Lawes as once we had.

Musica Antiqua, J. S. Smith, p. 166.

THE MILK-MAID'S SONG.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

COME, live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove;
 That grove and valley, hill and field,
 Or woods and steepy mountains yield.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
 And twine a thousand fragrant posies;
 A cap of flow'rs, and rural kirtle,
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 A coral clasp, and amber studs;
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight, each May morning;
 If joys, like these, thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

Shakspeare's Poems.

Chr. Marlow*—England's Helicon, 1600.

Ditto Walton's Angler.

* Chr. Marlow was killed by Ben Jonson.

Convito, p. 64, and single Chappell's.—Single, Birchall's.

The above was set to music by Shakspeare, and sung to him by his daughter at an entertainment. She also accompanied herself on the virginals.—*See an account by Sir G. Esterling, 1598.*

THE MILK-MAID'S MOTHER'S SONG.—ANSWER TO COME
LIVE WITH ME.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

If love and all the world were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue;
Thy fancy'd pleasures might me move,
And I might listen to thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
Then rivers rage, and hills grow cold;
Then drooping Philomel is dumb,
And age complains of cares to come.

Thy gowns, thy belts, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies;
All these, in me, can nothing move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

If youth could last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, and age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move,
And I might listen to thy love.

In Shakspeare's Poems.

Sir Walter Raleigh.*—See England's Helicon, 1660.

* Sir W. Raleigh beheaded in Old Palace Yard, 1618. Aged 65.

Single, Birchall.—Convito, p. 68.

ROUND *for 4 Voices.*—Sir J. STEVENSON.

COME buy my cherries, beauteous lasses,
 Fresh from the garden pluck'd by me;
 All on a summer's day, so gay,
 You hear the Dublin cries—"Knives ground here by me."

Fine apples and choice pears,
 Eat boys, forget your cares!
 All on a summer's day, so gay,
 You hear the Dublin cries—"Sweep, sweep, sweep."

Fruit in abundance sold by me,
 Fruit in abundance here you see;
 All on a summer's day, so gay,
 You hear the Dublin cries—"Parsnips, carrots, and
 choice beans."

Whey, fine sweet whey,
 Come taste my whey;
 All on a summer's day, so gay,
 You hear the Dublin cries—"Fine radish, fine lettuce,
 sold by me."

Single, Birchall.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—IRELAND.*

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

COULD gold prolong my fleeting breath,
 Or guard me from the stroke of death;
 Then would I toil for precious ore,
 And amass a boundless store.

But since all at length must die !
 Nor gold a single hour can buy ;
 Let the joys of life be mine,
 Pour the streams of rosy wine ;
 Let me taste, in Chloe's arms,
 All the heav'n of beauty's charms ;
 The smiles of friendship let me prove,
 Friendship is the soul of love.—*Anacreon.*

Warren, No. 12. p. 28.

* Dr. Hutchinson.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. 2 Ten. and 2 Bases.)

COME, bounteous May ! in fulness of thy might,
 Lead briskly on the mirth-infusing hours ;
 All recent from the bosom of delight,
 With nectar nurtur'd and invol'd in flow'rs.
 By Spring's sweet blush, by Nature's teeming womb,
 By Hebe's dimply smile, by Flora's bloom,
 For Venus self demands thee come.—*Wm. Thompson.*

Spofforth's Book, p. 15.—Preston's.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

COME, Clara ! as the lily fair,
 Blushing like the dew-kiss'd rose ;
 Yon murmuring rill shall sooth your ear,
 And Strephon sigh thee to repose.

What ! tho' by persecuting fate,
 The charms of luxury's deny'd ;
 The empty farce of servile state,
 And all the purple train of pride.

Yet, if with me you seek the plain,
 With me enjoy the rural cot ;
 A happy, tho' a humble swain,
 Ye proud and great, I scorn your lot.

Spofforth's Book, p. 23.—Preston.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, M. B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

' COLD is Cadwallo's tongue,
 ' That hush'd the stormy main :
 ' Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
 ' Mountains, ye mourn in vain :
 ' Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 ' Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 ' Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 ' Ye died amidst your dying country's cries.
 ' No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 ' On yonder cliffs, a grizly band,
 ' I see them sit, they linger yet,
 ' Avengers of their native land :
 ' With me, in dreadful harmony they join,
 ' And weave, with bloody hands, the tissue of thy line.'

Gray's Bard.

Single Birchall.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Double Accompaniment—Con. Ten. and Base,)

CHIEF of the windy Morven ! First of a thousand
 heroes ! Spread thy white sails to the beam of the
 morning, and retire to the echoing hill : Blest be thy
 soul, thou king of men ! In peace thou art the gale of
 spring, in war the mountain storm ; Give us the song of
 former years, let the night pass away in the sound, and
 the morning return with joy. *Ossian.*

Single, Birchall.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.**—L. ATTERBURY.

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

COME, let us all a maying go,
 And lightly trip it, to and fro ;
 The bells shall ring,
 The cuckoo sing ;
 The drums shall beat, and the fife shall play,
 And so we'll pass our time away.

Playford's Musical Companion, p. 42, 1673.—Convito, p. 357.—
 Warren, No. 20. p. 1.

* And Catch for 3 Voices.—Hilton.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—S. PAXTON.—*Prize*, 1785.

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

COME, oh come, ethereal guest !
 Child of tranquil ease and pleasure ;

Ever blessing, ever blest,
 Here diffuse thy choicest treasure.
 Come, sweet mirth, and bring with thee,
 Sportive catch, and merry glee;
 But, ah! sly nymph, all playful tricks remove:
 Let no offensive sounds invade the ear,
 But such as bashful beauty may approve,
 And modesty, without a blush, can hear.
 Then this blooming radiant throng,
 Shall applaud the festive measures;
 Darting heav'nly smiles along,
 Giving and receiving pleasures:
 What sweet raptures fire the mind,
 When beauty's charms, and music are combin'd!
Dr. Scott.

S. Paxton's Book, p. —Warren, No. 28, p. 33.

DUETT.

GOODWIN, late Organist of Bermondsey Spa.

(Ten. and Base.)

COULD a man be secure,
 That his life would endure,
 As of old, for a thousand long years;
 What arts might he know
 What acts might he do,
 And all without hurry or care.

But we that have but span-long lives,
 The thicker must lay on the pleasure ;
 And since time will not stay,
 We'll add the night unto the day ;
 And thus we'll fill the measure.

Single, Birchall's.—Convito, p. 218.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—Sir J. STEVENSON.

(Double Accompaniment—2 Trebles & Base.)

COME unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands ;
 Court'sied, when you have, and kiss'd
 The wild waves wist ;
 Foot it featly here and there,
 And sweet sprites the burden bear :
 Hark ! I hear the watch-dogs bark !
 Hark ! I hear the strain of chanticleer !

Shakspeare.

Single, Birchall.

GLEE *for 5 Voices*.—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

COME hither shepherd's swain !
 Sir, what do you require ?
 I prithee shew to me thy name ?
 My name is, fond Desire.

Tell me, who was thy nurse?
 Fresh youth in sugar'd joy;
 What was thy meat, and daily food?
 Sad sighs, with great annoy.

What lull'd thee then asleep?
 Sweet speech, which likes me best.
 Tell me, where is thy dwelling-place?
 In gentle hearts I rest.

Doth either time or age
 Bring thee unto decay?
 No! no! Desire both lives and dies,
 Ten thousand times a day.

Then, fond Desire, farewell!
 Thou art no mate for me;
 I should be loth, methinks, to dwell
 With such a one as thee.—

Earl of Oxford, 1560.

5 Collection, Preston's.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

CUPID and my Campaspe* play'd
 At cardes for kisses; Cupid pay'd:

He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mother's doves, and teame of sparrows ;
 Looses them too : then down he throws
 The coral of his lippe, the rose
 Growing on's cheek, (but none knows how)
 With these, the chrystal of his browe,
 And then the dimple of his chinne ;
 All these did my Campaspe winne.
 At last he set her both his eyes ;
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love ! has she done this to thee !
 What shall, alas ! become of me.

*John Lilye, in the time of
 Queen Elizabeth.*

Op. 6, Preston.

* The word *Miranda*, substituted for *Campaspe* in the Glee.

ROUND for 3 Voices.—BUONONCINI.

CHI mai d'iniqua Stella
 Provò tenor più rio ;
 Che vide mai, del mio
 Più tormentato cor.
 Tradito son da quella
 Che fu la prima, oh Dio !
 Da ch'imparò il cor mio.
 A sospirar d'amor.

Convito, 167.

MADRIGAL *for 3 Voices.*—WILBYE.—1609.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

COME, shepherd swains, that wont to hear me sing,
 Now sigh and groan,
 Dead is my love, my hope, my joy, my spring;
 O she that was your summer's queen,
 Your day's delight,
 Is gone, and will no more be seen.
 Oh! cruel spight,
 Break all your pipes, that wont to sound
 With pleasant cheer,
 And cast yourselves upon the ground
 To wail my dear.
 Come, shepherd swains, come, nymphs, and all around,
 To help me cry,
 Dead is my love, and, seeing she is so,
 Lo! now I die!

Hawes.

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices.*—J. BENNETT.—1590.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

COME, shepherds, follow me,
 Run up apace the mountain,
 See, lo! beside the fountain,
 Love laid to rest, how sweetly sleepeth he.
 Oh take heed, come not nigh him,
 But haste we hence, and fly him!
 And lovers, dance with gladness,
 For while love sleeps, it's truce with care and sadness.

Hawes.

MADRIGAL *for 5 Voices.*—GIOVANNI CROCE.—1560.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

CYNTHIA ! thy song and chaunting,
 So strange a flame in gentle hearts awaketh,
 That ev'ry cold desire, wanton love maketh,
 Sounds to thy praise and vaunting.
 Of syrens most commended,
 That with delightful tunes for praise contended ;
 For when thou sweetly soundest,
 Thou neither kill'st nor woundest,
 But dost revive a number
 Of bodies buried in perpetual slumber.

Hawes.

ANCIENT ANTIPATHY.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

CRABBED age and youth, cannot live together,
 Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care ;
 Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather ;
 Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
 Age I do abhor thee, youth I do adore thee ;
 O ! my love, my love is young ;
 Age I do defy thee, O ! sweet shepherd hie thee ;
 For, methinks thou stay'st too long.—*Shakspeare.*

Single, Preston.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—DANBY.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

COME, ye party jangling swains,
 Leave your flocks, and quit the plains ;
 Friends to country, friends to court,
 Nothing here shall spoil your sport :
 Ever welcome to our feast,
 Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Sprightly widows, come away,
 Laughing dames, and virgins gay ;
 Little gaudy, flutt'ring misses,
 Smiling hopes of future blisses :
 Ever welcome to our feast,
 Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

All that rip'ning sun can bring,
 Beauteous summer, beauteous spring,
 In one varying scene we show,
 The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow :
 Ever welcome to our feast,
 Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Comus jesting, music charming,
 Wine inspiring, beauty warming ;
 Rage and party malice dies,
 Peace returns, and discord flies :
 Ever welcome to our feast,
 Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Bland, 2d Vol. p. 223.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—RAVENSCHROFT.

(2 Trebles, Con. and Base.)

CAN'S'T thou love and lie alone?

Love is so disgraced;

Pleasure is best when it can rest,

In a heart embraced.

Rise, day-light, do not burn out;

Bells now ring,

And birds do sing,

'Tis only I that mourn out.

Morning star doth now appear,

Wind is hush'd, and sky is clear:

Come away, come, come away,

Can'st thou love? then burn out day.

Rise, rise, &c

Convito, p. 133.—Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 21, p. 41.

ODE TO ST. CECILIA.

For 6 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

(2 Trebles, Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

CECILIA more than all the muses skill'd,

Phœbus himself must to her yield;

And at her feet lay down

His golden harp, and laurel crown:

The soft enervate lyre is drown'd

In the deep organ's more majestic sound;

In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies,
 Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies :
 And lasting as her name,
 Who form'd the tuneful frame,
 Th' immortal music never dies.

TO CUPID ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. COOKE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

COME, thou rosy-dimpled boy,
 Source of every heart-felt joy ;
 Leave the blissful bow'rs awhile,
 Paphos and the Cyprian isle :
 Visit Britain's rocky shore,
 Britons too thy pow'r adore.
 Britons, hardy, bold, and free,
 Own thy laws, and yield to thee,
 Source of every heart-felt joy,
 Come thou rosy-dimpled boy.

Haste to Sylvia, haste away;
 This is thine and Hymen's day ;
 Bid her thy soft bondage wear,
 Bid her for love's rites prepare.
 Let the nymphs with many a flow'r
 Deck the sacred nuptial bow'r.
 Thither lead the lovely fair,
 And let Hymen too be there.
 This is thine, and Hymen's day,
 Haste to Sylvia, haste away.

Only while we love we live,
 Love alone can pleasure give ;
 Pomp and pow'r, and tinsel state,
 Those false pageants of the great,
 Crowns and sceptres, envied things,
 And the pride of eastern kings,
 Are but childish empty toys,
 When compar'd to love's sweet joys.
 Love alone can pleasure give,
 Only while we love, we live.—*Mr. Parrat.*

Dr. Cooke's Book, p.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—J. BATTISHILL.—*Prize, 1771.*

(Con. Ten. and Base)

COME bind my hair, ye wood-nymphs fair,
 With ivy wreaths come bind my brows ;
 Hence grief and woe, and pain and care !
 To Bacchus I'll devote my vows.

Dull cynic rules are fit for schools,
 Let those digest the food who can ;
 But love and wine shall still be mine,
 O let me laugh out all my span !

No wounds of love e'er let me feel,
 But such as spring from eyes and shapes ;
 A curse on those that come by steel,
 I hate all blood, but blood of grapes.

Then fill up high the bowl, that I
 May drink and laugh at fools of sense;
 Why need we fear to want next year,
 'Twill be all one an hundred hence.

Thos. Mozeen.

Warren, No. 10. p. 20.—Vocal Harmony, Clementi, p. 147.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

CHARMING to love is morning's hour,
 When from her chyrstal roseate tow'r,
 She sees the goddess health pursue
 The skimming breeze, through fields of dew.
 Charming the flaming hour of noon,
 When the sunk linnet's fading tune
 Allures him to the beechy grove:
 Or when some cragg'd grotesque alcove,
 Sounds in his ear its tinkling rill,
 And tempts him to its moss-grown sill.
 Most charm'd when on his tranced mind,
 Is whisper'd in the passing wind,
 The name of her whose name is bliss,
 Or when he all unseen can kiss
 The fringed bank, where late she lay,
 Hidden from the imperious day.

Mrs. Cowley.

Op. 4. Preston.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, M. B.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

COME, Lelia, fill the goblet up,
 Reach round the rosy wine;
 Think not that we will take the cup,
 From any hand but thine.

A draught like this 'twere vain to seek,
 No grape can such supply;
 It steals its tint from Lelia's cheek,
 Its brightness from her eye.

Carlisle's Specimens of Arabian Poetry.

1st Collection, Birchall.

ROUND *for 3 Voices.*—T. ATTWOOD.

COME, ye fairy-footed hours,
 Fill your laps with fragrant flowers;
 Mingle with the wanton breeze,
 Sporting round the shady trees:
 I your favor'd guest will be—
 Child of sweetest Liberty.

Nature calls me to the grove,
 There together will be rove;
 Vernal blossoms grace the earth;
 There we'll dance with sportive mirth—
 We, alive to gaiety,
 Children of sweet Liberty.

Gentle zephyrs, young and gay,
 Now to nature homage pay;
 Mingle with our lively band,
 All your fragrance now expand;
 Join to aid the harmony
 Thus inspired by Liberty.

Monzani.

ON A LADY'S WRITING HER NAME IN THE SNOW.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—J. B. SALE.

(2 Trebles and Base, or Con. Ten. and Base.)

————— CHARMING maid !

Why, Nancy, to the faithless snow,
 Intrust a name so dear as thine;
 Soon on it shall the rude blast blow,
 And level all the radiant line.

But, tho' defac'd by wind and sleet,
 This record on the snow we find;
 Know, charming maid, a warmer seat
 To thy fond name has love assign'd.

On the soft tablet of my breast,
 For in deep characters imprest,
 Untouch'd by winter's hostile power;
 Thy name, fair Nancy, lives secure.

Still there the imag'd worth shall break,
 In living glow, on fancy's eye;
 And there thy beauteous form shall take
 Such colours as shall never die.

(Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 659.)

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

COME, rosy health, celestial maid !
 On zephyr's silken wings convey'd ;
 In smiles thy heav'nly features drest,
 Descend thou sweet enchanting guest.
 Ever cheerful, ever gay,
 Hither come, and chase away
 Disease, with sickly yellow spread,
 And pain, that holds the hanging head.
 And in their stead, conduct along
 Fantastic dance, and airy song ;
 Wit with taste, correct and fine,
 Frolic mirth, that waits on wine.
 Hope, that fans the lover's fires,
 Pleasing follies, gay desires ;
 For these are thine, a sprightly train,
 Without thee, lifeless, joyless, vain.

MADRIGAL *for 6 Voices.*—J. WARD.—1608.

(2 Trebles, 2 Cons. Ten. and Base.)

DIE not, fond man, before thy day,
 Love's cold December will surrender
 To succeeding jocund May ;
 And then, O then ! sorrow shall cease,
 Comforts abounding, cares confounding,
 Shall conclude a happy peace.

Hawes.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.—*Prize, 1772.*

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

DISCORD, dire sister of the slaught'ring pow'r,
 Small at her birth, but rising ev'ry hour;
 While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
 She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around.

Pope.

But lovely peace, in angel form,
 Descending, quells the rising storm;
 Soft ease and sweet content shall reign,
 And discord never rise again.

S. Webbe.

Warren, No. 11. p. 18 —Single, ? Birchall.—Clementi's Vocal
 Harmony, p. 167.—Convito, p. 485.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

DESOLATE is the dwelling of Mona,
 Silence is in the house of her fathers;
 Raise the song of mourning, O bards,
 Over the land of strangers,—
 They have but fallen before us,
 For one day we must fall.

Yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes,
 And whistles round the half-worn shield.
 Let the blast of the desert come,
 We shall be renowned in our day.
 The mark of my arm shall be in battle,
 My name in the song of bards.

Ossian.

Dr. Callcott's Book by Horsley, p. and Single, Birchalls.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

(2 Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

DAUGHTER, sweet, of voice and air,
 Gentle Echo, haste thee here;
 From the vale, where all around,
 Rocks to rocks return the sound:
 From the swelling surge that roars
 'Gainst the tempest-beaten shores;
 From the silent moss-grown cell,
 Haunt of warb'ling Philomel:
 Where unseen of man you lie,
 Queen of woodland harmony.
 Daughter, sweet, of voice and air,
 Gentle Echo, haste thee here;
 If thou would'st Narcissus move,
 To requite thy tender love;
 From Delia thou may'st learn the art,
 She captivates the hardest heart.

Single Birchall.—Convito, p. 192.

The two upper voices should be placed at a distance, to form the echo.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—T. LINLEY.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine:
 Or leave a kiss within the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It would not withered be:
 But thou, thereon, didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee!—*Ben Jonson.*

Convito, p. 358.—Single, Birchall.—Bland, 1st vol. p. 119.

MADRIGAL for 5 Voices.—GIOVANNI PIZZONI.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

DUE begl' Occhi lucente
 Anzi due stelle
 Per pena ch' ebbi ardir
 Mirali' un poco
 O Esca m'han fatto
 D' invisibil fuoco.

Hawes.

CATCH *for 3 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.—*Prize Cup*.

DEAR father, the girl you design me in marriage,
 Is she pretty, complying, of elegant carriage?
 You'd surely our family keep from a blot;
 She may be conceited, a jilt, or what not:
 Ah! now you delight me, describing the maid,
 And I hope she will verify all you have said.

S. Webbe.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Treb. Con. Ten. and Base.)

DOUBT thou the stars are fire,
 Doubt thou the sun doth move,
 Doubt truth to be a liar,
 But never doubt I love!

Shakspeare.

Op. 4, Preston.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

ABELARD.

DELUSIVE, sightless, god of warm desire,
 Why wouldst thou wish to set a wretch on fire,
 Why lives thy soft divinity,
 Where woe heaves the pale sigh,
 And anguish loves to glow?

Fly to the mead, the daisy painted vale,
 Breath in its sweets, and melt along the gale.
 Fly where gay scenes luxurious youth employ,
 Where ev'ry moment steals the wing of joy ;
 There may'st thou see, low prostrate at thy throne,
 Devoted slaves and victims all thy own.
 Each village swain the turf-built shrine shall raise,
 And kings command whole hecatombs to blaze ;
 But, oh ! what conflicts this frail bosom tear,
 What griefs I suffer, and what pangs I bear ;
 Oblivion, be thy blackest plume display'd,
 O'er all my griefs, and hide me in the shade !

Warren, No 18, p. 1,

MADRIGAL *for 5 Voices.*—**ORLANDO GIBBONS.**—1612.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

DAINTY, fine bird, thou art encaged there,
 Alas ! how like thine and my fortunes are ;
 Both pris'ners be, and both singing, thus
 Strive to please her that imprison'd us :
 Only thus we differ, thou and I,
 Thou liv'st singing, but I sing and die.

Sir Christopher Hatton.

Hawes.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—Dr. CALLCOTT.*

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

DRINK to-night,†
 If the moon shine bright,
 And mark upon her border,
 Some deeds to be done,
 To Phœbus, the sun,
 In trim and comely order.
 First that appear,
 Are the priests of the year,
 With their censers full of wine,
 Then Cynthia bright,
 In all her light,
 The goddess most divine;
 And as they pass
 They drink and sing,
 All health and praise
 To Apollo, our king.

* 3 Voi by Wm. Lawes. Playford's Musical Companion, 1673.
 The two Compositions are very much alike.

† Single, Birchall.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Dr. COOKE.

(Treble, Con. Ten and Base.)

DEH! dove, senza me, dolce mia vita,
 Rimasa sei? si giovane e si bella;
 Come poi che la luce e dipartita.
 Riman tra boschi la smarrita agnella,

Che dal pastor sperando esser udita ;
 Se va lagnando in questa parte ed in quella ;
 Tanto che il lupo l'ode da lontano,
 Ed il misero pastor ne piange in vano.—*Ariosto.*

King's Book, p. —Convito, p. 432.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—J. DANBY.

(Treble Con, Ten. and Base.)

DAUGHTER of heav'n ; whose magic call,
 From nothing bade this wond'rous all,
 In beauteous order rise :
 Thou, who at Nature's earliest birth,
 Saw'st vernal fragrance clothe the earth,
 And brighten all the skies.

Thee I invoke, whose sacred ways
 Hath bound the earth, the air, the sea,
 In one eternal chain :
 Come, then ! O come, celestial maid !
 Be present to thy vot'ry's aid,
 And harmonize the strain.

So, when thy Orpheus strikes the strings,
 Then music waves her purple wings,
 And undulates around :
 The groves, with all their echoes, mourn,
 And sympathetic rocks return
 The inexpressive sound.

Warren, No. 21. p. 5.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—Earl of MORNINGTON.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

DELIGHTFUL scene ! in which appear
 At once the beauties of the year.
 See how the zephyrs of her breath,
 Fan gently the flow'rs beneath ;
 See the gay flow'rs, how bright they glow !
 Tho' planted in a bed of snow ;
 Yet see, how soon they fade and die !
 Scorch'd with the sunshine of her eye.
 No wonder if, o'ercome with bliss,
 They droop their heads to steal a kiss.
 Who would not die, and be at rest ?
 Who would not die, to be so blest ?

Warren, No. 17. p. 23.

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices*.—LUCA MARENZIO.*

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

Dissi all'amata mia
 Lucida stella,
 Che più d'ogn' altro luce
 Ed al mio cor adduce
 Fiamme, strali e catene
 Ch' ogn' or mi danno pene ;
 Deh ! morirò cor mio ?
 Sì, morirai,
 Ma non per mio desio.—*Petrarca.*

* The words of his 9th Book are all from the Canzoniere of Petrarca.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

FROM Oberon, in fairy land,
 The king of ghosts and shadows there :
 We fairies all, at his command,
 Are sent to view the night-sports here.
 What revel rout
 Is kept about,
 In every corner where we go !
 We will o'er see,
 And merry be,
 And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho !

When lads and lasses merry be,
 With possets and with juncates fine ;
 Unseen of all the company,
 We eat their cakes and sip their wine.
 O then what sport !
 The wine runs short,
 The blushing cheeks with anger glow :
 Their cakes they miss,
 And shriek, who's this ?
 We answer nought, but ho, ho, ho !

By wells and rills, in meadows green,
 We nightly dance, our hey-day guise ;
 And to our fairy king and queen,
 We chaunt our moon-light minstrelsies.

Fiends! ghosts! and sprites!
 Who haunt the nights,
 The hags and goblins do us know;
 And beldames old
 Our feats have told;
 So frolic it, with ho, ho, ho!—*Ben Jonson.*
 Single, Birchall.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—W. HORSLEY, M.B.
 (Con. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

ÆTHEREAL race, inhabitants of air!
 Who hymn your god amid the secret grove;
 Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,
 And raise majestic strains, or melt in love!

Let me, ye wand'ring spirits of the wind!
 Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string;
 Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
 For, till you cease, my muse forgets to sing.
Thompson's Ode on Æolus's Harp.
 2d Collection, Birchall.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—WM. LINLEY.
 E'ER sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
 Death came with friendly care!
 The op'ning bud to heav'n convey'd,
 And bade it blossom there!

GLEE for 3 Voices.—DYNE.—Prize, 1769.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

FILL the bowl with rosy wine,
 Around our temples roses twine;
 And let us cheerfully awhile,
 Like the wine and roses smile.
 To-day is our's, what do we fear?
 To-day is our's, we have it here;
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may
 Wish, at least, with us to stay:
 Let's banish care, let's banish sorrow;
 To the gods belongs to-morrow.

Cowley's Anacreon.

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 7. p. 31.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 75 —Convito, p. 256.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

FROM this roof my shepherd went,
 When the lark first left his bed,
 Whisp'ring, be, my love, content,
 I to distant vales must tread.

But when ev'ning star appears,
 Thro' the dews I'll seek this spot,
 Let me kiss away thy tears,
 'Tis with grief I leave this cot.

Thus he said, then strode away,
 O'er yon heathy mountain far,
 O to guide him, lest he stray,
 Rise! O rise! thou ev'ning star.

See it beams, and hark his song,
 Sweetly to my ear 'tis borne,
 Blythe my shepherd trips along,
 Faithful to his vows at morn.

Dr. Callcott's Book, by Horsley. p.

MADRIGAL for 4 Voices.—T. MORLEY, 1596.

(2 Trebles, Con. and Base.)

FAIR Phillis I saw sitting all alone,
 Feeding her flock, near to the mountain side;
 The shepherds knew not whither she was gone,
 But after his lover Amintas hy'd:
 Up and down he wandered while she was missing,
 But when he found her, O then they fell a kissing.

(Single Birchall.—Warren, No. 5. p. 22.)

MADRIGAL for 5 Voices.—J. WILBYE, 1609.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base)

FLORA gave me fairest flowers,
 None so fair in Flora's treasure;
 These I plac'd in Phillis' bowers,
 She was pleas'd, and she's my pleasure:

Smiling meadows seem to say,
Come, ye wantons, here to play.

Single, Chappell's.—Argyll Rooms.—Single, Warren, No. 8. p. 26.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 46.—Convito, p. 457.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—J. DANBY.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

FAIR Flora decks the flow'ry ground,
And plants the bloom of May,
Whilst ev'ry hill, and ev'ry dale,
Appears unusual gay.

The pretty warblers of the grove,
Assume their various notes;
Th' echoing woods responsive sound,
The music of their throats.

Lead on, my Celia, quit the town,
And banish ev'ry care;
O haste, my Celia, haste away,
To breathe the rural air.

Single, Birchall.

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices*.—FORD, 1636.

(2 Trebles, Ten. and Base.)

FAIR, sweet, cruel, why dost thou fly me?
O go not from thy dearest,
Tho' thou dost hasten I am nigh thee;
When thou seem'st far, then I am nearest:
Tarry then and take me with you.

Fie sweetest, here is no danger,
 O fly not, love pursues thee;
 I am no foe nor foreign stranger,
 Thy scorn with fresher hope renews me :
 Tarry then and take me with you.

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 15. p. 14.—Convito, p. 200.

FUNERAL DIRGE.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. NARES.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

FEAR no more the heat of the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task has done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
 Golden lads and lasses must,
 All follow thee, and turn to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
 Nor no witchcraft harm thee !
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
 Nothing ill come near thee !
 Quiet consummation have,
 And renowned be thy grave.

Shakspeare's Cymbeline.

Convito, p. 26.—Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 8. p. 8.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 98.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

GLEE *for 8 Voices.*—Rt. COOKE.

(2 Trebles, 2 Cons. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

FRIENDSHIP, thou social bond of life!

Yielding to nought, but love alone;

By thee secure from cares and strife,

Let us approach thy sacred throne.

Next heav'n-born harmony thy aid we ask,

Propitious thou, be ours the task,

To blend thy notes in one continued whole,

And pour the melting strain upon the soul.

Thus the gay hours shall glide away,

Nor leave a thorn behind,

Where gen'rous friendship bears the sway,

With harmony combined.—*Mr. Harris.*

Single, Birchalls.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

FRUITFUL earth drinks up the rain,

Trees from earth drinks that again;

The sea too drinks the air,

The sun drinks the sea,

And him the moon;

Is it reason, then, do you think,

That I should thirst when all else drink.

Cowley's Translation from Anacreon.

Dr. Cook's Book, p.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I have many days been;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 May be to return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed, they are all for my dear,
 And not for the dangers attending on war;
 Tho' borne on rough seas to a far distant shore,
 May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Allan Ramsey.

Convito, p. 120.—Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 25. p. 8.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 466.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—J. S. SMITH.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

FLORA now calleth forth each flow'r,
 And bids make ready Maia's bow'r,
 Who still doth lie in a trance.

Then will we little love awake,
 That now sleepeth in Lethe's lake,

And pray him lead on our dance.—*Spencer.*

Convito, p. 73.—Warren, No. 21. p. 34.

THE PEDLAR.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—Dr. WILSON, 1667.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

FROM the fair Lavinian shore,
 I your markets come to store;

Muse not though so far I dwell,
 And my wares come here to sell:
 Such is the sacred hunger for gold.

Then come to my pack,
 While I cry,

“What d’ye lack,
 “What d’ye buy,”

For here it is to be sold.

I have beauty, honour, grace,
 Fortune, favour, time, and place,
 And what else thou would’st request,
 Ev’n the thing thou likest best:

First let me have but a touch of your gold.

Then come to me, lad,

Thou shalt have

What thy dad

Never gave,

For here it is to be sold.

Madam, come, see what you lack,
 I’ve complexions in my pack;
 White and red you may have in this place,
 To hide your old and wrinkled face.

First let me have but a touch of your gold.

Then thou shalt seem

Like a wench of fifteen,

Although you be threescore and ten years old.

Shakspeare.

Convito, p. 118.—Warren, No. 20. p. 38.—Playford’s Musical
 Companion, p. 115. 1673.

SUSANNA AND THE TWO ELDERS.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—Dr. COOKE.

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

FAIR Susan did her wife-hode well mayntayn,
 Algates assaulted so, by lovers twayne;
 Now an' I reade arighte that aunciente song,
 The paramours were olde, the dame was yong:
 Had thilk same tale in other guise been told,
 Had they been yong and she been olde,
 Pardie! that wou'd ha' been much sorer tryale,
 Full marvailous, I wot, were such denyale.

Chaucer.

Warren, No. 14, p. 8.

GLEE *for 5 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.—*Prize, 1792.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

FATHER of heroes! high dweller of eddying winds,
 where the dark-red thunder marks the troubled clouds;
 open thou thy stormy halls; let the bards of old be near.
 We sit at the rock, but there is no voice; no light but
 the meteor of fire. O! from the rock on the hill, from
 the top of the windy steep! O! speak, ye ghosts of the
 dead! O! whither are you gone to rest? In what cave
 of the hill shall we find the departed? No feeble voice
 is on the gale; no answer half-drown'd in the storm!
 Father of heroes! The people bend before thee; thou
 turnest the battle in the field of the brave! thy terrors

pour the blasts of death ! Thy tempests are before thy face ! But thy dwelling is calm, above the clouds ; the fields of thy rest are pleasant. *Ossian.*

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 614.—Warren, No. 31. p. 14.

FROM THE ODE TO LIBERTY.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—R. SPOFFORTH.

Prize, 1810.—*Glee Club.*

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

FILL high the grape's exulting stream,
Pour oceans with unbounded soul ;
Fill high, 'till laughing o'er the brim,
The sparkling treasure loads the bowl.

Senec. Hippolyt. Act. II. Sc. 2.

Single, Preston.

DUETT.—ECCLES.

(Ten. and Base.)

GLEE for 4 Voices.—C. EVANS.

Prize, 1812.—*Glee Club.*

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

FILL all the glasses, fill them high,
Drink and defy all pow'r but Love ;
Wine gives the slave his liberty,
But Love makes a slave of thundering Jove.

Then drink, then drink away,
 Make a night of the day ;
 'Tis nectar, 'tis liquor divine ;
 The pleasures of life,
 Free from anguish and strife,
 Are owing to love and good wine.

Shakspeare's Henry the 5th.

Clementi, single.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—S. WEBBE.—Prize, 1778.

(Con. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

GREAT Bacchus, O aid us to sing thy great glory,
 Thou chief of the gods we assemble before thee :

Wine's first projector ;

Mankind's protector ;

Hail patron of social delights ! we adore thee !

All nature rejoic'd when thy birth was declar'd,

Behold here thy altar ! and vot'ries prepar'd ;

Crown with thy blessing

All who confessing,

No pow'r on earth can with thine be compar'd.

S. Webbe.

Warren, No. 17, p. 26.

REGNIER'S EPITAPH.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—Dr. COOKE.

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

GAILY I liv'd, as ease and nature taught,
 And spent my little life without a thought ;
 And am amaz'd that Death, the tyrant grim,
 Should think of me, who never thought of him.

*See Poetical Essays by Ridley,
 published 1771. p. 85.*

Dr. Cooke's Book, p. .—Convito, p. 450.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.—Prize, 1789.

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

Go, idle boy, I quit thy bow'r,
 Thy couch of many a thorn and flow'r,
 I wish thee well, for pleasures past,
 And bless the hour I'm free at last.
 Yet still, methinks, the alter'd day
 Scatters around a mournful ray ;
 And chilling ev'ry zephyr blows,
 And ev'ry stream untuneful flows ;
 Haste, haste thee back then, idle boy,
 And with thine anguish bring thy joy :
 O rend my heart with ev'ry pain,
 But let me, let me—love again.

Merry.

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 28. p. 1.—Clementi's Vocal
 Harmony, p. 562.—Convito, p. 370.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Trebles, Ten. and Base.)

GREAT Apollo, strike the lyre,
 Fill the raptur'd soul with fire !
 Let the festive song go round,
 Let this night with joy be crown'd.
 Hark ! what numbers, soft and clear,
 Steal upon the ravish'd ear !
 Sure, no mortal sweeps the strings ;
 Listen !—'tis Apollo sings ! *H. Read.*

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—RT. COOKE.

(2 Cons. 2 Tens. and Base.)

GALES of ev'ning, while she slumbers,
 Fan my fair to soft repose ;
 Now my lyre, in softest numbers,
 Dare my secret wish disclose.

Should she wake, the song disdaining,
 Frowns would all thy art destroy ;
 Thou must cease thy fond complaining,
 I must lose my fleeting joy. *Colier.*

1st Book, Birchall, p. 25.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—W. HAWES.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

GAY Bacchus lay sleeping one day in a shade,
 Where the vines of Oporto wav'd over his head;
 And, dreaming of nectar, took fiction for truth,
 When a ripe purple cluster drop'd into his mouth.
 By an impulse which mortals nor gods can disguise,
 He press'd the rich grape, and awoke with surprise;
 On tasting the grape he pronounc'd it divine,
 And swore by his godhead its name should be wine.
 Then he call'd for Silenus and bade him prepare,
 To tell the wide world this discov'ry so rare;
 To convene the disciples of pleasure and mirth,
 And bid them plant vineyards all over the earth.
 Since then boon companions whenever they meet,
 Hail Bacchus the founder bestowing the treat;
 With copious libations they quaff at his shrine,
 Who first press'd the grape and pronounc'd this is wine.

Thos. Goodwin.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—*Harmonized by* Dr. HAYES.*

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

† GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
 Chloe seems inclined to rest;
 Fill her soul with fond desire,
 Softest notes will sooth her breast.

Pleasing dreams assist in love,
Let them all propitious prove.

A. Bradley.

Single, Birchall's.—Convito, p. 237.

* Air by Geminiani.

† See a Parody, Ritson's Miscellaneous Songs, p. 152.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—W. HORSLEY, M. B.
and for 3 Voices by W. HAWES.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

GALLANT and gayly
On the waves riding,
Spirits of ocean come to my call;
Nightly and daily
Thro' the deep gliding,
Swift as in motion ye circle this ball.

Warble a chorus
Passing before us,
Skimming the green where the moon-beams sleep;
Hollow shells sounding,
Echo rebounding,
Charms into pleasure the turbulent deep.

Romance of the Three Spaniards.—G. Walker.

Single, Birchalls.

EPIGRAM *for 4 Voices.*—JACKSON.

(2 Trebles, Ten. and Base.)

Go, feeble tyrant, and in vain
 Thy fruitless conquest boast!
 The slave who once has felt thy chain,
 Enjoys his triumph most.
 Exert, alas! thy harmless hate,
 Thy frowns and cold disdain;
 Since double pleasure they create,
 To think them spent in vain.
 The sailor thus of danger free,
 From the securer shore
 Looks back with joy, and laughs to see,
 The storms he felt before.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. ARNE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

Good statesmen need not only wit,
 But Argus' eyes to see;
 For here's a hit, and there's a hit,
 But where can you hit me.
 This nought impairs their high renown,
 Tho' like true women's men;
 They're in and out, and up and down,
 And in and out again. *Dr. Arne.*

Warren's Vocal Harmony, p. 144.

THE SKY-LARK.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT* and Dr. CROTCH.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

Go, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
 To Daphne's window speed thy way;
 And there, on quiv'ring pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal power display.
 And if she deign thy notes to hear,
 And if she praise thy matin song;
 Tell her the sounds that soothe the ear,
 To Damon's native plains belong.
 Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
 The bird from India's groves may shine!
 But ask the lovely, partial maid,
 What are his notes compar'd with thine.
 Then bid her treat yon witless beau,
 And all his flaunting race, with scorn;
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
 Who sings her praise and sings forlorn.

Shenstone.

Single, Birchall.—Bland, vol. 6. p. 712.

* Dr. Callcott has set only the two first verses.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—W. HORSLEY, M. B.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

GONE is my heart, for ever gone,
 And thou the cause, believe me;
 Yes, thou the mischief girl hast done,
 And gloriest to deceive me.

O cheer once more our drooping scenes,
 And chase the cloud of sorrow;
 O bring those eyes where summer reigns,
 And cheek the rose would borrow.

Bring back that form which once was mine,
 The fount of ev'ry pleasure;
 Where beauty, with a skill divine,
 Has lavish'd all her treasure.

Thine art too fatal have I found,
 Too deeply, nymph, I feel it;
 Sure if thine eyes have giv'n a wound,
 'Tis fair thy lips should heal it.

Peter Pindar, Esq.

1st Collection, p. 42, Birchall.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—T. BREWER.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

TURN, Amarillis, to thy swain,
 Thy Damon calls thee back again;
 Here's a pretty arbour by,
 Where Apollo cannot spy;
 Here let's sit, and whilst I play,
 Sing to my pipe a roundelay.

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 16. p. 44.—Playford's Musical Companion, p. 176. 1673.—Convito, p. 206.

ANSWER.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—S. PAXTON.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

Go, go, Damon, go, Amarillis bids adieu,
 Go seek another love, but prove to her more true;
 No, no, I care not for your pretty harbour nigh,
 Although great Apollo cannot spy:
 Nor will I sit to hear you play,
 Nor tune my voice to your roundelay.

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 24. p. 17.—Convito, p. 208.

DUETT.—Dr. BLOW.

(Tenor and Base.)

Go, perjur'd man, and if thou e'er return
 To view the small remainder of my urn,
 When thou shalt laugh at my religious dust,
 And ask, where's now the colour, form, and trust
 Of woman's beauty? and perhaps with rude
 Hands rifle th' flow'rs which the virgins strew'd:
 Know, I have pray'd to pity, that the wind
 May blow my ashes up, and strike thee blind.

Tom. Brown.

Essex Harmony, p.

DUETT.—Dr. BLOW.

(Tenor and Base.)

Go, perjur'd maid, to all extremes inclin'd,
 First, so endearing: after, so unkind,
 As cruel as inconstant is thy mind.

Go to my rival, leave me to complain,
 Tell him from me, he has not long to reign,
 I know your heart, you'll quickly change again.

Tom. Brown.

Amphion Anglicus, by Dr. Blow, p.

DUETT.—CARISSIMI.

(Tenor and Base.)

Dite o cieli si crudeli,
 Sono i sguardi del mio ben ;
 Sono dardi, che punture,
 Dansi dure che trafitto
 Ne resta il cor e'l sen.

* Hawkins' His. vol. 4. p. 489.

* King James the Second having heard the duet, "Dite o Cieli," composed by Carissimi, and being much pleased with it, asked Dr. Blow if he could imitate it, who modestly answered, he would try, and he produced that beautiful duet, "Go, perjured man;" he afterwards set the other duet, "Go, perjured maid." The king also having heard the anthem by Carissimi, beginning, "I am well pleased," altered by Dr. Aldrich, and being much pleased with it, asked Dr. Blow if he could make as good a one; Blow answered he could, when he produced, the next Sunday at the King's Chapel, "I beheld, and lo, a great multitude." After the service was over, the king sent Father Petre to acquaint him that he was much pleased; but, added Father Petre, I myself think it too long; that, answered Blow, is the opinion of but one fool, and I heed it not. This so offended the Jesuit that he shortly got Blow suspended.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

Go, plaintive breeze, to Laura's flow'ry bier,
 Heave the warm sigh, and shed the tender tear;
 There, to the awful shade, due homage pay,
 And softly thus address the sleeping clay:
 " Say, envied earth, that dost those charms unfold,
 " Where are those cheeks, and where those lips of gold?
 " Where are those eyes, which oft the muse has sung?
 " Where are those lips, and that enchanting tongue?
 " Ye radiant tresses, and thou nectar'd smile,
 " Ye looks that might the melting skies beguile;
 " You robb'd my soul of rest, my eyes of sleep,
 " You taught me how to love, and how to weep."

Concentore's Book, p. 6.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Dr. COOKE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

HARK! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins t'arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs,
 On chalic'd flowers that lies.

And winking marybuds begin

To ope their golden eyes;

With ev'ry thing that pretty is,

My lady sweet, arise.—*Shakspeare's Cymbeline.*

Single, Birchall.—Ditto, Chappell's.—Warren, No. 16, p. 39.—

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 328.—Convito, p. 290.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—MICHAEL ESTE, 1600.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

How merrily we live that shepherds be ;
 Roundelays still we sing with merry glee :
 On the pleasant downs, where, as our flocks we see,
 We feel no cares, we fear not fortune's frowns.
 We have no envy which sweet mirth confounds.

Da Capo.

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 6. p. 26 —Convito, p. 316.

MASONIC GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—MICHAEL ESTE.

How merrily we live that masons be ;
 Round the lodge thus we march, with merry glee ;
 In this present lodge, where we our brothers see,
 We feel no cares, we fear not fortune's frowns :
 We have no envy which sweet mirth confounds.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.—Prize 1789.

HAVE you Sir John Hawkins's History ?*
 Some folks think it quite a mystery,
 Music fill'd his wondrous brain ;
 How d'ye like him—is it plain ?
 Both I've read, and must agree,
 That Burney's History† pleases me.—*Dr. Callcott.*

Warren, No. 28, p. 44.

* Pub. 1776.

† Pub. 1776, first vol. only.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—EARL OF MORNINGTON.*Prize, 1779.*

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

HERE in cool grot and mossy cell,
 We rural fays and fairies dwell;
 Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye,
 When the pale moon ascending high,
 Darts thro' yon limes her quiv'ring beams,
 We frisk it near these crystal streams;
 Her beams reflected from the wave,
 Afford the light our revels crave;
 The turf with daisies 'broider'd o'er,
 Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;
 Nor yet for artful strains we call,
 But listen to the water-fall. *Shenstone.*

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 324.—Single, Argyll Rooms,—
 Warren, No. 18. p. 15.—Single, Chappell's.—Convito, p. 336,

ROUND *for 3 Voices.*—GUGLIELMI.

HERE's a health to all good lasses,
 Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses,
 Let a bumper toast go round;
 May they live a life of pleasure,
 Without mixture, without measure,
 For with them true joys are found.

Single, Birchall.—Convito, p. 220.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Dr. COOKE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

HALCYON days, now wars are ending,
 You shall find whene'er you sail,
 Tritons all the while attending
 With a kind and gentle gale ;
 No stars again shall hurt you from above,
 But all your days shall pass in peace and love.

Dryden.

Single, Argyll Rooms.—Warren, No. 29. p. 26.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Dr. COOKE.—Prize, 1771.*

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

And for Three Voices, by F. IRELAND.†

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
 By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
 There honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.—*W. Collins.*

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 10. p. 28.

* Vocal Harmony, p. 182.

† Convito, p. 106.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—S. PAXTON.—*Medal*, 1779.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.

How sweet, how fresh, this vernal day,

How musical the air !

Nature was never seen so gay,

Were but my Silvio near.

Hush ! wanton birds, your am'rous song

Alarms my virgin breast ;

Retire, sweet whist'ling winds be gone,

Retire, 'Tis love's request.

Warren, No. 18. p. 31.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 331.—
Convito, p. 102.

ROUND *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. ALDRICH.

HARK ! the bonny Christ-church bells,

One, two, three, four, five, six,

They sound so woundy great,

So wond'rous sweet,

And they troul so merrily.

Hark ! the first and second bell,

That ev'ry day, at four and ten,

Cries come, come, come, come, come to pray'rs,

And the verger troops before the Dean.

Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small bell at nine,

To call the beerers home ;

But there's ne'er a man will leave his can,

'Till he hears the mighty Tom.*

*Dr. Aldrich, late Dean of Christ Church,
originally called Cardinal College.*

* The great bell.

Single, Birchall.—Convito, p. 91.

GLEE for 6 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

(2 Trebles, Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

HENCE all ye vain delights !
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly !
 There's nought in this life sweet,
 If man were wise to see't,
 But only melancholy ;
 Oh ! sweetest melancholy.

Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,
 A sigh, that piercing, mortifies ;
 A look that's fastend'd to the ground ;
 A tongue chain'd up—without a sound :

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves,
 Moon-light walks, when all the fowls
 Are safely hous'd, save bats and owls.

A midnight bell ! a parting groan !
 These are the sounds we feed upon !

Then stretch our bones in a still, gloomy valley,
 Nothing so dainty sweet as melancholy.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Single, Birchall.—Ditto, Chappell's.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony,
 p. 434,—Convito, p. 301.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE,

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

HAIL! Star of Brunswick!

If war's ordained, this star shall dart it's beams

Thro' that black cloud; which, rising from the Thames,

With thunder form'd of Brunswick's wrath, is sent

To claim the seas and awe the continent:

This shall direct it where the bolt to throw,

A star, for us; a comet to the foe.

If peace shall smile by this, shall commerce steer

A steady course in triumph round the sphere;

And gath'ring tribute from each distant shore,

In BRITAIN'S lap the world's abundance pour.—*Young.*

Single, Birchall.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—RT. COOKE.*

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

HOPE tells a flatt'ring tale,

Delusive, vain, and hollow;

Ah! let not hope prevail,

Lest disappointment follow.

But if hope must prevail,

Instead of flatt'ring tale,

Delusive, vain, and hollow;

Direct her to that happy shore

Where expectation is no more,

And disappointment cannot follow.

Miss Wrother.

• Birchall's 1st Book, p. 123.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

HAIL ! smiling morn ! that tips the hills with gold,
 Whose rosy fingers ope the gates of day ;
 Who the gay face of nature doth unfold,
 At whose bright presence darkness flies away.

* Book, p. 42.—Preston's.

WRITTEN DURING A THUNDER STORM.

GLEE* *for 5 Voices.*—W. HAWES.

(Con. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

How dread the crash ! how vivid is the glare !
 Now, Atheist, tremble ! and deny thy god !
 Now, face his heralds and his vengeance dare !
 Or bow submissive to his awful nod.

Again it rolls ! and Albion's centre quakes !
 Again the lightnings flash from pole to pole !
 The domes resound ! the solid fabric shakes !
 And Nature seems to war without control.

Emblem ! faint emblem ! of that coming day,
 When the loud clarion shall awake the ball ;
 The earth and skies in wild confusion lay,
 And ruin ! mighty ruin ! cover all !

Cambridge Newspaper.—Rev. Mr. Hawes.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

* This Glee was a Candidate for the Gold Medal given at the Noble-men's Catch Club in 1812, and stood second at the final decision.

DUETT.—Dr. BOYCE.

(Ten. and Base.)

HERE shall soft charity repair,
 And break the bonds of grief;
 Down the harrow'd couch of care,
 Man to man must bring relief.

—— *Cradock, Esq.*

Single, Argyll Rooms.—Ditto, Chapell's.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—R. J. S. STEVENS.*

And for 4 Voices.—T. WELCH.†

HENCE away, ye Syrens leave me,
 And unclasp your wanton arms;
 Sugar'd words shall not deceive me,
 Though you prove a thousand charms.
 Fie, fie, forbear!
 No common snare
 Can ever my affections chain:
 Thy painted baits,
 And poor deceits,
 Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

Can he prize the tainted posies,
 Which on ev'ry breast are worn;
 That may pluck the spotless roses
 From their never-touched thorn?

I can go rest,
 On her sweet breast,
 That is the pride of Cynthia's train :
 Then stay thy tongue,
 Thy mermaid song,
 Is all bestow'd on me in vain ?

George Withers, 1614.

* Book 6. p. 2.—† Argyll Rooms.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—W. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

HAIL, golden lyre ! whose heav'n invented string,
 To Phœbus and the black hair'd nine belongs ;
 Who in sweet chorus round their tuneful king,
 Mix, with thy sounding chords, their sacred songs.
 The dance, gay queen of pleasure, thee attends,
 Thy jocund strains her list'ning feet inspire ;
 And each melodious tongue its voice suspends,
 Till thou, great leader of the heav'nly choir,
 With wanton preluding giv'st the sign,
 Swell the full concert then with harmony divine.

Translated from Pindar.

Single, Birchall.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—T. ATTWOOD.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

HARK ! the curfew's solemn sound,*
 Silent darkness spreads around :

Heavy it beats on the lover's heart,
 Who leaves with a sigh his tale half told;
 The poring monk and his book must part,
 And fearful the miser locks his gold.
 Now whilst labour sleeps and charmed sorrow,
 O'er the dewy green,
 By the glow-worm's light,
 Unheard, unseen,
 Dance the elves of night;
 Yet, where the midnight pranks have been,
 The circl'd turf will betray to-morrow.—*J. Tobin, Esq.*

Single, Argyll Rooms.—Monzani.

* Curfew or Couvrefeu Bell. A Bell was rung at 8 o'clock, in the reign of William the Conqueror, at which time all fires and candles were to be extinguished, under penalty of a great fine.

The above was repealed in the reign of Henry the First.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

HAIL! happy meeting! vintage now is done,
 The grapes are purpl'd by th' autumnal sun;
 Who, having with his beams all nature blest,
 Retires to Capricorn, and sinks to rest.
 Now comes relentless winter, that deforms
 With frost, the forest; and the sea, with storms.
 We shun the rage, and thus in social mirth,
 We'll pass our time till spring renews its birth:
 Hail! happy meeting! crown'd with ev'ry blessing!
 Thrice happy we, such plenty here possessing!
 Each in his look his heart's content expressing!

Thus, whilst together, such a treat before us,
 Since it hath pleas'd great Bacchus to restore us. }
 Cantet nunc, Io ! Amicorum chorus.

S. Webbe

Webbe's 5th Book, p. 2.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—SACCHINI, and by SHIELD.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

How should we mortals spend our hours,
 In war, in love, and drinking ?
 None but a fool consumes his pow'rs
 In peace, in care, and thinking.

Time, would you let him wisely pass,
 Is lively, brisk, and jolly :
 Dip but his wing in the sparkling glass,
 And he'll drown dull melancholy.

Sir Henry Bate Dudley.

Single, Birchall.—Ditto Chappell.—Convito, p. 298.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—J. S. SMITH.

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

HARK ! the hollow woods resounding,
 Echo to the hunter's cry ;
 Hark ! how all the vales rebounding,
 To his cheering voice reply.

Now so swift o'er hills aspiring,
 He pursues the gay delight ;
 Distant woods and plains retiring,
 Seem to vanish from his sight.

Flying still, and still pursuing,
 See the fox, the hounds, the men,
 Cunning cannot save from ruin ;
 Far from refuge, wood, and den.

Now they kill him—homeward hie them,
 For a jovial night's repast.
 Thus no sorrow e'er comes nigh them,
 Health continues to the last.

J. Hughes, Esq.

Single, Birchall.—Convito, p 42.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—Dr. ARNE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

HUSH ! to peace each ruder wind,
 Purling rills in silence roll ;
 While on rosy bed reclin'd.
 Sleeps the charmer of my soul.

Chaste Diana ! watch my treasure,
 Guard her beauty from alarms ;
 Let no satyr's brutal pleasure,
 Dare invade her blooming charms.

Somnus ! god of balmy rest,
 Sweetly slumb'ring let her prove
 Ev'ry joy that Strephon blest,
 Could bestow in waking love. *Dr. Arne.*

Warren, No. 2, p. 4.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

How often have I seen the gen'rous bowl,
 With pleasing force unlock a secret soul,
 And steal a truth, which ev'ry sober hour,
 The prose of life had kept within her power.
 The grape victorious ; often has prevail'd,
 When gold and beauty, racks and torture fail'd.

Young's Epistle to Lord Lansdown,

Knyvett's Harmonic, Book, p. 26.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Con. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

Hail! happy Albion! queen of isles!
 Peaceful freedom o'er thee smiles:
 Thy lib'ral heart, thy judging eye,
 The flow'r unheeded can descry,
 And bid it round heav'n's altars shed
 The fragrance of its blushing head.

Through the wild waves as they roar,
 With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
 Thy steady course of honour keep;
 Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore,
 The star of Brunswick shines serene,
 And gilds the horrors of the deep. *Gray.*

Warren, No. 29. p. 10.—Dr. Callcott's Book, by Horsley, p.
 Birchall.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. Ten. and 2 Bases.)

HEALTH to my dear, and long unbroken years,
 By storms unruffled and unstain'd by tears;
 Wing'd by new joys may each white minute fly,
 Spring on her cheek, and sunshine in her eye.

O'er that dear breast, where love and pity spring,
 May peace eternal spread her downy wing;
 Sweet beaming hope, her path illumine still,
 And fair ideas all her fancy fill.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

Single, Birchall.

DUET.—TRAVERS.

(Treble and Base.)

HASTE my Nannette,
 My lovely maid,
 Haste to the bow'r
 Thy swain has made.

For thee alone

I made the bow'r,
And strew'd the couch
With many a flow'r.

None but my sheep

Shall near us come,
Venus be prais'd
My sheep are dumb.

Great god of love,

Take thou my crook,
To keep the wolf
From Nannette's flock.

Guard thou the sheep

To her so dear,
My own, alas !
Are less my care.

But of the wolf,

If thou'rt afraid,
Come not to us
To call for aid.

For with her swain

My love shall stay,
Tho' the wolf strole,

And the sheep stray.—*Matt. Prior.*

Single, Birchall.—Convito, p. 144.

ON SOLITUDE.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—Dr. ALCOCK.—*Prize, 1770.*

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

HAIL ! ever pleasing Solitude,
 Companion of the wise and good ;
 But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
 The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh ! how I love with thee to walk,
 And listen to thy whisper'd talk ;
 Which innocence, and truth imparts,
 And melts the most obdurate hearts.

Oh ! let me pierce thy secret cell,
 And in thy deep recesses dwell !
 For ever with thy raptures fir'd,
 For ever from the world retir'd.

J. Thomson.

Warren, No. 9, p. 8.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 126.—
 Convito, p. 238.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—W. KNYVETT.

(2 Trebles, Ten. and Base.)

HARK ! to Philomela singing,
 Sweetly warbling in the vale ;
 Hark ! the village bells are ringing,
 Softly murm'ring on the gale.

By that stream, so gently flowing,
 Stands our poor, though happy, shed;
 Winds that ever kindly blowing,
 O'er its unprotected head.

There, in tranquil ease and pleasure,
 Each revolving year we dwell;
 Blest with every heart-felt treasure,
 In our poor and humble cell.

Single, Birchall, and Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base)

HAVE you seen the virgin snow
 That tops old Aran's peering brow;
 Lucid, webby, insect spun,
 Purpureal gleam in summer sun;
 With such, yet fair, diviner light,
 Malvina hits the dazzl'd sight.
 The guerdon such, can Tudor's breast
 Dare to court ignoble rest.
 Have you e'er on barren strand,
 Ta'en your solitary stand,
 And seen the whirlwind spirit sped,
 O'er the dark-green billowy bed?
 Glowing in the thickest fight,
 Such resistless Tudor's might.

Convito, p. 353.

MADRIGAL *for 5 Voices.*—T. LINLEY, Jun.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

HARK ! hark ! the birds melodious sing,
 And sweetly usher in the spring,
 Close by his fellow sits the dove,
 And gently whispers her his love.

*Presented by Mrs. Sheridan to
 the Catch Club.*

Warren, No. 25, p. 14.

OCCASIONAL ODE.

For 4 Voices.—Dr. COOKE.*

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

S. WEBBE,†—*Prize, 1778*

HAIL, Music ! sweet enchantment, hail !
 Like potent spells thy pow'rs prevail ;
 On wings of rapture borne away,
 All nature owns thy universal sway.
 For what is beauty, what is grace,
 But harmony of form and face ;
 What are the beauties of the mind,
 Heav'n's rarest gifts, by harmony combin'd.
 From the fierce passions discord springs,
 'Till nature strike the softer strings,
 The soul compose, and love harmonious love
 from passion flows.

Affection's flame, and friendship's ties,
 And all the social pleasures, rise
 From thee, O harmony divine !
 Love, concord, beauty, ev'ry joy is thine.

David Garrick.

* Vocal Harmony, Clementi, p. 316.—† Warren, No. 17, p. 47.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

How calm the evening, see the falling day
 Gilds ev'ry mountain with a ruddy ray ;
 In gentle sighs the softly whispering breeze
 Salutes the flow'rs, and waves the trembling trees.

This Glee lost, by only a single Vote, the Prize Medal, 1794.
 Single, Preston's.

ON WALKING IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—Earl of MORNINGTON.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

HAIL ! hallowed fane ! amidst whose mould'ring shrines,
 Her vigils, musing melancholy keeps ;
 Upon her arm her harrow'd cheek reclines,
 And o'er the spoils of human grandeur weeps.

Hail, awful edifice ! thine aisles along,
 In contemplation wrapt, O let me stray ;
 And stealing from the idle busy throng,
 Serenely meditate the moral lay.

What pleasing sadness fills my thoughtful breast,
 Whene'er my steps these vaulted mansions trace ;
 Where, in their silent tombs, for ever rest,
 The honoured ashes of the British race.

Warren, No. 18, p. 11.—Mr. Sale's 1st Book, p. —Convito, p. 16.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—WM. KNYVETT.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

HERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
 Now tir'd with wandering, haud awa' hame ;
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
 And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Loud blew the cold winter wind at our parting ;
 It was na' the blast brought the tear in my ee' ;
 Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes, rest in the cave o' your slumbers,
 O how your wild horrors a lover alarms !
 Awaken, ye breezes ! roll gently, ye billows !
 And waft my dear laddie to me back again.

But if he's forgotten his faithfullest Nanie,
 O still flow between us, thou wide roaring main !
 May I never see it—may I never trow it—
 But dying believe that my Willie's my ain.—*Burns*.

Single, Birchall.—Ditto, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

And for 3 Voices.—L. ATTERBURY.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

HAPPY are we met,
 Happy have we been ;
 Happy may we part,
 And happy meet again.

Happy they who here below,
 Use the gifts the gods bestow ;
 Such the guests, and such the treat,
 Happiness is sure complete.

Hours of joy are quickly past,
 Yet shall friendship ever last ;
 And if parting be a pain,
 We but part to meet again.

Warren, No 10, p. 32.

TO THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY.

ODE *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. COOKE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

HAIL ! all hail ! Britannia, queen of isles !
 Where Freedom dwells and Commerce smiles ;
 Where fair Religion burns her brightest flame,
 And ev'ry virtue consecrates her name,

Whose godlike sons disdain to yield,
 Or in the senate, or in the field;
 While their strong eloquence and courage roll
 Warmth to the heart and terror to the soul.
 Whose still undaunted tars, with sails unfurl'd
 Ride in bold triumph, conquerors of the world.

J. Thomson.

Dr. Cooke's Book, p. 1.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. HARRINGTON.

(Cen. Ten. and Base.)

How wretched those who tasteless live,
 And say this world no joys can give!

Why tempts yon turtle sprawling,

Why smokes the glorious haunch?

Are these no joys still calling,

To bless our mortal paunch?

*O 'tis merry in the hall,

When the beards wag all.

What a noise! and what a din!

How they glitter round the chin!

Give me fowl, and give me fish,

Now for some of that nice dish.

Cut me this, and cut me that,

Send me crust, and send me fat.

Titbits pulling, hauling,

Legs, wings, breast, head;

Some for liquor scolding, bawling,

Hock, port, white, red.

Here 'tis cramming, cutting, slashing,
 There the grease and gravy splashing;
 Look, Sir, what you've done,
 Zounds, Sir, you've cut off the Alderman's thumb!
 Oh, my thumb! my thumb!—*Dr. Harrington.*

Single, Birchall.

* In the second part of Henry IV. last edition, Vol. V. p. 596,
 Silence sings—

“ 'Tis merry in the hall,
 “ When beards wags all,”

Tusser also wrote the same words in his “Husbandry,” 4to, B.
 L. p. 96.—*August's Abstracts.*

GLEE for 5 Voices.—*Dr. COOKE.*

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

HAND in hand with fairy grace,
 Will we sing and bless this place.
 Now until the break of day
 Thro' this house each fairy stray.
 To the children's bed will we,
 Which by us shall blessed be;
 And the infants will we fate,
 Ever to be fortunate.
 So shall all these children, three,
 Ever true and happy be;
 And the blots of Nature's hand
 Shall not in their issue stand;

Never mole, hare-lip, or scar,
 Nor mark prodigious—such as are
 Despised in nativity,
 Shall upon these children be.
 With this field-dew consecrate,
 Ev'ry fairy take his gait;
 And each sev'ral chamber bless,
 Thro' this palace with sweet peace;
 Ever shall it safely rest,
 And the owner of it blest.
 Trip away, trip away, make no stay,
 Meet me all by break of day.—*Shakspeare.*

Warren, No. 17. p. 14.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—J. BATTISHILL,
And for 4 Voices.—W. HORSELEY,* M. B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

HERE, my Chloe, charming maid,
 Here, beneath the genial shade,
 Shielded from each ruder wind,
 Lovely Chloe, lye reclin'd.
 Lo ! for thee the balmy breeze
 Gently fans the waving trees ;
 Streams that whisper thro' the grove,
 Whisper low the voice of love.
 Sweetly bubbling, wanton sport,
 Where persuasion keeps the court ;

Ye who pass th' enamel'd grove,
 Thro' the rustling shade to rove.
 Sure my bliss your breast must fire,
 Can you see and not admire.

Anacreon, Ode XXII.

Single, Birchall.—*2d Collection, p. 29, Birchall.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—W. HORSELEY, M.B.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

HARK ! hark ! 'tis a voice from the tomb !

“Come, Lucy,” it cries, “come away !”

The grave of thy shepherd has room

To rest thee, beside his cold clay :

“I come !” my dear shepherd, “I come !

“Ye friends and companions, adieu ;

“I haste to my Colin's dark home,

“To die on his bosom so true.”

All mournful the midnight-bell rung,

When Lucy, sad Lucy arose ;

And forth to the green-turf she sprung,

Where Colin's pale ashes repose.

While thus she long sunk in despair,

And mourn'd to the echoes around ;

Inflam'd all at once grew the air,

And thunder shook dreadful the ground.

I hear the kind call, and obey ;
 “ Oh, Colin, receive me ! ” she cried,
 Then breathing a groan o’er his clay,
 She hung on his tomb-stone and dy’d.

Mr. Edw. Moore’s Ballad of Colin and Lucy.

Single, Clementi.—Ditto, Birchall.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

HAST thou left thy blue course in heav’n,
 Golden hair’d son of the sky ?
 The west has opened her gates,
 The bed of thy repose is there,
 The waves come to behold thy beauty :
 They lift their trembling heads,
 They see thee lovely in thy sleep,
 They shrink away with fear.
 Rest in thy shadowy cave, O sun !
 Let thy return be in joy. *Ossian.*

Dr. Callcott’s Book, by Horsley, p. —Single, Birchall.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—Sir J. STEVENSON.

(2 Trebles, and Base.)

HERE let’s join in harmony,
 And sing in strains a roundelay.
 Now is the merry month of May,
 When hawthorn buds are blowing ;
 And ev’ry lad and lass is gay,
 With love and nature glowing.

Hark the song in ev'ry grove,
 'Tis the genial voice of love;
 See the bank of painted flowers,
 Freshen'd by the golden showers.
 While sweetest odours load the gale,
 And love and harmony prevail;
 All nature wears her loveliest smile,
 To win thee, lady, to our isle. *H. B. C. Esq.*
 Single, Power.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Rt. COOKE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

HAD I but the torrent's might,
 With headlong rage, and wild affright;
 On Deira's squadrons hurl'd,
 To rush and sweep them from the world.
 To Mona's vales, in glitt'ring row,
 Twice ten hundred warriors go;
 Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn,
 But none from Mona's vale return,
 Save I, the meanest of them all,
 Who live to sing, and weep their fall.

*From a Poem called Mona, translated
 from Specimens of Welch Poetry,
 by Mr. Evans.*

Rt. Cooke's Book, p. 35.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

I HAVE been young, though now grown old,
Hardy in field, in battle bold.

I am young still, let who dares try,
I'll conquer, or in combat die;

Whatever ye can do or tell,

I, one day, did you both excel.

Plutarch.

Single, Birchall.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

In paper case,

Hard by this place,

Dead a poor dormouse lies;

And soon or late,

Summon'd by fate,

Each mouse,* each monarch dies.

Ye sons of verse,

While we rehearse,

Attend instructive rhyme;

No sins had Dor.

To answer for,—

Repent of your's in time.

By a Child.

Single, Argyll Rooms—Convito, p. 178.

* Prince.

GLEE *for 5 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Con. Ten. and 2 Bases.)

IN awful pause, while heav'n's revenge is slow,
 Jove but prepares to strike a fiercer blow ;
 That day shall come, that great avenging day,
 When Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay :
 When Priam's power, and Priam's self, shall fall,
 And one prodigious ruin swallow all.
 I see the god, already from the pole,
 Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll !
 I see th' eternal all his fury shed,
 And shake his Ægis on their guilty head !—*Homer.*

Warren, No. 26. p. 32.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

I'LL enjoy the present time,
 I'll be merry while I may ;
 Love away youth's gentle prime,
 Ever happy, ever gay.

Youth's the season made for love,
 Love's the source of bliss below ;
 I'll the pleasing span improve,
 Nor waste one precious hour in woe.

Too soon old age, with gloomy care,
 This sweet transporting scene destroys ;
 And silvers o'er my wanton hair,
 And robs me of those fleeting joys.

Webbe's 9th Book, p. 18.

CATCH *for 3 Voices*.—L. ATTERBURY.

JOAN said to John, when he stopt her t'other day,
 Pray John let me go, you know I cannot stay;
 You always so teaze me and want me to stay;
 But teaze me no more, for now I must away.
 So she left him in spite of all he could say,
 Who then could say nought, but pray, Joan, prithee stay.

Warren, No. 6. p. 31.

THE COMFORTS OF THE SEASONS.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—Dr. ARNOLD.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

IN Summer's cool shade how delightful to sit,
 In Winter, how social, when few friends are met;
 In Autumn, ripe fruits our palates regale,
 In Spring, we delight in the blossom'd sweet vale.

Each season has plenty and comforts in store,
 Be content, and be happy, and wish for no more;
 For know, the best season to laugh and to sing,
 Is Summer, is Winter, is Autumn, is Spring.

The late Dr. Stanley.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—T. ATTWOOD.

(2 Trebles and Base. Double Accompaniment.)

IN peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed,
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;

In halls, in gay attire, is seen,
 In hamlets, dances on the green :
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below, and saints above,
 For love is heav'n, and heav'n is love.

} *Walter Scott, Esq.*

Single, Monzani.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

It was a friar, of orders grey,
 Went forth to tell his beads ;
 And he met with a lady fair,
 Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.
 Now heav'n thee save, thou holy friar !
 I pray thee tell to me,
 If ever at yon holy shrine,
 My true love thou didst see ?
 " And how should I know your true love,
 " From many another one ?"
 ' O by his cockle hat and staff,
 ' And by his sandal shoone.'
 " O, lady ! he's dead and gone,
 " And at his head a green grass turf,
 " And at his heels a stone.
 " Weep no more lady,
 " Thy sorrow is in vain,
 " For violets pluckt, the sweetest show'rs
 " Will ne'er make grow again :

" Yet stay, fair lady, rest awhile,
 " Beneath yon cloyster wall,
 " See, through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
 " And drizzly rain doth fall."
 ' O stay me not, thou holy friar,
 ' O stay me not, I pray ;
 ' No drizzly rain that falls on me,
 ' Can wash my fault away.' *Shakspeare,*
Also see Percy's Relics of Ancient Poetry.
Dr. Callcott's Book, by Horsley, p.

CATCH for 3 Voices.—H. PURCELL.*

JACK,† thou'rt a toper, let's have t'other quart,
 Ring, we're so sober 'twere a shame to part ;
 None but a cuckold bully'd by his wife,
 For coming late, fears a domestic strife ;
 I'm free, and so are you, to call and knock,
 Boldly the watchman cries, past two o'clock.

T. Brown.‡

* There is a tradition that Purcell's death was occasioned by a severe cold, which he caught waiting for admittance into his own house. It is said he used to keep late hours. He appears to have spent much of his time with Tom Brown, who wrote the words of most of his Catches. The wits of that day used to meet at Owen Swan's, in Bartholomew Lane, (humourously called Cobwell Hall,) and at Purcell's Head* in Wych Street.† His wife had given orders to the servants not to let him in, if he came home after midnight ; unfortunately, his companions had got hold of this, and kept him late, as usual, which was the cause of Tom Brown writing the words

* Copied by Sir John Hawkins for his History.

† Now the sign of the Queen of Bohemia.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

If in that breast, so good, so pure,
 Compassion ever lov'd to dwell;
 Pity the sorrows I endure,
 The cause I must not, dare not tell.

The grief that on my quiet preys,
 That rends my heart, and checks my tongue;
 I fear will last me all my days,
 But feel it will not last me long.

*From the French, by Sir John
 Moore, Bart.*

5th Book, p. 30. Preston's.

of the above Catch, which Purcell set to music before he went home. Being refused admittance at home, he sat down on the step of his own door, and fell asleep; and through the inclemency of the night contracted a disorder of which he died. This but ill agrees with the expressions of grief she makes use of in the *Orpheus Britannicus*, for the loss of her dear lamented husband.

Correlli having heard of the great fame of Purcell, set out from Rome to pay him a visit; but hearing of his death, as he was on shipboard near Dover, he returned back again, without setting one foot on English ground: saying, as Purcell was dead, he had no business in England.

J. ARNOLD, 1761.

† John Blow.

† See two curious letters from the Dead to the Living, one from Purcell to Blow; and his Answer, p. 512. vol. 2.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—RT. COOKE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

IN the roses' fragrant shade,
 Sipping sweets a bee was laid;
 Little love who wanton'd round,
 On his finger felt a wound.

Scar'd and pain'd he sobs and sighs,
 And to heav'nly Venus flies;
 I faint! I die! O succour lend!
 Or thy Cupid's at an end.

Pierc'd by a serpent, hapless me!
 Which the ploughman calls a bee;
 Small he was, and bearing wings,
 To the very heart he stings.

This the mischief you deplore!
 Venus cry'd; and how much more
 Must the wretched bosom prove
 Tortur'd with the stings of love?

From Anacreon.

Rt. Cooke's Book, p. 29.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.—*Medal, 1773,*
(And for 4 Voices, by Dr. BEN. ROGERS.)

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

IN the merry month of May,
 In a morne by breake of day,

Forth I walked by the wood-side,
 When, as May was in his pride,
 There I spied all alone,
 Phillida and Corydon.
 Much adoo there was, God wot,
 He would love, and she would not.
 She said, never man was true,
 He said, none was false to you;
 He said, he had lov'd her long,
 She said, love should have no wrong.
 Corydon would kisse her then,
 She said, maides must kisse no men,
 Till they did for good and all:
 Then she made the sheapherd call
 All the heavens to witnesse truth,
 Never lov'd a truer youth.
 Thus with many a pretty oath,
 Yea and nay, and faith and troath.
 Such as silly sheapherds use,
 When they will not love abuse.
 Love, which had beene long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweet concluded;
 And Phillida, with garlands gay,
 Was made* the lady of the May.

Nicholas Breton, 1580.

See "England's Helicon."

* Crown'd.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 194.—Single, Birchall.—Convito,
 p. 111.—Musical Companion, by Playford, p. 208, 1673.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—W. JACKSON,*

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

And for 5 Voices by J. DANBY.

IN a vale clos'd with woodland, where grottoes abound,
Where rivulets murmur, and echoes resound;
I vow'd to the muses my time and my care,
Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

As freedom inspir'd me, I rang'd and I sung,
And Daphne's dear name never fell from my tongue;
But if a smooth accent delighted my ear,
I could wish unawares that my Daphne might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,
To drive from my heart the fair nymph I ador'd;
But the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

Ah! whilst I the beauties of nature pursue,
I still must my Daphne's fair image renew;
The graces have chosen with Daphne to rove,
And the muses are all in alliance with love!

Shakspeare.

Single, Birchall.

* King's Book, p. 81.

GLEE *for 5 Voices*.—R. J. S. STEVENS.—*Medal, 1786.*

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

It was a lover, and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho! and a hey nonino!

That o'er the green corn fields did pass,

In the spring time;

The pretty spring-time, when birds do sing

Hey! ding a ding, sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, and a ho! and a hey nonino!

Now love is crowned with the prime,

In the spring time;

The pretty spring time, when birds do sing

Hey! ding a ding, sweet lovers love the spring.

Shakspeare.

Single, Birchall.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 508.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—DR. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles, Ten. and Base; or Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

In the lonely vale of streams abides the narrow soul;

Years roll on, seasons return, but he is still unknown:

In a blast comes cloudy death, and lays his grey head
low;

His ghost is folded in the vapour of the fenny field;

Its course is never on hills, nor mossy vales of wind.

Ossian.

Single, Birchall.

THE DESERTER'S MEDITATIONS.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Harmonized by S. HARRISON.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

If sadly thinking,
 And spirits sinking
 Could more than drinking

Our griefs compose;
 A cure for sorrow
 From care I'd borrow,
 And hope to-morrow
 Might end my woes.

But since in wailing
 There's nought availing,
 And Death unfailing

Will strike his blow;
 Then for this reason,
 And for a season,
 Let us be merry before we go.

A way-worn ranger,
 To joy a stranger,
 Through ev'ry danger
 My course I've run;
 Now Death befriending,
 His last aid lending,
 My griefs are ending,
 My woes are gone.

No more a rover,
 Or hapless lover,
 Those cares are over,
 My cup runs low ;
 Then for this reason,
 And for a season,
 Let us be merry before we go.

Rt. Hon. J. P. Curran.

Single, Birchall.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—IRELAND.*—Prize, 1772.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

JOLLY Bacchus ! hear my pray'r !
 Vengeance on th' ungrateful fair !
 In thy smiling cordial bowl,
 Drown all the sorrows of my soul ;
 Jolly Bacchus ! save ! oh save !
 From the deep devouring grave,
 A poor despairing, sighing swain.

Haste, haste away,
 Lash thy tigers, do not stay,
 I'm undone if thou delay. }
 If I view those eyes once more,
 I still shall love and still adore, }
 And be more wretched than before.

Somerville.

Warren, No. 11. p. 24.—Vocal Harmony, Clementi, p. 186.

* Dr. Hutchinson.

DUETT.—TRAVERS.

(Ten. and Base.)

I, my dear, was born to-day,
 So all my jolly comrades say ;
 They bring me music, wreaths, and mirth,
 And ask to celebrate my birth.
 Little, alas ! my comrades know,
 That I was born to pain and woe ;
 To thy denial, to thy scorn,
 Better I had ne'er been born :
 I wish to die, ev'n whilst I say,
 I, my dear, was born to-day.

I, my dear, was born to-day,
 Shall I salute the rising ray ?
 Well-spring of all my joy and woe,
 Clotilda, thou alone dost know.
 Shall the wreath surround my hair,
 Or shall the music please my ear ?
 Shall I, my comrades, mirth receive,
 And bless my birth and wish to live ?
 Then let me see great Venus chase
 Imperious Anger from thy face :
 Then let me hear thee smiling say,
 Thou, my dear, wert born to-day.—*Matt. Prior.*

Single, Birchall.—Ditto, Chapell.—Convito, p. 310.

THE VANITY OF RICHES.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—MAZZINGHI.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

If the treasur'd gold could give
 Man a longer time to live,
 I'd employ my utmost care
 Still to keep, and still to spare;
 And, when death approach'd, would say,
 "Take thy fee, and walk away."

But since riches cannot save
 Mortals from the gloomy grave,
 Why should I myself deceive,
 Vainly sigh and vainly grieve?
 Death will surely be my lot,
 Whether I am rich, or not.

Give me freely while I live
 Generous wines, in plenty give,
 Soothing joys my life to cheer,
 Beauty kind, and friends sincere;
 Happy! could I ever find
 Friends sincere, and beauty kind.

From Anacreon.

Gouldings, single.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

IN this fair vale eternal spring shall smile,
 And time unenvious, crown each roseate-hour;
 Eternal joy shall ev'ry care beguile,
 Breathe in each gale, and bloom in ev'ry flow'r.

The silver stream, that down its crystal way
 Frequent has led my musing steps along,
 Shall still the same in sunny mazes play,
 And with its murmurs melodise the song.

Unfading green shall these fair groves adorn,
 Those living meads immortal flow'rs unfold;
 In rosy smiles shall rise each blushing morn,
 And ev'ry ev'ning close in clouds of gold.

The tender loves that watch thy slumb'ring rest,
 And round thee flow'rs and balmy myrtles strew;
 Shall charm thro' all approaching life thy breast,
 With joys for ever pure, for ever new.

Langhorne's Visions of Fancy.

Birchall.—2d. Collection, p. 38.

Note.—The first Two Verses, by T. ARTHUR, for 5 Voices.—
 [Treble, Con. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.]—MONZANI.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—SIR G. T. SMART.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

I LOVE to see, at early morn,
 The squirrel sit before my door,
 There crack his nuts, and hide his shells,
 And leap away to seek for more.

I love, in hedge-row paths, to see
 The linnet glance from spray to spray ;
 Or mark, at ev'ning's balmy close,
 The redbreast hop across my way.

For sure, when Nature's free-born train
 Approach, with song and gambol here ;
 Some secret impulse bids them feel
 The footsteps of a friend are near. *Roscoe.*
 Single, Birchall.—Ditto, Argyll Rooms.

TRIO.—T. ATTWOOD.

(3 Trebles.)

IN liquid notes,
 As music floats ;
 Listen elves !
 'Tis the sound that charms the spheres !
 Haste in dew-bells, hide yourselves,
 Titania appears !

John Rose.—Fairy Festival.

Single, Monzani.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Harmonized by W. HAWES.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

I'm wearing awa', John,
 Like snaw wraith's in thaw, John,
 I'm wearing awa' to the land o'the Leal:
 For there's nae sorrow there, John,
 There's neither could nor care, John,
 The day's a' fair i'the land o'the Leal.

O dry your glist'ning e'e, John,
 My soul langs to be free, John,
 And angels beckon me to the land o'the Leal:
 Ye hae' been leal and true, John,
 Your task is ended new, John,
 And I'll welcome you to the land o'the Leal.

Our bonny bairn is there, John,
 She was baith gude and fair, John,
 But, oh! we grudg'd her sair to the land o'the Leal:
 But sorrows sell' flies past, John,
 And joys are comin' fast, John,
 The joy that's ay' to last i'the land o'the Leal:

Then fare ye we'el mine ain' John,
 This world's cares are vain, John,
 We'el meet and ay' be fain i'the land o'the Leal:
 For there's nae sorrow there, John,
 There's neither could nor care, John,
 The day's ay' fair i'the land o'the Leal.

Burns.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*

Harmonized by W. HAWES.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

JOHN Anderson my Jo, John,
 When nature first began ;
 To try her canny hand, John,
 Her master-work was man.
 And you amang them a', John,
 Sae trig from top to toe ;
 Have prov'd to be no journey-work,
 John Anderson my Jo.

John Anderson my Jo, John,
 Ye were my first conceit ;
 I think nae shame to own, John,
 I loe'd you ear' and late.
 They say ye're turning auld, John,
 I never think ye so ;
 Ye're ay' the same kind man to me,
 John Anderson my Jo.

Ramsey.

John Anderson my Jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonny brow was brent :
 But now your brow is bald, John,
 Your locks are like the snow ;
 Yet blessings on thy frosty pow,
 John Anderson my Jo.

Burns.

John Anderson my Jo, John,
 Frae year to year we've past ;
 And soon that year maun come, John,
 Will bring us to our last :
 But let nae that affright us,
 Our hearts were ne'er our foe ;
 In innocent delight we've liv'd,
 John Anderson my Jo.

John Anderson my Jo, John,
 We've climb'd the hill th'gither ;
 And many a' canty day, John,
 We've had wi ane anither ;
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep th'gither at the foot,
 John Anderson my Jo.

Burns.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

MADRIGAL for 5 Voices.—T. MORLEY, 1597.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

I FOLLOW ! lo ! the footing still of my lovely cruel,
 Proud of herself that she is beauty's jewel ;
 And fast away she flyeth, love's sweet delight deriding,
 In woods and groves sweet nature's treasure hiding :
 Yet cease I not pursuing, but since I thus have sought
 her,
 Will run me out of breath till I have caught her.

Hawes.

An ELEGY for 3 Voices.—T. LINLEY.

(Treble, Con. and Base.)

IN thousand thoughts of love and thee,
Restless I wake the tedious night,
And wish the day;
As if the day could comfort bring
As well as light.

Convito, p. 160.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Harmonized by W. HAWES.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

IF this delicious, grateful flower,
Which blooms but for a little hour,
Should to the sight as lovely be,
As from its fragrance seems to me;
A sigh must then its colour show,
For that's the softest joy I know;
And sure the rose is like a sigh,
Born just to soothe and then to die.

My father, when our fortunes smil'd,
With jewels deck'd his sightless child;
Their glitt'ring worth the world might see,
But, ah! they shed no sweets for me;
Still as the present fail'd to charm,
And sure the gem to me most dear,
The trickling drop bedew'd my arm.
Was a kind father's pitying tear. F. Reynolds.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

* Air by Mazzinghi.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 3 Tens. and Base.)

I KNOW you false, I know you vain,
 Yet still I cannot break my chain ;
 Though with those lips, so sweetly smiling,
 Those eyes so bright, and so beguiling ;
 On every youth by turns you smile,
 And every youth by turns beguile :
 Yet still enchant and still deceive me,
 Do all things, fatal fair, but leave me.

Still let me in those sparkling eyes,
 Trace all your feelings as they rise ;
 Still from those lips in crimson swelling,
 Which seem of soft delight the dwelling,
 Catch tones of sweetness, which the soul
 In fetters ever new control ;
 Nor let my starts of passion grieve thee,
 Though death to stay, 'twere death to leave thee.

Mrs. Opie.

3d Collection, p. 28. Birchall's.

ROUND *for 3 Voices.*—J. BATTISHILL.

I LOV'D thee, beautiful and kind,
 And plighted an eternal vow ;
 So alter'd are thy face and mind.
 'Twere perjury to love thee now.

Lord Clare.

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 1. p. 9.—Convito, p. 191.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

It is night, and I am alone, forlorn, on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain, and the torrent rolls down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain, forlorn, on the hill of the winds.—Rise, O moon, from behind thy clouds, stars of the night appear! Lend me some light to the place where my love rests from the toil of the chace.—His bow near him unstrung, his dogs panting around him. But here must I sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream; and hear the winds roar; nor can I hear the voice of my love,—no answer, half drown'd in the storm! *Ossian.*

Single, Preston.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Dr. COOKE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

If the prize you mean to get,
Season music well with wit;
Sense and harmony combin'd,
Make a banquet for the mind:
The prize obtain'd, with me you'll hold,
Sterling wit is sterling gold. *Ed. Mulso.*

Warren, No. 9. p. 17.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

If doughty deeds my ladye please,
 Right soone I'll mount my steed;
 And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
 That bears frae me the meed.
 I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
 Thy picture next my heart,
 And he that bends not to thine eyes,
 Shall rue it to his smart.
 Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
 For thy dear sake no care I'll take,
 Although another trow me.

If gay attire thy fancy please,
 I'll deck thee in array;
 I'll tend thy chamber-door all night,
 And squire thee all the day.
 If sweetest sounds can win thy ear,
 These sounds I'll strive to catch;
 Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself,
 That voice which none can match.
 Then tell me how to woo, &c.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
 I never broke a vow;
 No maiden lays her skaith to me,
 I never lov'd but you.

For you alone, I ride the ring,
 For you, I wear the blue;
 For you alone, I strive to sing,
 O tell me how to woo, &c.

Marquis of Montrose, 1640.

3d Collection, p. 40. Birchall.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

Is it night? would darkness fright us?
 Let us drive dull thoughts away;
 Let gay mirth and songs unite us,
 Till we see the rising day.
 Fly care, to the winds thus I blow thee away,
 I'll drown thee in wine if thou darest to stay.

Single, Birchall.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—SCOTLAND.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

LIGHTLY tread, 'tis hallow'd ground,
 Hark, above, below, around,
 Fairy bands their vigils keep,
 While frail mortals sink to sleep,
 And the moon with feeble rays,
 Gilds the brook that bubbling plays;
 As in murmurs soft it flows,
 Music sweet for lover's woes.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

(Treble, Ten. and Base.)

LAWN as white as driven snow,
 Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
 Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
 Masks for faces, and for noses.
 Bugle bracelets, necklace amber,
 Perfume for a lady's chamber;
 Golden coifs and stomachers
 For my lads to give their dears.
 Pins, and shining toys of steel,
 What maids lack from head to heel.
 Come, buy of me, buy lads, buy,
 Come buy, or else your lasses cry.

Shakspeare.

Dr. Cooke's 5th Book, p. 13.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—J. S. SMITH, *Prize*, 1774.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

LET happy lovers fly, where pleasure's call
 With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour;
 Lead beauty through the mazes of the ball
 Or press her wanton in love's roseate bower.

No more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
 Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around;
 Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant shade,
 To hear the music of the woods resound.

But leagued with hopeless anguish and despair,
 Awhile in silence drop a tear;
 Then, with a long farewell to love and care,
 To kindred dust, my weary limbs resign.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear,
 On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest;
 Wilt thou strew flowers, applaud my love sincere,
 And bid the turf lie light upon my breast!

Convito, p. 379.—Warren's, No. 13. p. 1.—Clementi's Vocal
 Harmony, p. 206.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—Dr. WM. HAYES.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

LET Omnibus Wiccamicis in a bumper now go round,
 We'll wave our bonnets boys unto the ground.

Single, Birchall.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

LIVE to-day, enjoy each blessing,
 Taking what the gods have sent;
 Time is ever on us pressing,
 Let no moment be misspent:
 Then fill the glass and fill the bowl,
 May Bacchus still with love agree;
 And let each Briton warm his soul
 With love, and wine, and liberty. *Anacreon.*

Webbe's 8th Book, p. 22.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—RT. COOKE.*

(2 Trebles, Ten. and Base.)

Love and Folly were at play,
 Both too wanton to be wise;
 They fell out, and in the fray,
 Folly put out Cupid's eyes.

Straight the criminal was try'd,
 And had this punishment assign'd:
 Folly should to Love be ty'd,
 And condemn'd to lead the blind.

* Book, p. 9.

Warren, No. 14. p. 6.

A BALLADE OF WYNTER.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—H. CONDELL.—*Prize** 1811.

(Treble, Ten. and Base)

LOUD blowe the wyndes with blustering breath,
 And snows fall cold upon the heath,
 And hill and vale looke drear;
 The torrents foam with headlong roar,
 And trees their chilly loads deplore,
 And droppe the icy tear.

The little birdes with wishfull eye,
 For almes unto my cottage flye,
 Sith they can boast no hoarde;

* Catch Club.

Sharp in myne house the Pilgrims peep,
 But Robin will not distance keep,
 So percheth on my boarde.

Come in, ye little minstrels swete,
 And from your feathers shake the sleete,
 And warme your freezing bloode ;
 No cat shall touch a single plume ;—
 Come in sweet choir—nay—fill my room,
 And take of grain a treat.

Then flicker gay about my beams,
 And hoppe and doe what pleasant seemes,
 And be a joyfull throng ;
 Till spring may cloathe the naked grove,
 Then go and build your nests, and love,
 And thank me with a song.

Peter Pindar's Poems.—Tears and Smiles.

Single, Clementi.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—J. S. SMITH.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

LET us, my Lesbia, live and love,
 Nor cast a moment's thought away ;
 Whether a peevish world approve,
 Or what they think, or what they say :

The sun that sets shall rise again,
 But when our short-liv'd day is o'er ;
 One long eternal night must reign,
 A lasting sleep—to wake no more !

Let us then live and love to-day,
 And kiss the fleeting hours away.—*From Catullus.*

Warren, No. 18. p. 6.—Convito, p. 440.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

LONE dweller of the rock, whose echoes mourn
 So deeply with the sounds of vague complaint,
 The blessings of thy peaceful mansion spurn,
 Or with thy portion learn to be content:
 All Nature's gifts are thine, on ocean's breast
 The silent moon with dewy lustre streams;
 And soon as Phœbus brightens in the East,
 He lights thy chambers with his golden beams,
 To save it from the storm, with friendly care,
 Around thy mossy cave, the wild woods tow'r ;
 Choristers ! the choristers of air,
 Their grateful notes of adoration pour.
 Lone dweller of the rock, to murmur cease,
 The cell of solitude should harbour peace. *Rannie.*

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Dr. COOKE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

LONG may live my lovely Hetty,
Always young, and always pretty.

By Dr. Johnson, on his Wife.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—R. SPOFFORTH.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

L'APE e la serpe spesso
Suggon l'istesso umore;
Ma l'alimento istesso
Cangiando in lor si va:
Che' della serpe in seno
Il fior si fa veleno;
In sen dell' ape il fiore
Dolce liquor si fa. *Metastasio.*

Single, Preston.—* Book, p. 10.

TRANSLATION.

The Bee and the Serpent often sip liquid from the same flower, but the aliment (or food) itself changes in them; for, in the breast of the Serpent, the flower becomes poison; but, in the bosom of the Bee, it becomes honey. *Spofforth.*

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE, Jun.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

LET India boast her plants, nor envy we,
 The weeping amber, and the balmy tree ;
 While by our oaks, the precious loads are borne,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.

Pope's Windsor Forest.

Single, Birchall.

DUET.—WM. JACKSON.

(Treble and Tenor.)

LOVE in thine eyes for ever plays,
 He in thy snowy bosom strays ;
 He makes thy rosy lips his care,
 And walks the mazes of thy hair.
 Love dwells in ev'ry outward part,
 But, ah ! he never touch'd thy heart ;

How different is my fate from thine !
 No outward marks of love are mine.
 My brow is clouded by despair,
 And Grief, Love's bitter foe, is there ;
 But deep within my glowing soul
 He reigns, and rules without control.

Cowley.

Single, Birchall.—Convito, p. 60.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.*

Harmonized by Mr. GREATORREX, MS.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

LET not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove;
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought suspending,
 Judge of mine, by thy soft breast;
 Nor with rancour, never ending,
 Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress.

Heaven, that every joy has crost,
 Ne'er my wretched fate can mend;
 I, alas! at once have lost,
 Father, brother, lover, friend.

*Air from Artaxerxes.—Translated
 by Dr. Arne, from Metastasio.*

* H. Sykes, Esq. Banker, has a MS. of the above as a Glee, by Dr. Arne. The Tenor sings the Melody.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. WAINWRIGHT.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

LIFE's a bumper, fill'd by fate,
 Let us guests enjoy the treat;
 Nor like silly mortals pass,
 Life's as 'twere but half a glass.

Let this scene with joy be crown'd,
 Let the glee and catch go round;
 All the sweets of life combine,
 Mirth and music, love and wine.

John Drinkwater, Esq. Liverpool.

Convito, p. 388.—Single, Birchall.—Clementi's V. Harmony, p. 88.

GLEE for 4 Voices —C. EVANS.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

LATELY, on yonder swelling bush,
 Big with many a coming rose,
 This early bud began to blush,
 And did but half itself disclose.
 I pluck'd it, tho' no better grown,
 And now you see how full 'tis blown.
 Still as I did the leaves inspire,
 With such a purple light it shone,
 As if they had been made of fire;
 And spreading, so wou'd flame anon.
 All that was meant by air or sun,
 To that young flow'r my breath has done.

Waller.

Evans's Book, p. 16—Clementi:

ODE TO THE GENIUS OF SHAKSPEARE.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—W. HORSLEY, M. B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

Lo! on yon long resounding shore,
 Where the rock totters o'er the headlong deep;

What phantoms bath'd in infant gore,
 Stand mutt'ring o'er the dizzy steep !
 Their murmur shakes the zephyr's wing,
 The storm obeys their pow'ful spell.
 See from his gloomy cell
 Fierce Winter starts ; his scowling eye
 Blots the fair mantle of the breathing Spring,
 And low'rs along the ruffled sky :
 To the deep vault the yelling harpies run,
 Its yawning mouth receives th' infernal crew.
 Dim thro' the black gloom winks the glimm'ring sun,
 And the pale furnace gleams with brimstone blue ;
 Hell howls, and fiends that join the dire acclaim,
 Dance on the bubbling tide, and point the livid flame.

Ogilvie's Odes.

Single, Birchall.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 412.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—M. ROCK.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

LET the sparkling wine go round,
 And the praise of Bacchus sound :
 He inflames the Poet's fire,
 He to music wakes the lyre ;
 Venus with her darling boy,
 Nurs'd the rosy infant joy.

From Anacreon.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

DUET.—Dr. COOKE.

(Ten. and Base.)

LET Rubinelli* charm the ear,
 And sing as erst with voice divine;
 To Carbonelli† I adhere,
 Instead of music, give me wine.

And yet, perhaps, with wine combin'd,
 Sweet music wou'd our joys improve;
 Let both together then be join'd,
 And feast we, as the gods above!

Anacreon like, we'll sit and quaff,
 Old age and wrinkles I'll despise;
 Devote the present hours to laugh,
 And learn, to-morrow, to be wise.

The Rev. Dr. Wake.

Single, Birchall.

* Came to England, 1786.

† Brought to England by the Duke of Rutland, 1720.

MADRIGAL for 6 Voices.—WILBYE, 1598.

(2 Trebles, 2 Cons. Ten. and Base.)

LADY, when I behold the roses sprouting,
 Which, clad in damask mantles, deck the arbours;
 And then behold your lips, where sweet love harbours,
 Mine eyes present me with a double doubting;
 For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes,
 Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses.

Warren, No. 10. p. 36.—Convito, p. 361.

MOTET for 4 Voices.—Dr. TYE,* 1553.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

LAUDATE nomen Domini, vos Servi Domini :

Ab ortu solis usque ad occasum ejus,

Decreta Dei justa sunt, et cor exhilarant.

Laudate Deum, Principes, et omnes populi.

Rev. G. Heathcote.

Hawes.

* Dr. Christopher Tye, Gentleman of the Chapel Royal to King Edward the VIth, translated the first fourteen chapters of the Acts of the Apostles into English metre, which he afterwards set to music. This singular work was published A. D. 1553; the Latin words, as above, were adapted to a part of it by the Rev. Gilbert Heathcote, Fellow of Winchester College.

*See Dr. Burney, Page 11. Vol. III. and
Dr. Boyce's Collection of Anthems.*

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

LOVELY seems the moon's fair lustre

To the lost benighted swain,

When all silv'ry bright she rises,

Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory

To the fainting seaman's eyes,

When some horrid storm dispersing,

O'er the wave his radiance flies.

Moorish Ballad.—Dr. Percy.

Prof. Book, p. 18.—Dr. Callcott's Book, by Horsley, p. 1, Vol. I.

MADRIGAL for 5 Voices.—T. LINLEY.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and 2 Bases.)

LET me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all the wanton boughs dispute ;
And the more tuneful birds replying,
Till my Delia, with her heav'nly song,
Silence the wanton boughs, and birds that sing among.
Cowley.

Single, Argyll Rooms.—Convito, p. 280.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—L. ATTERBURY.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

LAY that sullen garland by thee,
Keep it for th' Elisian shade ;
Take my wreath of lusty ivy,
Not of that fond myrtle made.

When I see thy soul descending
To that cold unfertile plain ;
Of sad fools the lake attending,
Thou shalt wear this crown again.

Sadness may some pity move,
Mirth and courage conquers love.

Warren, No. 6. p. 14.

Duet by J. Taylor.—Playford's Musical Companion, p. 92. 1673.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Treble, Con: Ten. and Base.)

My pocket's low, and taxes high,
 Ah! I could sit me down and cry ;
 But why despair? the times may mend:
 Our loyalty shall us befriend.

God save the King.

Propitious Fortune yet may smile
 On fair Britannia's sea-girt isle ;
 Then Poverty shall take her flight,
 And we will sing by day and night,
God save the King.—Webbe.

Single, Birchall.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—W. KNYVETT.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

MERRILY, merrily rung the bells
 The bells of St. Michael's tower ;
 When Richard Penlake
 And Rebecca his wife,
 Arriv'd at the church door.

Richard Penlake was a cheerful man,
 Cheerful, and frank, and free,
 But he led a sad life
 With Rebecca his wife,
 For a terrible shrew was she.

Merrily, merrily, &c.

Richard Penlake
 A scolding would take,
 Till patience avail'd no longer,
 Then Richard Penlake
 A crab stick would take,
 And shew her that he was the stronger.
 Merrily, merrily, &c.

Single, Argyll Rooms.—Ditto, Birchall.

MOTET *for 5 Voices*.—Dr. CROTCH.
 (Treble, Con. Ten. and 2 Bases.)

HALLELUJAH !

METHINKS I hear the full celestial choir,*

Thro' heav'n's high dome their awful anthems raise;
 Now chaunting clear, and now they all conspire,
 To swell the lofty hymn from praise to praise.

Thomson.

Single, Birchall.

* The choir should be placed at a distance from the solo singer.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—W. HAWES.
 (Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

My fair, ye swains, is gone astray,
 The little wand'rer lost her way
 In gathering flow'rs the other day;
 Poor Phillis, poor lovely Phillis.
 Ah ! lead her home, ye gentle swains,
 Who know an absent lover's pains,
 And bring me safely o'er the plains,
 My Phillis, my lovely Phillis.

The nymph, whose person, void of art,
Has every grace in every part,
With killing eyes, yet harmless heart,

Is Phillis, my lovely Phillis.

Her teeth are like an iv'ry row,
Her skin is like the clearest snow,
Her face like nothing, that I know,

My Phillis, my lovely Phillis.

But rest, my soul, and bless your fate:
The gods, who formed a girl so neat,
So just, exact, and so complete,

As Phillis, my lovely Phillis,
Proud of the hit, in such a flow'r,
Which so exemplifies their pow'r,
Will guard, in every dangerous hour,

My Phillis, my lovely Phillis.—*Old Ballad.*

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

ME Bacchus fires, he swells each vein,
Gay odours charm my raptur'd brain;
Beauty forbids her slave to sigh,
And I'll be mad, stark mad with joy.

Webbe's 3d Book, p. 4.

GLEE *for 5 Voices*.—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

My dear mistress had a heart,
 Soft as those kind looks she gave me;
 When with love's resistless art,
 And her eyes she did enslave me.
 But her constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild and apt to wander;
 That my jealous heart would break,
 Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
 Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
 She can dress her eyes in love,
 And her lips can arm with kisses.
 Angels listen when she speaks,
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
 But my jealous heart would break,
 Should we live one day asunder.

Earl of Rochester.

Book, p. 27.—Preston's.

EPITAPH ON THE LATE REV. MR. ALLOTT.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—Dr. COOKE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

MORE with the love than with the fear of God,
 This vale of sorrow cheerfully he trod;
 So tun'd to harmony, and hating strife,
 From youth to age unclouded was his life:

Nought could his earthly virtuous joys increase,
But heav'nly song and everlasting peace.

David Garrick.

Warren, No. 13, p. 28.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. ARNE.—*Prize, 1769.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

MAKE haste to meet the gen'rous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd;
The rosy wreath is ready made,
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant oil that shall perfume thy hair.
Fresh roses here, with myrtle twine,
Like Daphne all is fair and sweet;
But simple all, without deceit,
My wine from art is free,
Which never woman was,
Nor e'er will be.

When nectar sparkles from afar,
And the free-hearted friend cries, come away;
Make haste, resign thy bus'ness and thy care,
No mortal int'rest can be worth thy stay.
Here Mirth resides, here Bacchus' rites are due,
Come, drink till ev'ry taper shines like two;
Till whining love in bumpers deep be drown'd,
And all things, like the circling glass, go round.

Dr. Arne.

Warren, No. 8. p. 34.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 102.—
Convito, p. 222.

CATCH *for 3 Voices*.—BAILDON.

MR. SPEAKER ! though 'tis late,
 I must lengthen the debate.
 Question—Order—hear him, hear !
 Pray support, support the chair !
 Sir, I shall name you, if you stir.

}

Lord Sandwich.

Single, Birchall.—Convito, p. 119.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

MARK the merry elves of fairy land,
 In the cold moon's gleamy glance,
 They with shadowy merry dance;
 Soft music dies along the desert land:
 Soon at peep of cool-ey'd day;
 Soon the num'rous lights decay:
 * Merrily, now merrily,
 After the dewy moon they fly.

* Bishop has taken part of the above for "Come o'er the Brook."

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

MUSIC's the language of the blest above,
 No voice but music's can express
 The joys that happy souls possess;
 Nor, in just raptures, tell the wond'rous power of love.

'Tis Nature's dialect, design'd
 To charm and to instruct the mind.
 Music's an universal good !
 That does dispense its joys around,
 In all the elegance of sound ;
 To be by men admir'd, by angels understood.

*An Ode for St. Cecilia's Day,
 1693, by Yalden.*

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 18. p. 24.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

MAY our heroes, far and near,
 Dreadful to our foes appear !
 May the British flag unfurl'd,
 Bid defiance to the world !
 May our arms our foes destroy ;
 And restore us peace and joy.
 God save the King.

Webbe.

Single, Clementi.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—J. DANBY.—*Prize, 1783.*

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

MUSIC has pow'r to melt the soul,
 By beauty, Nature's sway'd ;
 Each can the universe control,
 Without the other's aid.

But here together both appear,
 And force united try;
 Music enchants the list'ning ear,
 And beauty charms the eye.

What cruelty these powers to join,
 Such transports, who can bear?
 Oh! let the sound be less divine;
 Or look the nymph less fair.

Danby's 1st Book, p. 3.—Warren, No. 22. p. 23.—Vocal Harmony.
 Clementi, p. 428.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Dr. HAYES.—*Prize*, 1763.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

MELTING airs soft joys inspire,
 Airs for drooping hope to hear;
 Melting as a lover's pray'r,
 Joys to flatter dull despair,
 And softly sooth the am'rous fire.

J. Hughes, Esq.

Convito, p. 110.—Warren, No. 2. p. 3.—Clementi's Vocal
 Harmony, p. 12.

CORYDON'S DOLEFUL KNELL.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—J. SALE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

My Phillida, adieu! love!
 For evermore farewell!

Ah, me! I've lost my true love,
 And thus I ring her knell:
 Ding dong, ding dong,
 My Phillida is dead,
 I'll stick a branch of willow
 At my fair Phillis' head.

A garland shall be fram'd
 By art and nature's skill,
 Of sundry-colour'd flow'rs,
 In token of good-will;
 Instead of fairest flow'rs,
 Set forth with curious art,
 Her image shall be painted
 On my distressed heart.

Ding dong, &c. *Shakspeare.*

Mr. Sale's Book.

THE WISH.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—W. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

MINE be a cot, beside a hill,
 A bee-hive's hum shall sooth my ear;
 A willowy brook that turns a mill,
 With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch,
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivy'd porch shall spring,
 Each fragrant flow'r that drinks the dew;
 And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
 In russet gown and apron blue.
 The village church, among the trees,
 Where first our marriage vows were giv'n;
 With merry peal shall swell the breeze,
 And point, with taper spire, to heav'n.—*Rogers.*
 Single, Birchall.

ODE I.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—Dr. CROTCH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

MONA on Snowdon calls;
 Hear, thou king of mountains, hear!
 Hark, she speaks from all her strings;
 Hark, the loudest echo rings;
 King of mountains, bend thine ear:
 Send thy spirits, send them soon;
 Now when midnight, and the moon,
 Meet upon the front of snow:
 See, their gold and ebon rod,
 Where the sober sisters nod,
 And greet in whispers sage and slow.
 Snowdon, mark! 'tis Magic's hour;
 Now the mutter'd spell hath pow'r;
 Pow'r to rend thy ribs of rock,
 And burst thy base with thunder's shock;

But to thee, no ruder spell
 Shall Mona use, than those that dwell
 In music's secret cells, and lie,
 Steep'd in streams of harmony.

Mason's Charactacus.

Single, Birchall.

OBERON.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Earl of MORNINGTON.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

MARK! mortals, mark! with awe profound,
 What solemn stillness reigns around;
 Know then, tho' strange it may appear,
 Spirits, Spirits, inhabit here.
 Whene'er we leave the circled green,
 We fairies choose this shady scene;
 Tho' mortal hands have form'd these bow'rs,
 Yet is the sweet retirement our's:
 For here, when as the pallid moon,
 Riding at her highest noon,
 Edging the clouds with silver white,
 Darts thro' these shades a chequer'd light.
 Here, when we cease our airy sport,
 We range our band and form our court;
 My royal throne exalted high,
 Unseen by feeble mortal eye,
 Tho' spangled with ten thousand dews,
 Tho' colour'd with ten thousand hues.

Approach not with unhallow'd hands,
 Beneath yon tall liburnum-stands ;
 Then enter here with guiltless mind,
 Spurn each vile passion far behind.
 Hence, Envy ! with her pining train,
 And venal love of sordid gain :
 Hence ! Malice, hence ! rankling at the heart,
 And dire Revenge with poison'd dart :
 Hence, Lust ! with sly uneven mien,
 That thro' the twilight creeps unseen :
 Hence, Vice ! avoid this arching grove,
 Pollution follows where you move :
 Hence ! nor near the spot be found ;
 Hence ! avaunt ! 'tis holy ground !

Warren, No. 19. p. 24.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—R. J. S. STEVENS,
*And for 5 Voices by R. SPOFFORTH.**

(2 Cons. 2 Tens. and Base.)

MARK'D you her eye, of heav'nly blue !
 Mark'd you her cheek, of roseate hue !
 That eye, in liquid circles moving—
 That cheek, abash'd at man's approving.—
 The one, love's arrows darting round—
 The other, blushing at the wound.—*R. B. Sheridan.*
 Single, Birchall.

* The above lines were the genuine production of the late Mr. Sheridan, addressed to his first Wife, then Miss Linley, shortly before their union. She was the celebrated Maid of Bath.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

My fair is beautiful as love,
 Stately, yet void of pride;
 Gentle, as is the turtle dove,
 And constant as the tide.

Prudence in all her ways we find,
 The Graces round her throng;
 Wisdom itself has form'd her mind,
 And—music's on her tongue!

Webbe's 3d Book, p.

IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—JOHN SALE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

MUSIC, miraculous rhet'rick, that speak'st sense
 Without a tongue, excelling eloquence;
 With what ease might thy errors be excus'd,
 Wert thou as truly lov'd as thou'rt abus'd.
 But though dull souls neglect, and some reprove thee,
 I cannot hate thee 'cause the angels love thee.

*W. D. Knight, 1653.**And see Walton's Complete Angler, p. 309.*

Mr. Sale's Book.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—S. WEBBE, *Prize*, 1790.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

Non fide al mar che freme,
 La temeraria prora,
 Chi si scolora e teme,
 Sol quando vede il mar :
 Non si cimenti in Campo,
 Chi trema al suono e al lampo ;
 D'una guerriera tromba
 D'un bellicoso acciar. *Metastasio.*

Single, Birchall.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p, 596.

GLEE *for 4 Voices* —R. COOKE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

No riches from his scanty store
 My lover could impart ;
 He gave a boon I valu'd more—
 He gave me all his heart !

But now for me, in search of gain,
 From shore to shore he flies ;
 Why wander riches to obtain,
 When love is all I prize ?

Helen Maria Williams.

Single, Birchall.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Dr. COOKE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

NYMPH, over thee, sweet, fair, and young,
 Each bosom yields a sigh;
 Applauses flow from every tongue,
 And tears from ev'ry eye.
 Still lives, and ever shall, thy fame,
 Thy beauty only died;
 Envy has little to proclaim,
 Nor flattery to hide.

Supposed to be written by Lord Sandwich.

Warren, No. 19. p. 2.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Rt. COOKE.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

Now the winds whistle, and the tempest roars,
 Now foaming billows lash the sounding shores;
 Severe the storms, when shudd'ring winter binds
 The earth, but winter yields to vernal winds.
 O love! thy rigour my whole life deforms,
 More cold than winter, more severe than storms:
 Sweet is the spring, and gay the summer hours,
 When balmy odours breathe from painted flowers;
 But neither sweet the spring, nor summer gay,
 When she I love, my fair one, is away. *Broom.*

* 1st Book, p. 38, Birchall's.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—J. DANBY.

(2 Trebles, Ten. and Base.)

Nor blazing gems, nor silken sheen,
 Bespeak the wearer's heart serene;
 Nor purple robe, nor tissued vest,
 Proclaim the calm unruffled breast.
 The crimson mantle, and the jewell'd crown,
 Fair Peace forsakes, well pleas'd to own
 The shepherd's simple garb and russet gown.
 Sweet Peace forsakes the crowded street,
 And shelters in the calm retreat;
 With Solitude the charmer dwells,
 'Midst rural meads and flow'ry dells:
 She shuns the costly feast, and rare,
 Contented with the shepherd's fare;
 She scorns the roofs where nobles dwell,
 And seeks the rustic's humbler cell:
 She slights the miser's glitt'ring hoard,
 The joys of wine, and plenteous board;
 Fair Virtue's livery she wears,
 And all the joys of life are her's.

Professional Book, p. 1.

SONG, ON MAY MORNING.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—GREVILLE.*—*Prize, 1785.*

(2 Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

Set also by Dr. COOKE and G. BERG.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May; who, from her green lap, throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail! bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth, and warm desire;

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,

Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,

And welcome thee, and wish thee long. *Milton.*

* Single Birchall.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 512.
Convito, p. 260.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.—*Prize, 1775*

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

Now I'm prepar'd to meet th' enchanting scene,
This is the hour the happy guests convene;

Welcome this kind release from care;

What can to social joys compare?

With wine and songs the jovial night shall pass,
Till morning darts its rays into my glass;

When vine-crown'd Bacchus leads the way,

What can his votaries dismay? *S. Webbe.*

Single Clementi.—Vocal Harmony, p. 242.—Convito p. 246.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—L. ATTERBURY.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

Now round the board, my friends, in concert join,
 And drown Despair in copious draughts of wine.
 Vulcan, sit down and blow the fire,
 And Bacchus shall my butler be ;
 Approach, my genius, fill the goblet higher,
 I'll have no other Ganymede than thee.

Vocal Harmony, p. 147.

MADRIGAL *for 5 Voices.*—T. MORLEY.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and 2 Bases.)

Now is the month of maying,
 When merry lads are playing,
 Fa, la, la.

Each with his bonny lass,
 A dancing on the grass.
 Fa, la, la.

The spring clad all in gladnesse,
 Doth laugh at winter's sadnesse.
 Fa, la, la.

And to the bagpipes' sound
 The Nymphs tread out their ground.
 Fa, la, la.

Fye then, why sit wee musing,
 Youth's sweet delight refusing.
 Fa, la, la.

Say daintie Nymphs, and speake,
 Shall we play barley-breake.
 Fa, la, la.

See Morley's Publication, 1595.

Single Birchall.—Convito, p. 346.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—R. J. STEVENS.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

Now the hungry lions roar,
 And howling wolves behold the moon ;
 Now the heavy ploughmen snore,
 All with weary task fore-done.

Now the brands of fire do glow,
 While the screech-owl, screeching loud,
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe ;
 In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves are gaping wide,
 Ev'ry one lets forth his spright ;
 In the church-way paths to glide.

And we faries that do run,
 By the triple Hecate's team,
 From the presence of the sun ;
 Following darkness as a dream.—*Shakspeare.*

Book 4th, Preston.

GLEE *for 3 and 6 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

(2 Con. 2 Ten. and 2 Bases.)

No stormy winter enters there,
 'Tis jovial spring thro' all the year ;
 Soft gales thro' groves of myrtle blow,
 The streams o'er golden pebbles flow.

Fresh youth and love their sportive train
 Lead o'er the ever verdant plain ;
 Ethereal forms, in bright array,
 Along the blissful current stray ;

Or wander through Elysian groves,
 Or banquet in the gay alcoves ;
 And oft, in Amaranthine bow'rs,
 Repose on fragrant beds of flow'rs ;

While music, with her soothing strains,
 Warbles thro' all the woods and plains ;
 The hills, the dales, and fountains round,
 With heav'nly harmony resound.

Dr. Cooke's Book, p.

MADRIGAL for 4 Voices.—W. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

NYMPHS of the forest! who on this mountain,
Are wont to dance, shewing your beauty's treasure;
To goat-feet sylvans, and the wondring sun.
When as you gather flow'rs about this fountain;
Bid her farewell, who placed here her pleasure;
And sing her praises, to the stars and moon.

See Drummond's Poems, Sextain, p. 47.

3d Collection, Birchall's, p. 54.

MADRIGAL for 4 Voices.—T. WHEELKES, 1608.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

Now country sports, that seldom fades,
A garland of the spring
A prize for dancing, country maids,
With merry pipes we bring.
Then all at once for our town crys:
Pipe on, for we will have the prize.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 250.—Gwilt's book, p. 40.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—Dr. COOKE.

(2 Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

O VENUS! Regina Cnidi, Paphique,
Sperne dilectam Cypron, et vocantis

Thure te multo Glyceræ decoram
Transfer in ædem.

Fervidus tecum Puer, & solutis
Gratiæ zonis, properentque Nymphæ,
Et parum comis fine te Juventas,
Mercuriusque. *Horace.—Carmen, 30.*

Dr. C's Book, p.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.*

and Ld. MORNINGTON, *for 4 Voices.*

(2 Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze;
Bow themselves, when he did sing,
To his music, plants, and flow'rs,
Ever sprung, as sun and showers;
There had made a lasting spring:
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart;
Fall asleep, or hearing die. *Shakspeare.*

* Book 6th, p.

Warren, No. 19. p. 37.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—G. BERG.—*Prize, 1763.*

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

ON softest beds, at leisure laid,
 Beds of pinks and myrtles made ;
 While the easy hours I spend,
 Love my festal shall attend.

Love his robe behind him bound,
 Love shall serve his goblet round ;
 Swift, in this terrestrial strife,
 Turns the rapid wheel of life.

Swift, as speeding from the bar,
 Turns her wheel the rapid car ;
 Soon, my friends, to cruel death,
 I, alas ! must yield my breath.

Soon dissolve, too soon I must,
 Turn to undistinguish'd dust ;
 Do not then, when I am dead,
 Flow'rs, or wines, or odours shed.

Fruitless love, superfluous care,
 Spare me now what you can spare ;
 Rather in these present hours,
 Bring your odours, wines, and flow'rs.

Now, O Cupid, bind my hair
 Summon now the tender fair !

That before I'm doom'd to go,
 To the ghosts who sport below ;
 I may taste, with those that live,
 All the sports that life can give.

Waren, No 2, p. 6.—Vocal Harmony, Clementi, p. 4.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

O Youth, thou morning of delight,
 Thy streams are clear, thy skies are bright,
 And all thy scenes are gay.
 But soon thy sportive hours are gone,
 And mortals find they but forerun ;
 Age, life's succeeding day.
 Youth, let me then, while yet I'm thine,
 Thy pleasures all enjoy,
 Ere ages many frailties join ;
 The blessing to destroy.

Rannie.

Single, Birchall.

MADRIGAL for 5 Voices.—Dr. CALLCOTT, *Prize*, 1790.

(2 Cons. Ten. and 2 Bases.)

O voi che sospirate a miglior notti
 Ch' ascoltate d'amore,
 O dite in rime,

Pregate non mi sia piu sorda morte,

Parto delle miserie

E fin del pianto.

Dal Petrarca.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 584.—Warren, No. 29. p. 2.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

O MISTRESS mine! where are you roaming?

O stay and hear, your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low;

Trip no further, pretty sweeting,

Journies end in lovers meeting;

Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter,

Present mirth has present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure:

In delay their lies no plenty,

Then don't leave me, sweet and twenty;

Youth's a season wont endure.

Shakespeare's Play of the Twelfth Night.

Single, Clementi.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—NORRIS, M. B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

O'ER William's tomb, with silent grief oppress,

Britannia mourns her hero now at rest;

Not tears alone, but praises too she gives
 Due to the guardian of our laws and lives ;
 Nor shall that laurel ever fade with years,
 Whose leaves are water'd with a nation's tears.

Warren, No. 5. p. 17.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—RAVENSCROFT.*

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

OF all the brave birds that ever I see,
 The owl is the fairest in her degree ;
 For all the day long she sits in a tree,
 And when the night comes, away flies she ;

Te whit, te whoo,

To whom drink'st thou?

Sir Knave, to you !

This song is well sung I make you a vow,
 And he is a knave that drinketh now.

Nose, nose ;

And who gave you that jolly red nose ?

Cinnamon and ginger,

Nutmeg and cloves,

And that gave me this jolly red nose.

Single, Birchall.

* One of Freemen's Songs.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

O ! WHAT can equal here below,
 The life of us three brothers !
 The rising sigh of bursting woe,
 The balm of friendship smothers.

The stream of life so smoothly flows,
 We scarcely feel it gliding;
 No dang'rous wave the current knows;
 Our bark with harm betiding.

No anxious thought, nor teasing care,
 Our peace of mind destroying;
 The social glass we freely share,
 Thus doubly life enjoying.

In friendship's ties so firmly bound,
 Misfortune's storms we weather;
 And ev'ry blast that would confound,
 Unites us more together.

H. Read.

Professional Collection, p 8.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—J. BATTISHILL.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

OH, my Clarissa, thou cruel fair !
 Bright as the morning, soft as the air ;
 Fresher than the flow'rs in May,
 Yet far more sweet than they :
 Love is the subject of my pray'r.

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 4, p. 5.

TRIO.—R. J. S. STEVENS,

(With a Double Accompaniment for the Piano Forte.)

(2 Trebles, and Base.)

O STRIKE the harp in praise of my love, the lonely sun-beam of Dunscaith!—Strike the harp in praise of Bragela!—She that I left in the isle of Mist, the spouse of Semo's Son!—Strike the harp in praise of Bragela!—Lovely, with her flowing hair, is the white-bosom'd daughter of Sorglan!—Strike the harp in the praise of Bragela!

Ossian.
Single, Preston.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

OF Britain's wooden walls be now my song,
And may the glorious theme each day prolong;
If to my subject rose my soul,
Their fame should last while oceans roll;
When other worlds in depths of time shall rise,
As we the Greeks of mighty name,
May they Britain's fleet proclaim;
Look up and read her story in the skies.

Single, Longman and Wilkinson.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Con. 2 Ten. and 2 Bases.)

O THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun? Thy everlasting

light ! Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty ; the stars hide themselves in the sky ; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone : who can be a companion of thy course ? The oaks of the mountains fall ; the mountains themselves decay with years : the ocean shrinks and grows again : the moon herself is lost in heaven : but thou art for ever the same ; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests ; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies ; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. Thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season ; thy years will have an end ; thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning.

Ossian.

5th Collection, Preston's, p. 2.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—L. ATTERBURY.—*Prize, 1780.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

OH thou, sweet bird ! that sits on some lone spray !
 Unseen, amid yon solitary grove,
 Fly to my love and sing thy little lay,
 For lays like thine the hardest heart can move ;
 Sing, till all around her soft-ey'd pity play,
 And one responsive sigh breathe sympathising love.

Vocal Harmony, Clementi, p. 360.—Warren, No. 19, p. 32.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION,

Found in the Trap where he had been confined all Night.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Dr. COOKE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

O HEAR a pensive prisoner's pray'r,
 For liberty who sighs,
 And never let thy heart be shut
 Against a wretch's cries ;
 If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
 And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
 Let not thy strong oppressive force,
 A free-born mouse detain.
 So may thy hospitable board
 With health and peace be crown'd,
 And every charm of heart-felt ease,
 Beneath thy roof be found ;
 So, when destruction lurks unseen,
 Which men, like mice, may share,
 May some kind angel clear thy path,
 And break the hidden snare.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

Dr. Cooke's Book, p.

GLEE for 4 Voices.

The Air by T. CARTER.—Harmonized by S. HARRISON.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

OH, Nanny ! wilt thou gang with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ?

Can silent glens have charms for thee ;
 The lowly cot and russet gown ?
 No longer drest in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare !
 Say, can'st thou quit the busy scene ;
 Where thou art fairest of the fair ?
 And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath ?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh ;
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death ?
 And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay,
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear ;
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay ;
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair.—*Dr. Percy.*

Single, Argyll Rooms.

ELEGY *for 3 Voices.*—WM. JACKSON.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

ON a day, alack ! the day !
 Love, whose month is ever May,
 Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air :

Thro' the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

Air, (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow;
 Would that I might triumph so !
 But, alas ! my hand is sworn,
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.

Vow, alack ! for youth unmeet,
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet ;
 Do not call it sin in me,
 If I am forsworn for thee.

Thou, for whom e'en Jove would swear,
 Juno but an Ethiop were ;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.—*Shakspeare.*

Jackson's Book, p. 7.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—THO. MOORE, Esq.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

Oh, lady fair, where art thou roaming ?
 The sun is sunk, the night is coming.
 Stranger I go o'er moor and mountain,
 To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain,
 And who's the man with his white locks flowing ?
 Oh, lady fair, where is he going ?
 A wand'ring pilgrim, weak, I falter ;
 To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.

Chill falls the rain, night winds are blowing,
 Dreary and dark's the way we're going ;
 Fair lady rest till morning blushes,
 I'll strew for thee a bed of rushes.
 Oh, stranger ! when my beads I'm counting,
 I'll bless thy name at Agnes' fountain.
 Then pilgrim turn, and rest thy sorrow,
 'Thou'lt go to Agnes' shrine to-morrow.
 Good stranger when my beads I'm telling,
 My saint shall bless thy leafy dwelling :
 Strew then, O strew, our beds of rushes,
 Here we shall rest till morning blushes.

T. Moore, Esq.

Single, Power.—Argyll Rooms.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—WM. SHIELD.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

O HAPPY, happy, happy fair !
 Your eyes are load-stars, and your tongue sweet air,
 More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
 When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

Shakspeare.

Williams, Strand.—Argyll Rooms.

FAIRY GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. LINLEY, Esq.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

On the down of a thistle I fly !

Whither, O whither ?

To great Oberon's court,

Where they say there's fine sport,

So do I, so do I, so do I,

And I prithee sprite let's go together.

And now (beneath the broad oak's shade,

Whose bow'rs the luscious woodbine braid).

Our acorn cups of dew we quaff,

And sport and sing, and jest and laugh :

While many a zephyr perch'd on high,

Pipes to our midnight revelry.

But, hush ! I hear shrill chanticleer

Before the barn-door wind his horn :

And now from yonder field of corn

The lark salutes the day.

And now the village clock strikes one.—

Swift—the dance must swift be done.

And e'er the sun can climb the hill

We must run round the globe,

And chace the night away.

But when the nightingale repeats

His melancholy strain,

Perhaps in these belov'd retreats

We may rejoice again.—*Charles Leftley, Esq*

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

OFTEN in Laura's breast I strove
 To plunge a dart quite full of love ;
 The dart, so stubborn is the fair,
 Repell'd so oft, was lost in air ;
 " Tell me, sweet mother, tell me why
 " Laura can thus my pow'r defy ?"
 To Venus thus young Cupid cry'd,
 To him the goddess thus replied ;
 ' Have you not seen a castle, boy,
 ' Elastic hung with wool-packs round
 ' The cannon's wonted rage defy,
 ' And make the threat'ning ball rebound ?
 ' Thus, when you shoot at Laura's heart,
 ' The springing bosom turns the dart.

Webbe's 2nd book, p. 22.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

OH, Love ! how swift thy fairest prospects fade !
 Swift as the beauty of a vernal day :
 At morn the sun illumines the dewy glade,
 And flow'rs, expanding, drink his orient ray,
 But soon it passes, chilling blasts arise,
 The flow'rets droop, its lustre disappears ;
 And the light clouds, that glow'd with golden dyes,
 Chang'd to black vapours, mourn its fate in tears.

Warren, No. 25, p. 25.

MADRIGAL* *for 5 Voices.*—S. WESLEY.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

O sing unto mie roundelaie,
 O droppe the brynie tear with me;
 Daunce ne moe, at hallie dai;
 Lycke a reynninge river be.
 My love ys dedde gon to his death bedde
 Al under the willowe tree.

Chatterton's Poems.

Single, Clementi.—Convito, p. 414.

* This was a Candidate for the Prize Cup lately given by the
 Madrigal Society.

GYPSIES' GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—REEVES.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

O WHO has seen the Miller's wife?
 I, I, and kindled up new strife;
 A shilling from her palm I took,
 Ere on the cross lines I could look.

Who, who's the Tanner's daughter seen?
 I, I, in quest of her have been;
 But as the Tanner was within,
 'Twas hard t'scape him in whole skin:

From ev'ry place condem'd to roam,
 In ev'ry place we seek a home:
 These branches form our summer roof,
 By thick-grown leaves made weather proof;

In sheltr'ring rocks and hollow ways,
 We cheerly pass our wintry days,
 Come circle round the gypsies' fire,
 Our songs our stories never tire ;

Come stain your cheeks with nut or berry,
 You'll find the gypsies life is merry.

Single, Clementi.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

(Con. Ten. and 2 Bases.)

O LIBERTY, thou goddess, heav'nly bright,
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight—
 Thee goddess ! thee Britannia's isle adores,
 For thee she joys to lavish all her stores.
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling Plenty lead the jocund train ;
 Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light,
 And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight.
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
 Thee, goddess ! thee Britannia's isle adores,
 For thee her free-born sons exhaust their stores,
 And fight undaunted on the briny waves ;
 For Britons never, never, shall be slaves.

Addison.

Single. Birchall.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

O COME O bella l'ardor de vini,
 Piu coralini tuoi la bri fa,
 Bacco vi stilla, suave umore,
 D'un tal sapore che amor non ha,
 Bevil' O cara, quando ha la spuma,
 Tal si costuma gustarlo qui,
 Così gridando l'ama il francese,
 Cheto l'Inglese l'ama così.
 Ma cara luci voi non vedete,
 Qual altra siete sui l'abri sta,
 Aita il core ch' è tutto fuoco,
 Et a poco a poco mancando va.
 Si bella Dori godiam che il giorno,
 Presto è al ritorno presto al partir,
 Di giovanezza godiam il fiore,
 Poi l'ultim' ore lasciam venir.—*Rolli.*

Webbe's 5th Book, p. 8.—Convito, p. 376.

MADRIGAL *for 5 Voices.*—ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1612.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

OH that the learned poets of this time,
 Who, in a love-sick line, so well can speak,
 Would not consume good wit in hateful rhyme,
 But with deep care some better subject find;
 For if their music please in earthly things.
 How would it sound if strung with heav'nly strings?

Sir Chris. Hatton.

Hawes.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.—*Prize, 1789.*

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

O THOU ! where'er (thie bones att rest)
 Thie spryte to haunte delyghteth best,
 Whether on the blod-embrued playne,
 Or where thou kenn'st from far
 The dysmal crye of war,
 Or seest some mountayne made of hepes of slayne,
 Or fierie rounde the mynsterne glare ;
 Let Bristowe stille bee made thie care :
 Guarde itt fromme fomenne and consumynge fyre ;
 Lyke Avon's streame encyrque itt rounde,
 Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
 Tyll ynne one flame al the whole worlde expyre.

Chatterton.

Vocal Harmony, Clementi, p, 578.

 THE WISH OF A MAN OF REFLECTION—WRITTEN IN
 LONDON.
GLEE *for 5 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and 2 Bases.)

O SNATCH me swift from these tempestuous scenes,
 To where life knows not what distraction means ;
 To where religion, peace, and comfort dwell,
 And cheer, with heartfelt rays, my lonely cell !
 Yet, if it please thee best, thou pow'r supreme,
 My bark to drive thro' life's more rapid stream,

If low'ring storms my destin'd course attend,
 And ocean rages till my days shall end ;
 Let ocean rage, let storms indignant roar,
 I bow submissive, and resign'd adore.

Pleasing Reflections.—Published by
G. Wright, 1788.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 334.—Warren, No. 30, p. 3.—
 Dr. Callcott, by Horsley, p. 24, vol. 1.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

O NIGHT ! more pleasing than the brightest day,
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,
 And drest in all its visionary charms,
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms !

But when with day the sweet delusions fly,
 And all things wake to life and joy but I ;
 As if once more forsaken, I complain,
 And close my eyes to dream of you again.

Anacreon.

Webbe's 3d book, p. 32.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—W. KNYVETT.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base)

O MY love's like a red red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June ;
 O my love's like the melody
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou my bonny lass,,
 So deep in love am I !
 And I will love thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt with the sun !
 I will love thee still, my dear,
 While the sands of life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only love,
 And fare thee well, awhile,
 And I will come again, my love,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

*From a Manuscript in G. Thomson's possession,
 the Editor of Original Scots Airs.*

Single, Argyll Rooms.



GLEE for 4 Voices.—Dr. COOKE.—Prize, 1777.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

O COME, ye fair, while blooming May,
 Is deck'd in all the pride of spring !
 O come, and crown this festive day
 With smiles, that charm us while we sing.

If beauty smiles no cares annoy,
 Sweet music's pow'rs each bliss improve ;
 Beauty is the source of every joy,
 And music is the food of love.

O love ! thou parent of delight !
 Whose magic soothes the savage mind ;
 By thee our passions tun'd, unite
 In harmony to bless mankind.

Warren, No. 16, p. 19.

EPIGRAM.*

ROUND *for 5 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

OF his right eye young Acon is bereft,
 His sister, Leonella of her left ;
 Either, in beauty with the gods might vie,
 His or her loss, could any means supply.
 Give her your eye, sweet boy, and gods both be,
 Blind Cupid thou, and lovely Venus she.

Translation†

Dr. Cooke's Book, p.

* By a Monk of Winchester, Camden's Remains, p. 413.

† See Gent's Mag. February, 1745.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

O GENTLE sleep ! O gentle sleep ! I cry'd,
 Why is thy gift alone to me deny'd ;
 Mildest of beings, friend to ev'ry clime ;
 Where lies my error ? what has been my crime ?
 Beasts, birds, and cattle, feel thy balmy rod,
 The drowsy mountains wave, and seem to nod ;
 The torrents cease to chide, the seas to roar,
 And the hush'd waves recline upon the shore.

Dr. Cooke's Book, p.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

ON a bank, beside a willow,
 Heav'n her cov'ring, earth her pillow,
 Sad Amynta sigh'd alone ;
 From the cheerless dawn of morning,
 'Till the dews of night returning,
 Singing thus, she made her moan :
 Hope is banish'd, joys are vanish'd,
 Damon, my belov'd, is gone.

Dryden.

3rd Collection, p. 48, Birchall.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—W. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. Ten. and Base, or 2 Trebles and Base.)

O SAD and watchful waits thy lover,
 Whose fate depends upon a smile;
 Who counts the weary minutes over,
 And chides his flutt'ring heart the while.

Who, as the zephyrs softly blowing,
 From drooping flow'rets shake the dew;
 While down his cheek the tear is flowing,
 Sweet rose of beauty sighs for you..

Oh, proud and madd'ning is the pleasure,
 When to my eyes thy form appears!
 All drest in Nature's winning treasure,
 Of blushing hopes and graceful fears.

And while our bosom's wildly beating,
 A thousand nameless raptures prove
 Our eyes in speechless transport meeting,
 Shall love to gaze, and gaze to love.

Mrs. Robinson's Novel, Wulsingham.

1st Collection, Birchall, p. 31.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—Harmonized by WM. HAWES.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

O SAW ye my father?
 O saw ye my mother?
 Or saw ye my true love, John?

I saw not your father.
 I saw not your mother,
 But I saw your true love, John.

It's now ten at night,
 And the stars gie no light,
 And the bells they ring ding dong.
 He's met with some delay,
 That causeth him stay,
 But he will be here ere long.

Up Johnny rose,
 And to the door he goes,
 And gently twirl'd the pin.
 The lassie took the hint,
 And to the door she went,
 And she let her true love in,
 Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Treble, 3 Tens. and Base.)

O MAY I steal,
 Along the vale
 Of humble life, secures from foes;
 My friend sincere,
 My judgment clear,
 And gentle business may repose.

My mind be strong,
 To combat wrong,
 Grateful to heav'n for favors shewn,
 Soft to complain
 For others pain,
 And bold to triumph o'er my own.

Young's Ocean.

2nd Collection, p. 34. Birchall.

DUET.—MICHAEL WISE.

(Ten and Base.)

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles ;
 I'll tell you, young gentleman, what the fate's will is ;
 You, my boy, must go,
 (The gods will have it so)
 To the seige of Troy ;
 Thence never to return to Greece again,
 But before those walls to be slain.

Let not your noble courage be cast down ;
 But, all the while you lie before the town,
 Drink, and drive care away, drink, and be merry ;
 You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian ferry.

Single, Birchall.—Convito, p. 344.

GLEE *for 4 Voices* —Dr. COOKE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

O SACRED friendship ! heav'n's delight !
 Who, tir'd with man's unequal mind ;
 Took to thy native skies thy flight,
 Where scarce thy shadow's left behind.
 From thee, diffusive good below,
 Peace, and her train of joys, we trace ;
 But falsehood, with dissembled show,
 Too oft usurps thy sacred place.
 Blest genius ! then resume thy seat,
 Destroy imposture and deceit,
 Which in thy dress confound the ball ;
 Harmonious peace and truth renew,
 Shew the false friendship from the true,
 Or nature must to chaos fall.

Warren's Vocal Harmony, p. 245.

MADRIGAL *for 5 Voices*.—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(2 Cons. 2 Tens. and Base.)

O CRUEL Amarillis !
 O nymph ! more sweet and fair,
 Than fairest lilies are ;
 Since speaking I offend,
 Silent I'll seek my end,
 But yet for me, the hills, and ev'ry vale, shall loudly cry.
 Fountains shall weep for me,
 Hoarse winds to ev'ry tree

Shall tell my mournful tale.
 And, in my cheek all pale,
 Shall grief and pity speak ;
 And, should all other things be mute,
 My hapless end shall speak
 My death, shall tell thee thou my heart didst break.
Gaurini's Pastor Fido.

1st Collection, Birchall, p. 47.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—J. S. SMITH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

O PAN ! delight of nymphs and swains,
 Protector of Arcadian plains,
 Who lead'st the frolic dance ;
 The laughing fair, who play the prude,
 But fly from thee to be pursu'd,
 Their favors to enhance.

They love thy rustic oaten reed,
 They know thy vigour, force, and speed,
 And feign a modest fear ;
 Our jocund strains shall swell for thee,
 And render, by their mirth and glee,
 Thy name for ever dear.

Warren, No. 19. p. 4.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—WM. HAWES.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

OH happy Albion ! blest beyond compare,
 Think, grateful think, what blessings now you share !
 Tho' discord raging thro' a jarring world,
 Bids war's red banner still remain unfurl'd,
 Yet in the precincts of this sea-girt isle,
 Domestic peace, and tranquil pleasures smile.

*Miss Frances—from the Poem of the
 Rival Roses.*

Argyll Rooms.

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices.*

Adapted to the Music of HUBERTO WÆLRENT,

By RT. COOKE, 1590.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

O'ER desert plains and rushy meers,
 And wither'd heaths I rove ;
 Where tree, nor spire, nor cot appears,
 I pass to meet my love.

But though my path were damask'd o'er
 With beauties e'er so fine,
 My busy thoughts would fly before,
 To fix alone on thine.

No fir-crown'd hills could give delight,
 No palace please mine eye;
 No pyramid's ærial height,
 Where mould'ring monarchs lie.

Unmov'd, should eastern kings advance,
 Could I the pageant see?
 Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
 Nor steal a thought from thee.—*Shenstone.*

Single, Birchall, and Argyll Rooms.

The above set as a Song by Mr. Tremain. Musical Magazine, pub.
 1771. Vol. V. p. 18.

GLEE for 4 Voices.

Air by Mr. HOOK.—Harmonized by J. B. SALE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

O LISTEN to the voice of love!
 He calls my Daphne to the grove.
 The primrose sweet bedecks the field,
 The tuneful birds invite to rove;
 To softer joys let splendor yield,
 O listen to the voice of love!

Where flow'rs their blooming sweets exhale,
 My Daphne let us fondly stray;
 Where whisp'ring love breathes forth his tale,
 And shepherds sing their artless lay.

Come share with me the sweets of spring,
 And leave the town's tumultuous noise ;
 The happy swains all cheerful sing,
 And echo still repeats their joys.—*Mrs. Hook.*

Single, Birchall.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

ON the high towering poplar thus swinging,
 My lyre hung suspended at ease ;
 Thy strings at wild intervals ringing,
 When swept by the breath of the breeze.

The blue vaults its full beauty displaying,
 Not a cloud the pure æther o'ershades,
 And in sighs his soft wishes betraying,
 The green foliage fond zephyr invades.

Thus I leave thee to murmur and quiver,
 As whispers the slow rising wind ;
 While here stretch'd on the banks of the river,
 I repose in soft slumbers reclin'd.

*From the Latin of Cassimir Sobieski,
 by Mr. Heald.*

Birchall, 3d Collection, p. 36.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

O SHARE my cottage, dearest maid,
 Beneath a mountain, wild and high ;
 It nestles in a secret glade,
 And Wye's clear current wanders by.

Far from the city's vain parade,
 No scornful brow shall here be seen ;
 No dull impertinence invade,
 No envy base, nor sullen spleen.

The shadowy rocks which circle round,
 From storms shall guard our silvan cell ;
 And there shall every joy be found,
 That loves in peaceful vales to dwell.

*Ann Seward.*GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Treble, Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

PRETTY warbler, cease to hover,
 Pretty warbler, help a lover ;
 From thy joy, a moment borrow,
 Tune thy music to my sorrow :
 Join and answer when I mourn.
 To grieve alone is most tormenting ;
 There's a pleasure in lamenting
 My complaint, if you return.

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 16, p. 1.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—BAILDON.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

PRITHEE, friend, fill t'other pipe,
 Fie ! for shame ! don't let us part ;
 Just when wit is brisk and ripe,
 Rais'd by wine's all-powerful art.
 None but fools would thus retire
 To their drowsy sleepy bed ;
 Drawer, heap with coals the fire,
 Bring us t'other flask of red.
 Foot to foot then let us drink,
 Till things double to our view,
 Pleasure then 'twill be to think,
 One full bumper looks like two :
 Fill, my friend, then fill your glass,
 Why should we at cares repine ?
 Misery crowns the sober ass,
 Happiness, the man of wine !

Paul Whitehead.

Baildon's book, p.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

PEACE to the souls of the heroes,
 Their deeds were great in fight ;
 Let them ride around me on clouds,
 Let them shew their features in war ;

My soul then shall be firm in danger,
 And mine arm like the thunder of heav'n :
 But be thou on a moon-beam, O Morna,
 Near the window of my rest,
 When my thoughts are of peace,
 When the din of arms is past.—*Ossian*.

Single, Birchall.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 19.—Single,
 Chappell's.—Convito, p. 168.

GLEE *for 5 Voices*.—Dr. ARNE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

Poculum elevatum,
 Quod nobis est pergratum ;
 Poculum elevatissimum ;
 Quod nobis est pergratissimum ;
 Bibamus !
 Bibe, totum extra,
 Nil manet intra.
 Hoc est bonum in visceribus meis,
 Hoc est bonum in visceribus tuis ;
 Et nos consequimur laudes tuas.
 O Quam bonum est !
 O Quam jucundum est !
 Poculis fraternis gaudere.—*Dr. Arne*.

Single, Argyll Rooms, and Birchall's.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

PACK clouds away,
 And welcome day,
 With night we banish sorrow ;
 Sweet air, blow soft,
 Larks, mount aloft,
 To give my love good-morrow.
 Wings from the wind
 To please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;
 Bird, prune thy wing,
 Nightingale, sing,
 To give my love good-morrow !
 Notes from them both I'll borrow.
 Wake from thy nest,
 Robin red-breast,
 Sing, birds, in ev'ry furrow ;
 And from each hill,
 Let music shrill
 Give my fair love good-morrow !
 Blackbird and thrush,
 In ev'ry bush,
 Linnet, and cock sparrow ;
 You pretty elves,
 Among yourselves,
 To give my love good-morrow,
 Sing, birds, in ev'ry furrow.—*T. Heywood.*

1637.

Preston, 5th Collection, p. 34.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

PRITHEE, foolish boy, give o'er,
 Cease thy bosom to torment;
 Prithee, sigh and whine no more,
 Come with me and taste content.
 Love's a foe of thine and mine,
 Let us drown the god in wine.

Stella's fairer shape and eyes,
 Charms too lovely to behold:
 Let us seek, to crown our joys,
 Where the best champaign is sold.
 Love's a foe, &c.

Leave the silly gaudy train,
 And believe me, when I say:
 All the joys they give are vain,
 Leave them then and come away.
 Love's a foe, &c.

Sung at Mary-le-bone Gardens.

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 17. p. 12.—Convito, p. 288.

ODE TO MAY.

For 4 Voices.—Earl of MORNINGTON.

(2 Trebles, Con. and Base.)

PALE April, with her childish eye,
 Alike prepar'd to laugh or cry,

All unlamented hies away,
 And leaves the world for Love and May.
 Lo Maia comes ! fair queen of blooms !
 Scatt'ring around her choice perfumes ;
 Lo she comes ! and leads her train,
 With songs and dances o'er the plain.
 Cupid there, the wanton boy,
 With ev'ry grace, and ev'ry joy ;
 And rosy health, and gay desire,
 And zephyrs breathing am'rous fire :
 See they frolic, hark ! they say,
 Happy mortals ! hail the May.

Warren, No. 16. p. 24.

ODE *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

PRITHEE fill me the glass,
 Till it laugh in my face,
 With all that is potent and mellow ;
 He that whines for a lass,
 Is an ignorant ass,
 For a bumper has not its fellow.

Warren, No. 18. p. 47.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*

Air by STORACE.—Harmonized by S. HARRISON.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

PEACEFUL slumb'ring on the ocean,
 Seamen fear no dangers nigh ;
 The winds and waves in gentle motion,
 Soothe them with a lullaby.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing ?
 Still no danger they descry ;
 The guileless heart, its boon bestowing,
 Soothes them with its lullaby.—*Cobb.*

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—J. DANBY.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

QUEEN of joy and dimpled pleasure,
 Thou, whose looks delightful charm ;
 Leader of each sprightly measure,
 Raising mirth's emotion warm,
 Around thy form the frisking sports,
 In antic gesture wildly move ;
 Within thy loud rebounding courts,
 The noisy sons of revel rove.

Danby's 3d book, p. 12:

TO THE MOON.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—HINDLE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

QUEEN of the silver bow ! by thy pale beam,
 Alone and pensive, I delight to stray ;
 And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
 Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.
 Still while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
 Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast ;
 And oft I think, fair planet of the night,
 That in thy orb the wretched may have rest.
 The sufferers of the earth , perhaps, may go,
 Releas'd by death, to thy benignant sphere ;
 And the sad children of despair and woe,
 Forget in thee their cup of sorrow here.
 O ! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
 Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene.

Charlotte Smith.

Professional Collection, p. 36.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Sir. G. T. SMART.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

QUEEN of the Skies ! who silver'st wide,
 This dreary world, with glory's sea,
 Roll from thy orb the radiant tide,
 And pour thy lucid stream on me,

Here, muffled dark in horrors dread,
 I bow to sacred Love's command;
 While anguish clasps my aching head,
 And terror chills with palsied hand.

O hear—O guide these 'wilder'd feet
 To where my lov'd Hedallun stays !
 Give me his long-lost form to meet—
 To light his eyes with fond amaze !

Give him—O ere with life he part—
 Give him, to lull these wild alarms—
 Once more to soothe his dying heart—
 Once more to bless his Melna's arms !

*From the "Vale of Wever" a Poem, by
 J. Gisbourne, Esq.*

Single, Birchall.

THE MALTESE MARINERS' HYMN.

For 5 Voices.—RT. COOKE.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

QUEEN of the seas, ordain'd to prove
 Our dear Redeemer's filial love,
 Bend from thy starry throne,
 O beata Virgine !

Whene'r the beating tempest roars,
 O give fresh vigour to our oars,
 That we secure may reach our shores,
 O beata Virgine !

Whene'er the rolling billows sleep,
 And zephyrs fan the level deep,
 Chaunt we, while all due measure keep,
 O beata Virgine !

Ye white-cross-knights, the sacred train,
 Look from your tow'rs that shade the main,
 Repeat, repeat, repeat the strain,
 O beata Virgine !

Dr. Kett.

Single, Birchall's.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—J. S. SMITH.—Prize, 1777.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

RETURN, blest days ! return ye laughing hours !
 Which led me up the roseate steep of youth ;
 Which strew'd my simple path with vernal flow'rs,
 And bade me court chaste science and fair truth.
 Witness, ye winged daughters of the year,
 If e'er a sigh had learnt to heave my breast,
 If e'er my cheek was conscious of a tear,
 Till Cynthia came, and robb'd my soul of rest.

So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,
 Youth's damask glow just dawning on her cheek;
 I gaz'd, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,
 Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion weak.

Dr. Percy.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 279.—Single, Birchall. — Warren,
 No. 16, p. 12.—Single, Chappell's.—Convito, p. 294,

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.—*Prize, 1777.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

RISE, my joy, sweet mirth attend,
 I'm resolved to be thy friend;
 Sneaking Phœbus hides his head,
 He's with Thetis gone to bed:
 Tho' he will not on me shine,
 Still there's brightness in the wine;
 From Bacchus I'll such lustre borrow,
 My face shall be a sun to-morrow. *S. Webbe.*

Warren, No. 16, p. 34.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 293.

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. HUTCHINSON.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

RETURN, return, my lovely maid,
 For summer's pleasures pass away;
 The trees' green liv'ries 'gin to fade,
 And Flora's treasures all decay.

No more, at ev'n-tide, waileth sweet,
 Sad Philomel the woods among,
 Nor lark the rising morn doth greet;
 Return, my love, thou stay'st too long.

Single, Birchall.—Vocal Harmony, p. 152.—Convito, p. 163.

* Ireland.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—S. PAXTON.—Prize, 1781.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

ROUND the hapless André's urn,
 Be the cyprus foliage spread;
 Fragrant spice profusely burn,
 Honours grateful to the dead.

Let a soldier's manly form,
 Guard the vase his ashes bears;
 Truth, in living sorrow warm,
 Pay a mourning nation's tears.

Fame, his praise upon thy wing,
 Thro' the world dispersing tell,
 In the service of his king,
 In his country's cause he fell.

Miss Seward.

Warren, No. 20, p. 28.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 379.

* Major André, Adjutant General to the British Army, hanged a Spy, at Tappan, in New York, 1786. His remains were, in 1823, brought to Westminster Abbey, and deposited in front of his monument.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY. M. B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

RETIRE, my love, for it is night,
 And the dark winds sigh in thy hair !
 Retire, my love, retire to the hall of my feasts ;
 Cease a little while, O wind !
 Stream, be thou silent awhile !
 Let my steps be heard on the heath :
 My love is fairer than the light.
 More pleasant than the gale of the hill,
 Which sighs on the hunter's ear. *Ossian.*

Single, Birchall.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—RT. COOKE.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

ROUND thy pillow cherubs smiling,
 Sooth thy wearied limbs to rest ;
 Sweetest dreams each sense beguiling,
 Fill with bliss thy gentle breast.

Wake to innocence and pleasure,
 Virtue's meed, without alloy ;
 Till beyond all earthly measure,
 Heav'n shall fill thy cup with joy.

Birchall, Single.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—T. ATTWOOD.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

RISE to the battle, my thousands!
 Gather round the bright steel of your king!
 Strong as the rocks of my land,
 That meet the storm with joy,
 And stretch their dark woods to the wind.

Ossian.

Single, Monzani,—Ditto, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Con. 2 Ten. and Base.)

SISTER of Phœbus, gentle queen,
 Of aspect mild, and ray serene.
 Whose friendly beams by night appear,
 The lonely traveller to cheer!
 Attractive pow'r! whose mighty sway
 The ocean's swelling waves obey,
 And mounting upward, seem to raise,
 A liquid altar to thy praise:
 Thee wither'd hags, at midnight hour,
 Invoke to their infernal bow'r;
 But I to no such horrid rite,
 Sweet queen, implore thy sacred light:
 Nor seek, while all but lovers sleep,
 To rob the miser's treasur'd heap;

Thy kindly beams alone impart,
 To find the youth who stole my heart,
 And guide me from thy silver throne,
 To steal his heart, or find my own.—*Mrs. Peckard.*

Warren, No. 9, p. 30.—Webbe's 2nd book, p. 10.—Convito, p. 463.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

GLEE *for 5 Voices*.—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Treble, Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever;
 One foot in sea, and one on share,
 To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so, but let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 To hey, nony, nony.

Sing no more ditties, ladies, sing no more,
 Of dumps so dull and heavy;
 The frauds of men were ever so,
 Since summer first was leafy.

Then sigh not so, but let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 To hey, nony, nony.

Shakspear

Single, Birchall's.—Ditto Chappell's.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—Dr. ARNE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

SWEET Muse! inspire thy suppliant bard,
 Heroic ardour to record.

In vain the fervent pray'r I move,

Hark! ev'ry echo whispers Love!

I'll raise the theme to acts renown'd—

Ah! no—'tis love—no other sound!

Farewell then, Patriot—Hero—King!

My Muse of nought but love can sing.

From Anacreon.

Warren, No. 15, p. 1.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 541.

Convito, p. 474.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—S. WEBBE.—Prize, 1788.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

SWIFTLY from the mountain's brow,

Shadows nurs'd by night, retire!

And the peeping sun-beams now

Paint with gold the village spire.

Sweet, O sweet! the warbling throng

On the white emblossom'd spray;

Nature's universal song

Echoes to the rising day.

Cunningham.

Warren, No. 27, p. 52.—Single, Chappell's.—Convito, p. 136.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

{ (2 Trebles, Ten. and Base.)

SINCE harmony deigns with her vot'ries to dwell,
 Exalt ev'ry voice, and each note loudly swell :
 Intreat her to visit us here ev'ry night,
 And thus by her presence diffuse new delight ;
 And since she such mirth and such pleasure can bring,
 Let us Iö Pœan repeatedly sing.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—T. FORD, 1620.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

SINCE first I saw your face I resolv'd
 To honour and renown you ;
 If now I be disdain'd, I wish
 My heart had never known you :
 What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd,
 Shall we begin to wrangle ?
 No, no, no ! my heart is fast,
 And cannot disentangle.

That sun whose beams most glorious are,
 Rejecteth no beholder,
 And your sweet beauty past compare,
 Made my poor eyes the bolder.

Where beauty moves, and wit delights,
 And signs of kindness bind me ;
 There, O there ! where'er I go,
 I'll leave my heart behind me.

Convito, p. 348.—Single, Argyll Rooms.—Ditto, Chappell's.—
 Warren, No. 25, p. 20.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—W. HORSLEY.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love,
 Wherein my lady rideth !
 Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
 And well the car Love guideth.
 As she goes, all hearts do duty
 Unto her beauty ;
 And, enamour'd do wish so they might
 But enjoy such a sight,
 That they still were to run by her side,
 Thro' swords, thro' seas, whither she would ride.

Have you seen but a bright lilly grow,
 Before rude hands have pluck'd it ?
 Ha' you mark'd but the fall o' the snow,
 Before the soil has smutch'd it ?
 Ha' you felt the wool of the beaver,
 Or swan's down ever ?

Or have smelt o'the bud o'the briar,
 Or the nard in the fire?
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
 O so white ! O so soft ! O so sweet is she !

Ben Jonson.

2nd Collection, p. 7.—Single, Birchall.—Bland, vol. 6, p. 693.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—C. S. EVANS.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my song,
 To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
 And who the happy pairs ;
 Whose yielding hearts and joining hands,
 Find blessings twisted with their bands,
 To soften all their cares.

Now the mad tribe that hell inspires,
 With wanton flames those raging fires,
 The purer bliss destroy ;
 On Etna's top let furies wed,
 And sheets of light'ning deck their bed,
 To improve the burning joy.

Two kindred souls alone must meet,
 'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
 And feeds their mutual loves ;
 Bright Venus on her rolling throne,
 Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
 And Cupid's yoke the doves.—*Dr. Watts.*

Evans's book, p. 8.—Clementi.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—J. S. SMITH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

SLEEP, sleep, poor youth ! sleep, sleep in peace !

Reliev'd from love, and mortal care ;

Whilst we that pine in life's disease,

Uncertain blest, less happy are.

Couch'd in the dark and dismal grave,

No ills of fate thou now canst fear ;

In vain would tyrant power enslave,

Or scornful beauty be severe.

Wars that do fatal storms disperse,

Far from thy happy mansions keep ;

Earthquakes that shake the universe,

Can't rock thee into sounder sleep.

Past is the fear of future doubt,

The sun is from the dial gone ;

The sands are sunk, the glass is out,

The folly of the farce is done.

Tom Durfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy.

Warren, No. 11, p. 32.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Con. 2 Ten. and 2 Bases.)

“ SOME of my heroes are low,” I hear the sound of death
on the harp. Bid the sorrow rise ; that their spirits

may fly with joy to Morven's woody hills; "bend forward from your clouds," ghosts of my fathers! bend! Lay by the red terror of your course, receive the falling chief; whether he comes from a distant land, or rises from the rolling sea. And oh! let his countenance be lovely, that his friends may delight in his presence. Bend forward from your clouds, "ghosts of my fathers," bend!

Ossian.

Single, Preston.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—J. DANBY.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

SWEET thrush! that makes the vernal year
Sweeter than Flora can appear;
As Philomel attends thy lay,
She envies the return of day.
The tuneful lyre and swelling flute,
At thy rich warbling shall be mute;
Vocal Minstrel! thy soft lay
Treasures up, and ends the May:
Hark! how the blackbird woos his love,
The skill'd musician of the grove;
On thorn, as perch'd, he nobly sings,
A cadence for the best of kings;
Sublime and soft, gay and serene,
A virginal to hail a queen:
Nature's music thus improves,
All the graces and the loves.

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 22, p. 38.

MASONIC GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—J. PARRY.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

HAIL to the craft, which hath for ages stood
The taunts of envy, and the threats of pow'r,
In friendship firm, obedient to the laws,
The Mason stands the patriot and the man !
When meek-eyed Pity doth for aid implore,
His heart expands, she never pleads in vain !
The needy's call, he freely will obey,
And share the gifts that heav'n on him bestows.

J. Parry.

Golding, single.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—WM. LINLEY, Esq.

(2 Trebles, and Base.)

SWEET Echo ! sleeps thy vocal shell,
Where the high arch o'erhangs the dell ;
Where Tweed, with sun reflecting streams,
Chequers thy rocks with dancing beams ?

Here may no clamours harsh intrude,
No brawling hound or clarion rude ;
Here no fell beast at midnight prowl,
And teach thy tortur'd cliffs to howl.

Be thine to pour these vales among
Some artless shepherd's ev'ning song,
Whilst night's sad bird, on some lone spray,
Responsive listens to thy lay.

Or if, like me, some love-lorn maid,
Should sing her sorrows to the shade,
Oh ! soothe her breast, ye rocks around,
With softest sympathy of sound.—*Dr. Darwyn.*

Concentores book, p. 47.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—J. S. SMITH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

STAY, shepherd, stay ! I prithee stay !
Did not you see her go this way ?
Where can she be ! can you not guess ?
Alas ! I've lost my shepherdess !

I fear some satyr has betray'd,
My wand'ring nymph out of the shade ;
Oh ! woe is me ! I am undone,
For, in the shade, she was my sun.

The pink, the violet, and the rose,
Strive to salute her as she goes ;
Nay, be content to kiss her shoe,
The primrose, and the daisie too.

Oh ! woe is me ! what must I do ?
Or whom must I complain unto ?
Methinks the vallies cry, forbear,
And sighing say, she is not here.

*Oh ! what shall I, unhappy, do
 Or whom must I complain unto ?
 Where may she be, can you not guess
 Where I may find my shepherdess?—*Carew.*

Warren, No. 11, p. 10.

* This Verse not in the Glee.

ENJOYMENT.

CANZONETTE.—S. WEBBE.

(Ten. and Base.)

SINCE I'm born a mortal man,
 And my being's but a span ;
 'Tis a march that I must make ;
 'Tis a journey I must take :
 What is past I know too well ;
 What is future, who can tell ?
 Teazing Care, then set me free,
 What have I to do with thee ?
 * All my short liv'd hours shall shine
 Thus repleat with mirth and wine.

From Anacreon, by Fawkes.

Webbe's 4th book, p. 46.—Convito, p. 412.

* Ere I die, for die I must,
 Ere this body turns to dust.
 Altered by Webbe.

AN ODE TO SPRING.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—R. SPOFFORTH.—*Prize*, 1793.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

SEE, smiling from the rosy east,
 The harbinger of day,
 Pours, with majestic lustre dress'd,
 The treasures of his ray :
 No more her charms Aurora shrouds
 Behind the sullen veil of clouds :
 Nor, as of late, with languid light,
 Struggles to break the shades of night ;
 But sheds profuse her animating pow'rs
 And from their wintry sleep awakes the blushing flow'r's.
Poetical Essays, pub. by J. Ridley, 1771.

Vocal Harmony, Clementi, p, 651.—Warren, No. 32, p. 48.

MADRIGAL *for 5 Voices*.—JOHN WILBYE.—1609.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

SWEET honey-sucking bees ! why do you still
 Surfeit on roses, pinks, and violets ?
 As if the choicest nectar lay in them,
 Wherewith ye store your curious cabinets.

Ah ! make your flight to Mellisuvia's lip,
 There may ye revel in ambrosian cheer ;
 Where smiling roses, and sweet lilies sit,
 Keeping their spring-tide graces all the year.

Yet, sweet, take heed ! all sweets are hard to get,
 Sting not her soft lips ; O beware of that !
 For if one flaming dart comes from her eye,
 Was never dart so sharp ; ah, then you die !

Hawes.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Harmonized by WM. KNYVETT.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind,
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o'Lang Syne ?
 For auld Lang Syne, my dear,
 For auld Lang Syne,
 We'll tak' a cup of kindness yet
 For auld Lang Syne,

CHORUS.

For auld Lang Syne, my dear, &c.

We twa hae' run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine,
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
 Sin' auld Lang Syne.

CHORUS.

For auld Lang Syne, my dear, &c.

We twa hae' paidlet in the burn,
 Frae morning sun till dine,
 And we'll tak' a cup of kindness yet,
 For auld Lang Syne.

CHORUS.

For auld Lang Syne, my dear, &c.

*From an old MS. in G. Thompson's
 Possession.—See Scotch Songs.*

MADRIGAL for 6 Voices.—LUCA MARENZIO.

(2 Trebles, Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

So saith my fair and beautiful Lycoris,
 When now and then she talketh
 With me of love.
 Love is a sprite that walketh,
 That soars and flies,
 And none alive can hold him,
 Nor touch him, nor behold him !
 Yet when her eyes she turneth,
 I spy where he sojourneth,
 In her eyes,
 There he flies,
 But none can catch him,
 Till from her lips he fetch him.

From the Musica Transalpina, 1599.

Hawes.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—Dr. COOKE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

SWEET nymph ! for thee I twin'd those flowr's,
 Which you so scoff at with disdain ;
 Let Flora's gifts these May-born hours,
 Plead both my passion and my pain.

O come, ye Muses, to my aid,
 Breathe tender notes, my voice inspire !
 For music may obtain the maid,
 And melt her heart in soft desire.

Griffiths.

Dr. Cooke's book.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. COOKE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

STRAY, lovely Laura ! let us sit and play,
 While Phœbus hurries on the sultry day,
 Let us the whisp'ring pines' cool shade enjoy !
 How soft they murmur as the zephyrs sigh !
 While the brook, bubbling to my pipe's soft charms,
 Shall woo some gentle vision to thy arms.

Alderman Birch.

Warren, No. 31, p. 42.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

SEND back my long-stray'd eyes to me,
 Which, oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
 But if from you they've learn'd such ill,
 To sweetly smile,
 And then beguile,
 Keep the deceivers, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
 Which no unworthy thought could stain;
 But if it has been taught by thine,
 To forfeit both
 Its word and oath,
 Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Suckling.—Altered by Dr. Donne.

Book 4th, p. 6.

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—C. S. EVANS.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

SHALL I, wasting in despayre,
 Dye because a woman's fayre?
 Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
 Because another's rosy are?
 Bee shee fayrer than the daye,
 Or the flowerye meades in Maye;
 If shee think not well of mee,
 What care I howe fayre shee bee.

Bee shee good or kind, or fayre,
 I will never more despayre ;
 If shee love mee, this believe,
 I will dye ere shee shall grieve ;
 If shee slight mee when I woo,
 I will scorn and let her goe ;
 If shee bee not made for mee,
 What care I for whome shee bee.

George Withers.

Evans's book, p. 21.—Clementi.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*

Dr. CALLCOTT.—*Prize, 1792.*

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

SEE ! with ivy chaplet bound,
 And wreaths of vernal roses crown'd,
 Bacchus comes, and brings along
 Blooming mirth and cheerful song,
 But, ah ! no myrtle there is seen,
 No laurel spreads a lasting green !
 Say, does Apollo fly the train ?
 Or lovely Venus wine disdain ?
 Behold the Muses now appear,
 And willing Beauty sighs sincere ;
 Happier far than gods above,
 We fill to Harmony and Love ;

Happier far than men below,
 Now with sparkling wine we glow :
 Happier still our lot shall be,
 Blest with these and Liberty. *Dr. Callcott.*

Vocal Harmony, Clementi.—p. 628.

The above set by Webbe, also, for 4 Voices.

MADRIGAL for 6 Voices.—WILBYE, 1609.

(2 Treble, 2 Cons. Tens. and Base.)

STAY, Corydon, thou swain,
 Talk not so soon of dying,
 What tho' thy heart be slain,
 What tho' thy love be flying ;
 She threatens thee, but dares not strike.
 Thy nymph is light and shadow like ;
 For if thou follow her,
 She'll fly from thee,
 But if thou fly from her,
 She'll follow thee.

Hawes.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—C. SMITH.

(Treble, Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

SPRING returns with aspect mild,
 Violets crown'd her loveliest child ;
 Now again the ruddy thorn,
 Glitters with the dew of morn.

Buzzing round sweet cowslip bells,
 Bees suck nectar from their cells ;
 The vivid flash from beauty's eye,
 When tell-tale love is lurking by ;
 The pleading look, the starting tear,
 That parting lovers often wear ;
 The balmy kiss, the gentle sigh,
 Escaping, yet it knew not why :
 All hail ! the lovely bloom of op'ning spring !
 While Cupid's arrow flutters from its wing.

Mr. Latham.

Single, Birchall's.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

SHE is faithless, and I am undone,
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,
 Let reason instruct you to shun,
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.

Beware how you loiter in vain,
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree ;
 It is not for me to explain,
 How fair and how fickle they be.

O ye woods ! spread your branches apace,
 To your deepest recesses I fly ;
 I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
 I would vanish from ev'ry eye.

Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove,
 With the same sad complaint it begun;
 How she smil'd, and I could not but love,
 She is faithless, and I am undone.—*Shenstone.*

Book 4th, p. 19.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Rt. COOKE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

SWEET warbling bird, with dulcet note,
 To Sapho's breast repair;
 There be thy captive woes forgot,
 The loves are nested there.

And while thy strains thy tales impart,
 Let this their burden be;
 The pangs which rend my master's heart,
 Are all for love of thee.

If purest love thy little heart e'er knew,
 Or if thy artless pipe e'er strove thy feather'd mate to woo;
 Then for me thy dulcet note display,
 And my fond Muse shall ever bless thy lay.

Rt. Cooke's Book, p. 13.—Single, Birchall.

MADRIGAL *for 5 Voices*.—J. BENNET, 1590.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

So gracious is thy sweet self, so fair, so framed,
 That whoso sees thee, without a heart enflamed,
 Either he lives not,
 Or Love's delight he knows not.

Hawes.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—W. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

SWEET poet of the woods ! a long adieu !

Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year !

Ah ! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,

And pour thy music on the night's dull ear.

Whether on spring thy wand'ring flight's await,

Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,

The pensive Muse shall own thee for her mate,

And still protect the song she loves so well.

Charlotte Smith.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 115.

GLEE *for 5 Voices*.—RT. COOKE.

(Treble, Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

SOME feelings are to mortals given,

With less of earth in them than heaven ;

And if there be a human tear
 From passion's dross refined and clear,
 A tear so limpid and so meek
 It would not stain an angel's cheek ;
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed
 Upon a duteous daughter's head.

W. Scott's Lady of the Lake.

Single, Birchall's

GLEE for 5 Voices.—T. WELSH.

SOFT and sweet, yon blushing rose,
 In the dancing sun-beam glows ;
 And, on its rich and crimson vest,
 I see the sparkling dew-drop rest.

Thou art fairer than this flower,
 Sweeter than the fragrant bower ;
 But on thy neck no gems appear,
 No drop of pity sparkles there.

Ah ! could I on thy beauteous bosom,
 Like dew upon the rosy blossom,
 But for a little moment see,
 One drop of pity shed for me !

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*

Harmonized by Mr. GREATOREX.—Air by DANBY.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,
 Have you seen my Anna?
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove,
 Upon the banks of Banna.

I, for her, my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain:
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
 Green wood, shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
 Until her returning;
 All the joys of life are o'er,
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown,
 Shepherds tell me whither?
 Ah! woe is me, perhaps she's gone
 For ever and for ever.

W. Scott.

Single, Birchall's.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

SAD winter pass'd, the leafless grove
 Again revives with vernal hue ;
 Hush'd is the storm that lately strove,
 Mild ev'ning sheds her silent dew.

The sun returns with genial ray,
 O'er earth the scatter'd seeds are sown !
 Fond Hope anticipates her day,
 And smiles o'er harvests yet unknown,
 Philanthropy, thy heav'nly ray,
 Alike dispelling winter's gloom ;
 Shall to the Virtues life convey,
 And rouse them from their earthly tomb.

Won by the strain thy precepts pour,
 Thy pupils emulous shall grow ;
 Till Reason her full light restore,
 And Joy exult o'er pining Woe.

ROUND *for 3 Voices.*—T. ATTWOOD.

SEE ! o'er hills the mists retire,
 And stronger grow the beams of day ;
 Mark ! how the flocks wind o'er their brow,
 In vain to shun the scorching ray.
 Homeward we trudge—with grateful breast,
 And wish our bleeding land at rest.

Merry should the peasant be,
 Child of health and labour he !
 Nature still with fav'ring smile
 Warms his heart, and sweetens toil :
 Rustic forms and souls of glee,
 Merry peasants we will be !

We the purest love can find—
 Faithful vows as well as kind :
 Lightly then trip life away,
 Singing love's sweet roundelay :
 Nature wills we should be free.
 Merry peasants we will be !

Ald. S. Birch, Esq.

MADRIGAL for 5 Voices.—GIOVANNI FERETTI, 1580.

(Treble, Con: 2 Tens. and Base.)

SIAT 'avertiti, O ! voi cortesi amanti,
 Se volet alle donn' esser voi cari,
 Habbiate pur in man spesso dannari.

Hawes.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—R. J. S. STEVENS.—*Prize*, 1782.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

SEE what horrid tempests rise,
 And contract the clouded skies !
 Snows and showers fill the air,
 And bring down the atmosphere:

Hark ! what tempests sweep the floods,
 How they shake the rattling woods !
 Let us, while it's in our pow'r,
 Let us seize the fleeting hour.
 While our cheeks are fresh and gay,
 Let us drive old age away :
 Then let joy and mirth be thine,
 Mirthful songs and joyous wine !
 And with converse blithe and gay,
 Drive all gloomy cares away.

Preston's.—Warren, No. 21, p. 27.—Vocal Harmony,
 Clementi, p. 399.

HARMONISTS GLEE* *for 3 Voices and Chorus.*

R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Con, Ten. and Base.)

SOBER lay and mirthful glee,
 Harmony belong to thee !
 Thou, with more than chymic art,
 From each fibre of the heart,
 Can'st extract the sigh at will,
 And the liquid tear distil,
 Or its joyful impulse speak,
 Dancing on the dimpled cheek.
 Goddess ! at this festive hour,
 Rich libations will we pour
 Of rosy wine !

Thou can'st sheath the crimson steel,
 Bid the soul for others feel ;
 Cupids, as they wanton round,
 In thy fragrant wreaths are bound ;
 Hymen's torch of hallow'd light
 Draws from thee its lustre bright :
 Friendship's transports spring from thee,
 Sister sweet of Sympathy !
 Goddess ! at this festive hour,
 Rich libations will we pour
 Of rosy wine !

O descend, angelic maid !
 In celestial white array'd,
 With tresses fair, which might become
 The proudest threads of Pallas' loom ;
 In thy olive chaplet twin'd,
 Flowing gracefully behind.
 Sweetly sound thy silver lyre !
 Touch the chord ! thy sons inspire !
 Goddess ! at this festive hour,
 Rich libations will we pour
 Of rosy wine.

Alderman Samuel Birch, Esq.

Single, Birchall.

* This is invariably the first Glee sung after Non nobis Domine.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M. B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

SLOW ! slow, fresh font ! keep time with my salt tears ;

Yet slower yet, O faintly gentle springs ;

List to the heavy part the music bears,

Woe weeps out her division, when she sings.

Droop herbs, and flow'rs,

Fall grief in show'rs,

Our beauty is not our's.

O ! could I still,

Like melting snow,

Upon some craggy hill,

Fall down ;

Since Nature's pride is now, a wither'd daffodil.

*Ben Jonson.**

3rd Collection, Birchall, p. 20.—Convito, p. 274.

* Cynthia Revells, acted by the Children of the Chapel, 1600.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Harmonized by J. MAZZINGHI.

RECITATIVE.

SHE paused, then blushing led the lay,

To grace the stranger of the day ;

Her mellow notes awhile prolong,

The cadence of the flowing song ;

Till to her lips, in measur'd frame,

The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

GLEE.

Huntsman rest, thy chase is done,
 While our slumb'rous spells assail ye;
 Dream not with the rising sun,
 Bugles here shall sound reveillie.
 Sleep! the deer is in his den;
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
 How thy gallant steed lays dying.

Walter Scott, Esq.

Goulding's.

MADRIGAL for 4 Voices.—W. HORSLEY, M.B.

(2 Trebles, Ten. and Base.)

SEE how fair Flora decks our fields with flowers,
 And clothes our groves in gaudy Summer's green;
 And wanton Spring pours forth her balmy show'rs,
 To hasten Ceres' harvests, hallow'd queen!

Now shepherds lay their winter weeds away,
 And in neat jackets sporting on the plains;
 And at the rivers fishing day by day,
 Now, who so frolic, as the shepherd swains?

Drayton's Seventh Eclogue.

2d Collection, p. 23, Birchall.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—TRAVERS.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

Sorr Cupid, wanton am'rous boy !

The other day, mov'd with my lyre ;
In flatt'ring accents spoke his joy,
And utter'd thus his fond desire :

" O raise thy voice ! one song I ask,
" Touch then th' harmonious string ;
" To Thyrsis easy is the task,
" Who can so sweetly play and sing.

" Two kisses from my mother dear,
" Thyrsis thy due reward shall be ;
" None like Beauty's queen is fair,
" Paris has vouch'd this truth for me."

I straight replied, ' thou know'st alone,
' That brightest Chloe rules my breast ;
' I'll sing thee two, instead of one,
' If thou'lt be kind and make me blest.

' One kiss from Chloe's lips, no more I crave,
' He promis'd me success ;
' I play'd with all my skill and power,
' My glowing passion to express.

' But O my Chloe, beauteous maid !
' Wilt thou the wish'd reward bestow ;
' Wilt thou make good what Love has said,
' And by thy grant his power shew ?

Matt. Prior.

Single Birchall.—Ditto, Chappell's.—Convito, p. 332.

ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HAWES.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

SWEET Philomela breathe thy plaintive lay,
 While radiant Cynthia sheds her silver ray;
 O soothe my pains, and tell the echoing grove,
 No voice but thine can soothe the pains of love.

Argyll Rooms.

THE WREATH.

PASTORAL GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—MASSINGHI.

(2 Trebles, and Base.)

TELL me, shepherds, have you seen
 My Flora pass this way?
 In shape and feature, Beauty's queen,
 In pastoral array.

A wreath around her head she wore;
 Carnation, lily, rose;
 And in her hand a crook she bore,
 And sweets her breath compose.

Tell me, shepherds, &c.

The beauteous wreath that decks her head,
 Forms her description true;
 Hands lily white, lips crimson red,
 And cheeks of rosy hue.

Tell me, shepherds, &c.

Single, Golding's.

MADRIGAL *for 5 Voices.*—OR. GIBBONS.*

(Treble, Con. Ten. and 2 Bases.)

THE silver swan, who living had no note,
 When death approach'd, unlock'd her silent throat :
 Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
 Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more !
 Farewell all joys ! O death, come close mine eyes !
 More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise
Sir Christopher Hatton.

Convito, p. 313.—Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 1, p. 18.

* And 3 Voices, by Mr. John Smith—Playford's Musical Companion, 1673;—and for 3 Voices, by Gibbons, in Playford, as above.

Mr. Gore has one of Orlando Gibbons' Teeth.

MADRIGAL *for 3 Voices.*—WHEELKES, 1600.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

THE nightingale, the organ of delight,
 The nimble lark, the blackbird, and the thrush,
 And all the pretty choristers of flight,
 That chaunt their music notes on ev'ry bush :
 Let them no more contend who shall excel ;
 The cuckoo is the bird that bears the bell.

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 3. p. 22.—Convito, p. 472.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

THE mighty conqueror of hearts,
 His pow'r I here deny ;
 With all his flames, his fires, and darts,
 I, champion-like, defy.

I'll offer all my sacrifice,
 Henceforth, at Bacchus' shrine ;
 The merry god ne'er tells us lies,
 There's no deceit in wine.—*S. Webbe.*

Single, Birchall.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 305.—
 Convito, p. 52.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—J. DANBY.—*Medal, 1788.*

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

THE fairest flow'rs the vale prefer,
 And shed ambrosial sweetness there ;
 While the tall pine and mountain oak,
 Oft feel the tempest's ruder stroke :
 So in the lowly moss-grown seat,
 Dear peace and quiet dwell ;
 The storms that rack the rich and great,
 Fly o'er the shepherd's cell.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 442.—Single, Birchall,—Warren,
 No. 25, p. 46.—Convito, p. 20.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Dr. CALLCOTT.*

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

THYRSIS, when he left me, swore,
 In the spring he would return ;
 Ah ! what means that op'ning flow'r,
 And the bud that deeks the thorn ?
 'Twas the nightingale that sung,
 'Twas the lark that upward sprung.

Idle notes, untimely green,
 Why such unavailing haste ?
 Gentle gales and skies serene,
 Prove not always winter past ;
 Cease my doubts, my fears to move ;
 Spare the honour of my love.—*Gray.*

Single, Birchall.—Convito, p. 86.

* And Duet by Dr. Cooke.

Judge Hardinge recommended the above Poetry to Dr. Callcott, Dr. Cooke, and Mr. Danby, at the same time, and with such an air of mystery, and with so much injunction to secrecy, that each supposed himself the favored person selected to compose the music to the words : when the artifice was discovered, Danby became very angry, and would not produce his manuscript. It is probable he destroyed it, as it is not among his Collection of Glees.—*Dr. Callcott's Book by Horsley, Preface, p. 14.*

CANZONETTE.—S. WEBBE.

(Ten. and Base.)

THERE, behold the mighty bowl !
 Now I'll quench my thirsty soul :
 Richest fragrance flows around,
 All my cares shall here be drown'd.
 Hail, great Bacchus ! pow'r divine,
 These, and such like gifts are thine ;
 Of thy praise our song shall be,
 While we thus are blest by thee.

Webbe's 4th book, p. 44.—Convito, p. 96.

ROUND *for 3 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

To the old, long life and treasure ;
 To the young, all health and pleasure ;
 To the fair, their face,
 With eternal grace,
 And the rest to be lov'd at leisure.

Ben Jonson, in the metamorphosed Gypsies.

Convito, p, 199.—Single, Birchall,—Warren, No. 13, p. 23.

LOVE ECSTATIC.

GLEE *for 5 Voices*.—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(2 Cons. 2 Tens. and Base.)

To be gazing on those charms,
 To enfold thee in these arms,

From those lips to hear thy vow,
 With ecstatic sweetness flow ;
 To be lov'd by one so fair,
 Is to be blest beyond compare.

At that bosom's gentle shrine,
 To confess what glows in mine ;
 In those heav'nly eyes to view,
 That confession dear to you ;
 To be lov'd by one so fair,
 Is to be blest beyond compare.

*Alter'd from Henry Carey's 'Nancy,
 'or the Parting Lovers.'*

Stevens's book, Single.

WRITTEN UNDER MRS. HARE'S NAME UPON A DRINKING
 GLASS.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—S. WEBBE,

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

THE gods of wine, and wit, and love prepare,
 With cheerful bowls to celebrate the fair ;
 Love is enjoin'd to name his fav'rite toast,
 And Hare's the goddess that delights him most :
 Phoebus approves, and bids the trumpets sound,
 And Bacchus, in a bumper, puts it round.

Alter'd from Lord Lansdowne, by the Composer.

Single, Birchall's.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

THY voice, O Harmony ! with awful sound,
 Could penetrate th' abyss profound ;
 Explore the realms of ancient night,
 And search the living source of unborn light.

Confusion heard thy voice and fled,
 And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head ;
 Then didst thou, Harmony, give birth
 To this fair form of heav'n and earth.

Then all those shining worlds above,
 In mystic dance began to move ;
 Around the radiant sphere of central fire,
 A never ceasing, never silent choir. *Congreve.*

Single, Birchall.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 299.—
 Convito, p. 1.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—R. SPOFFORTH.*

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

And for 3 Voices—S. WEBBE.†

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

The spring, the pleasant spring, is blown,
 Let us leave the smoky town ;
 From the mall, and from the ring,
 Ev'ry one has taken wing,

Chloe, Strephon, Corydon,
 All are fled, and all are gone ;
 What is left's not worth your stay,
 Come, Aurelia, come away.

Come, Aurelia, come and see
 What a seat I have for thee ;
 But the seat you cannot see,
 'Tis so hid with jessamy ;

So that I think you'd pause an hour,
 Whether it were an house or bow'r ;
 Let us there be blithe and gay,
 Come, Aurelia, come away.

Come with all thy sweetest smiles,
 With thy graces, with thy wiles !
 Come, and we will merry be,
 Who shall be so blest as we.

We will frolic all the day,
 Harming no one in our play ;
 No matter what the people say,
 Come, Aurelia, come away.

* Preston's.

† 3rd Collection, p. 11.

ROUND *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

THE bee voluptuous roves from bloom to bloom,
 Delicious sweets from ev'ry flow'ret sips ;
 But the inconstant would no longer roam,
 Should he once light on Lucy's balmy lips.

Translated from the Chinese.

Professional Collection, p. 18.

MADRIGAL *for 8 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(2 Trebles, 2 Cons. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

To Love, I wake the silver string,
 And of his soft dominion sing ;
 A wreath of flow'rs adorns his brow,
 The sweetest, fairest flow'rs that blow ;
 All mortals own his mighty sway,
 And him the gods above obey. *Anacreon,*

Single, Birchall.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

THE girl that I love is as mild as Aurora,
 Discreet as Minerva, and youthful as Flora ;
 Rejoiced at her presence, fond nature looks gay,
 The trees bow their heads on each side of her way.

The flow'rs send forth a profusion of sweet,
 The grass looks more green, that is trod by her feet ;
 The birds hover round, as she trips it along,
 And improve from her voice, the best notes of her song.
 Great Phœbus himself is delighted to see,
 A power more bright and more cheering than he ;
 And stopping his steeds in the midst of their way,
 He gazes—forgetting to drive on the day.

Webbe's 7th book.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—C. S. EVANS.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

THE fairy beam upon you,
 The stars do glisten on you ;
 A moon of light,
 In the noon of night,
 'Till the firedrake has o'er gone you.

The wheel of Fortune guide you,
 The boy with the bow beside you ;
 Run, aye, in the way,
 'Till the bird of day,
 And the luckier lot betide you.—*Ben Jonson.*

Evans's book, p. 25.—Clementi.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Con. 3 Tens. and Base.)

THY form has a resistless grace,
 And gladness is thy resting place;
 Ah, soft enslaver of our minds!
 'Tis from thy magic tenderness,
 When that fair hand I fondly press,
 That my full heart contentment finds.

Thy coyness, which affects to frown,
 Thy dimpled smile, thy cheek of down,
 And the dear mole that on it lies;
 Thine eye and eye-brow arch'd so true,
 Thy step, majestic to the view,
 All with delight my soul surprize.

From the Persic of Hafez, by Mr. Nott.

5th Collection, p. 17,—Preston.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.—*Prize, 1791.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

TRIUMPHANT LOVE, with roseate garlands crown'd,
 Has tun'd my lyre to Hope's delightful theme;
 Applauding Virtue casts a lustre round,
 And tells the world such bliss is bliss supreme.

Dr. Callcott.

Dr. Callcott's book by Horsley, p. 48.—Birchall.—Clementi's Vocal
 Harmony, p. 600.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

TOURNE thee to thie shepster swayne,
 Bryght sonne has ne droncke the dewe,
 From the floures of yellowe hue,
 Tourne thee Alyce backe agayne.

See the moss growne daisey'd banke,
 Pereynge ynne the streme belowe ;
 Here we'lle sytte ynne dewre danke,
 Tourne thee Alyce doe notte goe.

Lette us seate us bie this tree,
 Laughe and synge to lovyinge ayres ;
 Comme and doe notte coyen bee,
 Nature made all thynges bie payers.

Mynstrel's Song in Ællia.

1st Collection, Birchall, p. 24.

EPITAPH ON SHAKSPEARE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

GLEE *for 6 Voices.*

Composed at the request of John Relph, M.D.

by R. J. S. STEVENS.

(2 Cons. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

THE cloud cap't towers !
 The gorgeous palaces !
 The solemn temples !

The great globe itself !
 Yea, all which it inherit,
 Shall dissolve !
 And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
 Leave not a wreck behind !—*Shakspeare.*

5th Collection p. 27, Preston.

Effect was all intended by the Composer.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—W. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

THE Cyprian bird, with plaintive moan,
 Still makes her faithful passion known ;
 Still Zeph'rus breathes on Flora's bow'rs,
 And charms with sighs the queen of flow'rs :
 Then let my sighs and tears but prove,
 The winds and waves that waft to love.

Mrs. Sheridan.

1st Collection, Birchall, p. 1.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and 2 Bases.)

THE blossom so pleasing at summer's gay call,
 Must languish at first, and must afterwards fall :
 But behind it the fruit its successor shall rise,
 By Nature disrob'd of its beauteous disguise.

So, Celia, when youth, that gay blossom is o'er,
 By her virtues improv'd shall engage me the more ;
 Shall recall ev'ry beauty that brighten'd her prime,
 When her merit is ripen'd by love and by time.

Webbe's 9th book, p. 22.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*

Harmonized by WM. HAWES.—Air by WM. REEVE.

Also for 4 Voices.—WM. KNYVETT.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

THE rose of the valley in spring time was gay,
 But the rose of the valley it wither'd away ;
 The swains all admir'd it, its praises repeat,
 An emblem of virtue, so simple and sweet ;
 But the blight marr'd the blossom, and soon well-a-day,
 The rose of the valley it wither'd away.

The rose of the valley a truth can impart,
 By the rose of the valley I picture my heart ;
 The sun of content cheer'd the morn of its birth,
 By innocence render'd a heaven on earth ;
 But virtue and peace left the spot well-a-day,
 And the rose of the valley it wither'd away.

Charles Dibdin.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—M. P. KING.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

THE owl is out in yonder tree,
 She sits in sullen majesty ;
 The bat's abroad and skims along,
 The nightingale sweet tunes her song ;
 The moon now rising o'er the hill,
 Illumes the lake, the lake is still ;
 Now music sweet is heard afar !
 Now rising, dying, on the air !
 Now, hark ! the village bells sweet say,
 Delights of eve haste not away.

Single, Birchall.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—W. HAWES.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

THE old shepherd's dog like his master was grey,
 His teeth all departed and feeble his tongue ;
 Yet where'er Corin went he was follow'd by Tray,
 Thus happy thro' life did they hobble along.

When fatigued on the grass the shepherd would lie,
 For a nap in the sun, 'midst his slumbers so sweet ;
 His faithful companion crawl'd constantly nigh,
 Plac'd his head on his lap or lay down at his feet.

When winter was heard on the hill and the plain,
 And torrents descended and cold was the wind ;
 If Corin went forth 'mid the tempest and rain,
 Tray scorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.

At length in the straw Tray made his last bed,
 For vain against death is the stoutest endeavour ;
 To lick Corin's hand he rear'd up his weak head,
 Then fell back, clos'd his eyes, and ah ! clos'd them for
 ever.

Not long after Tray did the shepherd remain,
 Who oft o'er his grave with true sorrow would bend ;
 And when dying thus feebly was heard the poor swain,
 O bury me, neighbours, beside my old friend.

Peter Pindar.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

To me the wanton girls insulting say,
 " Here in this glass thy fading bloom survey :"
 Just on the verge of life, 'tis equal quite,
 Whether my locks are black, or silver white ;
 Roses around my fragrant brows I'll twine,
 And dissipate anxieties in wine.—*Anacreon.*

Single, Birchall.—Webbe's 2d book, p. 2.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Con. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

THOU art beautiful, queen of the valley !
 Thy walls like silver sparkle to the sun ;
 Melodious wave thy groves,
 Thy garden sweets enrich the pleasant air.—
 Upon the lake lye the long shadows of thy towers,
 And high in heav'n thy temple pyramids arise !
 Long may'st thou flourish in thy beauty,
 Long prosper beneath the righteous conqueror,
 Who conquers to redeem !
 Long years of peace and happiness
 Await thy Lord and thee,
 Queen of the valley. *Madoc of Southey.*

Dr. Callcott's 2d Vol. by Horsley, p. 81.—Single, Birchall.

DUET.—Sir J. STEVENSON.

(Ten and Base.)

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. ARNE.

TELL me, where is Fancy bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head ?
 How begot, how nourished ? reply :
 It is engendered in the eye,
 With gazing fed, and Fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.
 Let us all ring Fancy's knell :
 I'll begin it—ding, dong, bell.—*Shakspeare.*
 Single, Birchall.

SONG AND TRIO,
IN THE DUENNA.—THOS. LINLEY.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

THIS bottle's the sun of our table,
His beams are rosy wine ;
We—planets that are not able
Without his help to shine.

Let mirth and glee abound !

You'll soon grow bright

With borrow'd light,

And shine as he goes round.

R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

GLEE *for 3 Voices* —Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

To all you ladies now at land,

We men at sea indite ;

But first would have you understand,

How hard it is to write ;

The Muses now, and Neptune too,

We must implore to write to you.

With a fal, la, la, la, la.

In justice you cannot refuse,
 To think of our distress ;
 When we, for hopes of honour, lose
 Our certain happiness ;
 All these designs are but to prove
 Ourselves more worthy of your love.
 With a fal, lal, lal, lal, la.

And now we've told you all our loves,
 And likewise all our fears ;
 In hopes this declaration moves
 Some pity for our tears ;
 Let's hear of no inconstancy,
 We have enough of that at sea.
 With a fal, lal, lal, lal, la.

*Written at Sea, in the first Dutch War,
 the Night before an Engagement,
 by the Earl of Dorset, 1665.*

Single, Birchall.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

To wipe the tear frow Sorrow's eye,
 And stop the unavailing sigh ;
 Tho' all a stranger can bestow,
 'Tis something sure to melt at woe !
 Kindly to feel what others feel,
 And blush the frailty to reveal ;

Untold, by sympathy to find,
 The struggles of a virtuous mind.
 To few, alas ! this skill is given,
 For 'tis the fav'rite gift of heaven.

Warren, No. 27, p. 8.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—J. DANBY.—Prize, 1785.

(Treble, Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

THE nightingale, who tunes her warbling notes so sweet,
 'Midst flow'rs ne'er presumes to fix her mournful seat !
 Melodiously she sings while hawthorns pierce her breast,
 Her voice sweet echo rings, and nature lulls to rest.

Warren, No. 24, p. 34.—King's book, p. 34.—Clementi's Vocal
 Harmony, p. 484.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—J. BATTISHILL,

And 4 Voices—T. WELCH.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

THE glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;
 There is no armour against our fate ;
 Death lays his icy hands on kings :
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made,
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield,
 They tame but one another still;
 Early or late,
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murm'ring breath,
 When the pale captive creeps to death.

The laurel withers on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
 Upon death's purple altar now
 See where the victor-victim bleeds;
 All heads must come,
 To the cold tomb :
 Only the actions of the just,
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

James Shirley.

Battishill's book.—3 Voices by Edw. Coleman, Playford's
 Musical Companion, 1673.

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in 'the Contention of Ajax and Ulysses,' it is said to have been a favourite song with King Charles the Second.

See Percy, l. 270.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

SONG—by Dr. CARNABY.†

TELL me on what holy ground,
 May domestic peace be found?
 Halcyon daughter of the skies!
 Far on fearful wings she flies;
 From the pomp of scepter'd state,
 From the rebel's noisy hate.
 In the cottage vale she dwells,
 List'ning to the sabbath bells.

While still around her steps are seen,
 Spotless honour's meeker mein.
 And, mindful of the past, employ
 Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

*S. T. Coleridge, Esq.—in the Comic Opera
 of "Love in a Village."*

* 2nd Collection, p. 1.

† Birchall, Single.

ANOTHER OF ASTROPHELL.

MADRIGAL *for 3 Voices.*—BATESON, 1604.

(2 Trebles and Con.)

THE nightingale so soone as April bringeth
 Vnto her rested sense a perfect waking:
 While late bare Earth, proud of new clothing springeth,
 Sings out her woes, a thorne her song-booke making.

And mournefully bewailing,
 Her throate in tunes expresseth,
 What grieve her breast oppresseth,
 For Tereus' force, on her chaste will prevailing.

*Oh, Philomela, faire, oh, take some gladness,
 That here is iuster cause of plaintfull sadnes.
 Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth :
 Thy throne without, my thorne my hart invadeth.
England's Helicon, p. 194.—Sir Phil. Sidney.

Hawes.

- The whole of the above has not been set, but the Editor, having the verse complete, thought it right to print it.

DUETT.—WILLIAM JACKSON.

(2 Trebles.)

TIME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
 Nor bent me with his iron hand;
 Ah! why so soon the blossom tear,
 Ere autumn yet the fruit demand?
 Let me enjoy the cheerful day,
 Till many a year has o'er me roll'd;
 Pleas'd let me trifle life away,
 And sing of love ere I grow old.—*Hammond.*

Single Birchall's.—Ditto, Chappell's.—Convito, p. 172.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—J. DANBY.

'Tis midnight all ! now sacred silence reigns,
 And breathes an awful horror thro' the plains ;
 No noise is heard, save the low murm'ring breeze,
 Whilst Zephyr faintly sighs among the trees :
 The charmers of the grove, with sleep opprest,
 Their little loves forgot, are all removed to rest ;
 And now the prudent nightingale essays,
 In thrilling notes to chaunt her maker's praise ;
 All unmolested by the feather'd throng,
 She sits and sings alone, whilst heav'n approves the song ;
 Her soft-breath'd music and enchanting strains
 Call out the list'ning stars, and fill the lonely plains.

DUET.—H. PURCELL.

IN BONDUCA.

(Ten. and Base.)

To arms ! your ensigns straight display,
 Now set the battle in array ;
 The oracle for war declares,
 Success depends upon our hearts and spears,
 Britons ! strike home, revenge your country's wrongs !
 Fight, and record yourselves in Druids' songs.

Beaumont and Fletcher.—1647.

Single, Birchall.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—C. JENNER, A.M.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

THOU'RT gone away from me,
 Nor friends nor I could make thee stay ;
 Thou'st cheated them and me.
 Until this day I ne'er could think,
 That aught could alter thee ;
 Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,
 Think what thou wilt of me.
 Whate'er he said, or might pretend,
 That stole that heart of thine ;
 I'm sure true love was not his end,
 Not such a love as mine.

Warren, No. 10, p. 34.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—J. S. SMITH.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

DUET.—WILLIAM JACKSON.

TAKE, oh! take those lips away,
 Which so sweetly were forsworn ;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn.
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh ! hide those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears ;
 On whose tops the pinks that grow,
 Are of those that April bears.
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Shakspeare.

Warren, No. 20, p. 48.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. NARES.—*Prize, 1770.*

(Con. Ten. and Base)

To all lovers of harmony take off your glasses,
 Nor 'midst all your jollity quarrel like asses ;
 Let our mirth swell aloud in its natural key,
 And no flat divisions rob us of our glee ;
 Let no thoughts of discord find place in our breasts,
 Nor out-of-time crotchets break in on our rests.

Warren, No. 9, p. 1.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 120.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

THE cup of the tulip, with wine is replete,
 Come, my boy, let thy office begin ;
 How many more scruples and doubts must we meet ?
 To be longer severe were a sin.

Break instantly forth from this pride and this scorn,
 For what more would old Time wish to know ;
 It saw, mighty Cæsar ! thy proud tresses shorn,
 And thy diadem, Cyrus, laid low.

The gale of the morn bids the morn of our youth,
 Yet once more richly glow on the mind ;
 Boy, bring us that balm, which our senses will sooth,
 That balm which to sorrow is kind.

Translated from the Persic of Hafez.

3d Collection, Birchall, p. 51.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

THROW the gaudy roses from thee,
 Dash the cup to earth ;
 Little, heedless youth, become thee
 Roses, wine and mirth.

What's the mirth that thus delights thee ?

Taste his sweets no more ;

He that to the feast invites thee,

Stabs thee when 'tis o'er,

But touch the lyre in gentle measure,

Peace is all our heav'n ;

Bliss is an immortal treasure,

Nor to man is given.—*L. Hunt, Esq.*

In Imitation of Sir J. Suckling.

3d Collection, Birchall, p. 60.

THE MYSTIC BOWER.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. BOYCE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

'Tis on earth the greatest blessing,
 When the mirth inspiring bowl,
 Join'd to music, joys increasing,
 Cheers the heart, and tunes the soul.

When with wine our veins are swelling,
 Friendship's fires the brighter burn !
 Love refreshing, care expelling,
 Ev'ry joy succeeds in turn:

What? tho' they say, secrets by wine are reveal'd,
 Let spleen and ill-nature declare what they can :
 We bid them defiance, be nothing conceal'd,
 And he who drinks most is the honestest man.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—T. ATTWOOD.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and 2 Bases.)

To all that breathe the air of heav'n,
 Some boon of strength has Nature giv'n ;
 When the majestic bull was born,
 She fenced his brow with wreathed horn,
 She arm'd the courser's foot of air,
 And wing'd, with speed, the panting hare.

She gave the lion fangs of terror,
 And in the ocean's crystal mirror,
 Taught th' unnumber'd scaly throng
 To trace the liquid paths along :
 While, for the umbrage of the grove,
 She plum'd the warbling world of love.
 To man she gave the flame refin'd,
 The spark of heav'n, a thinking mind ;
 And had she no surpassing treasure,
 For thee, O woman ! child of pleasure ?
 She gave thee beauty, shaft of eyes,
 That ev'ry shaft of war outflies :
 She gave thee beauty, blush of fire,
 That bids the flames of war retire.
 Woman, be fair ! we must adore thee,
 Smile, and a world is weak before thee.

Moore's Anacreon.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 58.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—RT. COOKE.

THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
 And hope is brightest, when it dawns from fears :
 The rose is sweetest, wash'd with morning dew,
 And love is loveliest, when embalm'd in tears.
 O wilding rose ! whom fancy thus endears,
 I bid thy blossoms in my bonnet wave,
 Emblem of hope and love thro' future years.

Walter Scott, Esq.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—S. PAXTON.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

UPON the poplar bough, in mournful strains,
 For her lost young sad Philomel complains :
 Of which the hind, with unrelenting breast,
 As yet unfledg'd defrauds the tuneful nest :
 Near which she sits upon the lighten'd spray,
 Mournfully sad, and pours her soul away :
 Renewing still her lamentable song,
 While thro' the woods and vales the murmurs die along.

Translated from Virgil.

Warren, No. 22, p. 13.—Convito, p. 196.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—J. BATTISHILL.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

UNDERNEATH this myrtle shade,
 On flow'ry beds supinely laid,
 With od'rous oils my head o'erflowing,
 And around it roses growing,
 What should I do but drink away
 The heat and troubles of the day ?
 In this more than kingly state,
 Love, himself, shall on me wait.
 Fill to me, Love, nay fill it up ;
 And, mingled, cast into the cup,
 Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,
 Vig'rous health, and gay desires.

Crown me with roses whilst I live,
 Now your wines and ointments give ;
 After death I nothing crave,
 Let me alive my pleasures have,
 All are stoics in the grave.

}

Cowley:

Convito, p. 22.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—Dr. COOKE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

UP the hill, or cross the lawn,
 Thro' the grove or woodland shade ;
 In the eve, or at the dawn,
 Strephon's love is still display'd.

Springing flower or warbling bird,
 Still are emblems of her choice ;
 Her breath is to the first preferr'd,
 To the last her charming voice.

King's book, p. 39.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—T. ATTWOOD.

(2 Trebles, Ten. and Base.)

VIRTUE, my Emma, is a gem,
 The mind's pellucid diadem ;
 To fellow mortals kindly giv'n,
 A foretaste and a type of heav'n.

Pure and white as mountain's snow,
 That hurries to the vale below ;
 Yet genial as the glorious sun,
 Which makes it unpolluted run.
 Yet as the mind disfigur'd grows,
 Her careless course discolour'd flows.
 So in the mind dark clouds arise,
 And God's emanant gifts disguise ;
 But Virtue that hath taken root,
 Tears from the mind each wayward shoot ;
 And, like a stream, thro' flow'ry meads,
 Gives beauty to the bounds she feeds.

Single, Monzani.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—C. S. EVANS.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup,
 As Nestor us'd of old ;
 Try all your skill to trim it up,
 And deck it round with gold.

Make it so large, that fill'd with sack,
 Up to the sparkling brim ;
 Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
 Like ships, at sea, may swim.

Carve me thereon a spreading vine,
 Then add two lovely boys :
 Their limbs in am'rous folds entwine,
 The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my gods are,
 May drink and love still reign ;
 With wine I'll wash away my care,
 And then to love again.

*From Anacreon, by the Earl of
 Rochester, see Ritson.*

Evans's book, p. 28.—Clementi.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

(Treble, Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHEN Nature form'd that angel face,
 She lavish'd all her store ;
 Be this, she cry'd, my master-piece,
 Kneel, mortals, and adore.

Webbe's 5th book, p. 20.—Convito, p. 445.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHEN Arthur first in court began,
 To wear long hanging sleeves :
 He entertain'd three serving men,
 And all of them were thieves.

The first he was an Irishman,
 The second was a Scot,
 The third he was a Welchman,
 And all were knaves I wot.

The Irishman lov'd usquebaugh,
 The Scot lov'd ale call'd blue cap ;
 The Welchman he lov'd toasted cheese,
 And made his mouth like a mouse-trap.

Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman,
 The Scot was drown'd in ale ;
 The Welchman had like to be choak'd with a mouse,
 But he pull'd her out by the tail.

Single, Birchall's

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—BAILDON.—*Medal*, 1766.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHEN gay Bacchus fills my breast,
 All my cares are lull'd to rest ;
 Rich I seem as Lydia's king,
 Merry catch, or ballad sing :
 Ivy wreaths my temples shade,
 Ivy, that will never fade ;
 Thus I sit in mind elate,
 Laughing at the farce of state ;

Some delight in fighting fields,
 Nobler transports Bacchus yields ;
 Fill the bowl, I ever said,
 'Tis better to lie drunk than dead.

26th Ode of Anacreon, by Fawkes.

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 5. p. 14.—Clementi's Vocal
 Harmony, p. 53.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—J. DANBY.—*Medal*, 1781.

(Con, Ten. and Base.)

WHEN Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain,
 The list'ning wretch forgot his pain ;
 With art divine, the lyre she strung,
 Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.
 For when she struck the quiv'ring wire,
 The eager breast was all on fire ;
 But when she tun'd the vocal lay,
 The captive soul was charm'd away.—*Smollett.*

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 20, p. 4.—Clementi's Vocal
 Harmony, p. 375.—Single, Chappell's.—Convito, p. 157.

MADRIGAL *for 5 Voices.*—T. WHEELKES.—1608.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

WELCOME, sweet pleasure,
 My wealth and treasure ;
 To haste our playing,
 There's no delaying, No, no, no.
 This mirth delights me,
 When sorrow frights me,
 Then sing we all, Fa, la, la.

Sorrow content thee,
 Mirth must prevent thee ;
 Though much thou grieveest,
 Thou none relievest, No, no, no.
 Joy ! come delight me,
 Though sorrow spite me,
 Then sing we all, Fa, la, la.

Grief is disdainful,
 Sottish and painful ;
 Then wait on pleasure,
 And lose no leisure, No, no no.
 Heart's ease it lendeth,
 And comfort sendeth,
 Then sing we all, Fa, la, la.

Single, Birchall.—Convito, p. 50.

MADRIGAL *for 5 Voice*.—G. CONVERSO.—1580.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHEN all alone my pretty love was playing,
 And I saw at a gaze, bright Phoebus staying,
 Alas ! I fear'd there would be some betraying.

Convito, p. 12.—Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 14, p. 23.

A SONG.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WANTON gales that fondly play
 Round about my love-sick head ;
 Quickly waft my sighs away,
 To the nymph for whom I bleed.

Softly whisper in her ear,
 All the pains for her I feel ;
 All the torments that I bear,
 Tell her, she alone can heal.

Then with unsuspected care,
 Gently fan her lovely breast ;
 Happy you may revel there,
 Where each god would wish to rest.

If one spark of fond desire
 Harbour'd there, by chance you find ;
 Raise it to a lasting fire,
 Such as burns within my mind.

*Poems by John Whaley, Fellow of King's
 College, Cambridge. London, pub. 1732.*

Webbe's book, p.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—J. S. SMITH.—*Medal, 1776.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHILE fools their time in stormy strife employ,
 Be our's engag'd in union, peace, and joy ;
 Thus the blest gods, the genial day prolong
 In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song ;
 Apollo tunes the lyre, the Muses round,
 With voice alternate, aid the silver sound.
 Wisely we imitate the pow'rs divine,
 Peace at our heart, and pleasure our design.

Pope's Homer's Illiad.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 270.—Single, Birchall.—Ditto,
 Chappell's.—Warren, No. 15, p. 18.—Convito, p. 241

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—RAVENS-CROFT.—1614.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

WE be three poor mariners,
 Newly come from the seas,
 We spend our lives in jeopardy,
 While others live at ease :
 Shall we go dance the round,
 And he that is a bully boy,
 Come pledge me on this ground.
 We care not for those martial men,
 That do our states disdain,
 But we care for those merchantmen,
 Which do our states maintain ;
 To them we dance this round,
 And he that is a bully boy,
 Come pledge me on this ground.

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 12, p. 16.—Convito, p. 359.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Treble, Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHEN winds breathe soft along the silent deep,
 The waters curl, the peaceful billows sleep :
 A stronger gale the troubled wave awakes ;
 The surface roughens, and the ocean shakes.
 More dreadful still, when furious storms arise,
 The mounting billows, bellow to the skies ;
 On liquid rocks the tott'ring vessel's toss'd,
 Unnumber'd surges lash the foaming coast ;

The raging waves, excited by the blast,
 Whiten with wrath, and split the sturdy mast.
 When, in an instant, he who rules the floods,
 Earth, air, and fire, Jehovah ! God of gods !
 In pleasing accents speaks his sovereign will,
 And bids the waters, and the winds, be still !
 Hush'd are the winds, the waters cease to roar ;
 Safe are the seas, and silent as the shore.
 Now say, what joy elates the sailor's breast,
 With prosp'rous gales so unexpected blest !
 What ease, what transport, in each face is seen !
 The heav'ns look bright, the air and sea serene :
 For ev'ry plaint we hear a joyful strain
 To Him, whose pow'r unbounded rules the main.

Convito, p. 29.—Single, Birchall.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony,
 p. 226.—Warren, No. 23, p. 13.

Written after a Storm at Sea.

The Editor has been informed, that the poetry of the above Glee,
 is a versification, by Mr. Gosling,* on the words of an anthem com-
 posed by Henry Purcell, at his request, on the miraculous escape of
 himself, King Charles the Second, the Duke of York, and many
 others, as follows :—

The King had given orders for building a yacht, which, as soon
 as it was finished, he named the Fubbs, in honour of the Duchess
 of Portsmouth, who was, we may suppose, in her person, full and
 plump. Soon after the vessel was launched, the King made a party
 to sail in this yacht down the river, and round the Kentish Coast,
 and to keep up the mirth and good humour of the company, Mr.
 Gosling was requested to be of the party ; they had not got as low
 as the North Foreland, when a violent storm arose, during which,

* One of the Gentlemen of the Chapels Royal.

the King, the Duke of York, Mr. Gosling, and the rest of the company, were necessitated, in order to save the vessel, to hand the sails, and work like common seamen. By good providence, they escaped safe to land; but the horror of the scene, and the distress they were in, made such an impression on the mind of Mr. Gosling, which was never effaced. Struck with a just sense of the deliverance from what he had lately viewed, upon his return to London, he selected from the Psalms, those words which declare the wonders and terrors of the deep,* and gave them to Purcell to compose as an anthem, which he did, adapting it peculiarly to the compass of Mr. Gosling's voice. The King did not live to hear it.

* They that go down to the sea in ships;

These men see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep;

For at his word the stormy wind ariseth, which lifteth up the waves thereof, &c.

Psalm 107, Verse 23 to Verse 30,---See Dr. Boyce's 3d Vol. p. 269.

ODE for 3 Voices.—Dr. ARNE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

SONG by Mr. HOOR.

WHEN Britain on her sea-girt shore,
 Her ancient Druids erst address;
 'What aid, (she cry'd) shall I implore?
 'What best defence, by numbers prest?'
 'Though hostile nations round thee rise,
 (The mystic Oracles reply'd)
 'And view thine isle with envious eyes,
 'Their threats defy, their rage deride;
 'Nor fear invasion from those adverse Gauls,
 'Britain's best bulwarks are—her wooden walls.

' Thine oaks descending to the main,
 ' With floating forts shall stem the tides,
 ' Asserting Britain's liquid reign,
 ' Where e'er thy thund'ring navy rides !
 ' Nor less to peaceful arts inclin'd,
 ' Where Commerce opens all her stores,
 ' In social bands shall league mankind,
 ' And join the sea-divided shores :
 ' Spread then thy sails where naval glory calls,
 ' Britain's best bulwarks are—her wooden walls.'

Hail ! happy isle ! what tho' thy vales
 No vine-empurpled tribute yield,
 Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales,
 Nor crops spontaneous glad the field ;
 Yet Liberty rewards the toil
 Of Industry, to labour prone,
 Who jocund ploughs the grateful soil,
 And reaps the harvest she has sown :
 While other realms tyrannic sway enthral,
 Britain's best bulwarks are—her wooden walls.

Mr. H. Green.

Single, Birchall.—Convito, p. 98.—Warren, No. 20. p. 11.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*

Harmonized by WM. JACKSON.*—Air by Dr. ARNE,
in the Tempest.

(2 Trebles, Ten. and Base.)

WHERE the bee sucks, there lurk I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch when owls do cry,
On a batt's back do I fly,
After sun-set merrily ;
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

All we fairies that do run,
By the triple Hecate's beam,
From the presence of the sun,
Follow darkness as a dream.
Over hill, over dale,
Thoro' bush, thoro' briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thoro' flood, thoro' fire.
Merrily, merrily, shall we live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Shakspeare.

Single, Birchall.

By Dr. Wilson, for 3 Voices.—Musical Companion by Playford,
1673, p. 174.—Convito, p. 323.

* Had in his possession, a MS. Almanac, reign of Edward the 3d, 143 years before that of Mullers. The Editor has a portrait of Jackson, which is extremely scarce.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—BAILDON.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHAT Anacreon lov'd we drink,
 Press it closely to the lip ;
 Misers, can ye sleep or think.

While such nectar here we sip ?

Our gay honest Horace would take off his flask,
 While Ovid in love play'd the fool :
 Come, broach the Falernian or massie old cask,
 And follow gay Horace's rule.

Let the whining lover sigh,
 All his tears are shed in vain ;
 But a bumper can supply,
 Ev'ry tear that love can drain.

Love was ne'er a treasure
 Drinking is a pleasure ;
 Then fill your gen'rous goblets high !
 Let your glasses gingle,
 Thus our joys we mingle,
 Drink, sons of Bacchus, till ye die.

Richard Rolt.

Baildon's book, p.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHERE, hapless Ilion ! are thy heav'n-built walls,
 Thy high embattled tow'rs, thy spacious halls ?
 Where are thy temples, fill'd with forms divine ?
 Where is thy Pallas ? Where her awful shrine ?
 The mighty Hector where ? Thy fav'rite boast ?
 And all thy valiant sons, a splendid host ?
 Thy arts, thy arms, thy riches, and thy state,
 Thy pride, thy pomp, thy all that made thee great ?
 These prostrate now in dust and ruin lie,
 But thy transcendant fame can never die ;
 Fate boasts no power to sink thy glories past,
 They fill the world, and with the world shall last.

C. Butler.

Webbe's book.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. ARNE.—*Prize, 1765.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHICH is the properest day to drink,
 Saturday, Sunday, Monday ?
 Each is the properest day, I think,
 Why should I name but one day ?
 Tell me but your's, I'll mention my day,
 Let us but fix on some day,
 Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
 Saturday, Sunday, Monday. *Dr. Arne.*

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 4, p. 10.

CATCH for 4 Voices.—S. WEBBE.

WOULD you know my Celia's charms,
 Which now excite my fierce alarms;
 I'm sure she's fortitude and truth,
 To gain the heart of ev'ry youth.
 She 'as only thirty lovers now,
 The rest are gone, I can't tell how;
 No longer Celia ought to strive,
 For certainly she's fifty-five. *Dr. Callcott.*

Single, Birchall,—Ditto Chappell's.—Convito, p. 358.

AN EPIGRAM.

DUET.—TRAVERS.

(Ten and Base.)

WHEN Bibbo thought fit
 From the world to retreat,
 As full of champaign
 As an egg's full of meat;
 He wak'd in the boat,
 And to Charon he said,
 He would be row'd back,
 For he was not yet dead.
 Trim the boat and sit quiet,
 Stern Charon replied,
 You may have forgot,
 You were drunk when you died.

Matt. Prior.

Single, Birchall.—Convito, p. 62.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

“WHO comes so dark from ocean’s roar, like autumn’s shadowy cloud ? Death is trembling in his hand ! His eyes are flames of fire ! “Son of the cloudy night !” Retire, call thy winds, and fly ; retire thou to thy cave. But let us sit by the mossy fount ; let us hear the mournful voice of the breeze, when it sighs on the grass of the cave.”—*Ossian*.

Single, Birchall.—Clementi’s Vocal Harmony, p. 394.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHEN lurking Love in ambush lies,
Under friendship’s fair disguise ;
When he wears an angry mein,
Imitating spite or spleen.

When like sorrow he seduces,
When like pleasure he amuses,
Still howe’er the parts are cast,
’Tis but lurking Love at last.

Piozzi.

Book, 6. Preston.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*WM. KNYVETT.—*Prize at the Harmonic.*

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHEN the fair rose amidst her flow'ry train,
 With virgin blushes greets the dewy morn ;
 Say, will th' enamour'd nightingale remain,
 A lonely warbler on the desert thorn ?
 When the dark Geniis of the night,
 Behold the moon slow rising o'er the wave ;
 Those wayward spirits curse the beauteous lights,
 And hide with Envy in her gloomy cave.
 Yet shall the traveller with enraptur'd eye,
 As late he treads his solitary way,
 O'erlook each radiant gem that decks the sky,
 Alone rejoicing in her brighter ray. *Fox's Poems.*

Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WITH conscious pride I view the band,
 Of faithful friends that round me stand,
 With pride exult that I alone
 Can join these scatter'd gems in one ;
 Rejoic'd to be the silken line
 On which these pearls united shine.

'Tis mine their inmost soul to see
 Unlock'd is ev'ry heart to me ;
 To me they cling, on me they rest,
 I hold a place in ev'ry breast.

Op. 6, Preston.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

WAKE now, my love ! awake,
 The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
 Already to her silver coach to climb,
 And Phœbus 'gins to shew his glorious head.
 Hark ! how the cheerful birds do chaunt their lays,
 And carrol of love's praise.

The merry lark her mattins sings aloft,
 The thrush replies, the mavis discant plays,
 The ouzel shrills, the ruddock warbles soft,
 So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
 To this day's merriment.

Ah ! my dear love ! why do you sleep thus long,
 When meeter 'twere that you should now awake,
 And listen to the birds' love learned songs,
 These dewy leaves among ?
 For they of joy pleasance to you sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Spencer's Epithalamium.

1st Collection, Birchall, p. 11.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Mr. T. SMART.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

WITH my jug in one hand, and my pipe in the other,
 I drink to my neighbour and friend ;
 All my cares in a whiff of tobacco I smother,
 For life I know shortly must end.
 While Ceres most kindly refills my brown jug,
 With good ale I will make myself mellow ;
 In my old wicker chair I will seat myself snug,
 Like a jolly and true happy fellow.

I'll ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the nation,
 I've enough of my own for to mind ;
 The cares of this life are but grief and vexation,
 To death we must all be consign'd :
 Then I'll laugh, drink, and sing, and leave nothing to pay,
 But drop like a pear that is mellow ;
 And when cold in my coffin, I'll leave them to say,
 He's gone, what a hearty good fellow.

Single, Birchall's.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Earl of MORNINGTON.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHEN for the world's repose my fairest sleeps,
 See Cupid hovers round her couch and weeps ;
 Well may'st thou weep, proud boy, thy power dies,
 Thou hast no dart when Chloe has no eyes.

Convito, p. 470.

TO MY LUTE.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—RT. COOKE.—Prize, 1812.*

WHAT shade and what stillness around,
 Let us seek the lov'd cot of the fair ;
 There soften her sleep with thy sound,
 And vanish each phantom of care.

The virgin may wake to thy strain,
 And be sooth'd, nay, be pleas'd with thy song ;
 Alas ! she may pity the swain,
 And fancy his sorrows too long.

Could thy voice give a smile to her cheek,
 What a joy, what a rapture were mine !
 Then for ever thy fame would I speak,
 O my lute what a triumph were thine.

Ah ! whisper kind love in her ear,
 And sweetly my wishes impart ;
 Say, the swain who adores her is near,
 Say, thy sounds are the sighs of his heart.

* Catch Club.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—DR. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles, and Base.)

WHILE the moon-beams, all bright,
 Give a lustre to night,
 I'll weep on his dwelling so narrow,

And high o'er his grave,
 The willow-trees wave,
 Who died on the banks of the Yarrow.

'Twas under this shade,
 Hand in hand as we stray'd,
 He fell by the flight of an arrow ;
 And fast from the wound,
 His blood stain'd the ground,
 Who died on the banks of the Yarrow.

Rannie.

Professional book, p. 12.

ODE for 5 Voices.—J. S. SMITH.—*Prize*, 1780.

(Con. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

WHEN to the Muses' haunted hill,
 Their laurel groves, and that pure rill
 Which poets drink of old, drew nigh
 The goddess of the azure eye,
 To welcome her, th' immortal choir,
 Uprais'd the voice and struck the lyre ;
 The pow'rs of heav'nly sound were all display'd,
 To greet with honour due the sire-born maid.
 First in responsive fugue was shewn,
 The energy of artful song ;
 Then closing full, in richer tone,
 Slow modulation march'd along.

'Twas then in union, three times three,
 They sung their first celestial glee ;
 Sometimes with luxuriant airs,
 Or singing singly, or in pairs,
 They wanton'd in the wilds of sound,
 And last, with symphony complete,
 Tho' full and strong, divinely sweet,
 They made their notes from Pindus' rocks rebound.
 Shall wisdom only claim the lay ?
 To beauty too, the song is due,
 And ev'ry tribute harmony can pay.
 Inspir'd by that celestial throng,
 The festive strain we'll lead along,
 To welcome beauty to the seats of song.—*Mr. Nares.*

Warren, No. 19. p. 43.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 364.

THE ERL KING.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles, and Base.)

Who is it that rides thro' the forest so fast,
 Whilst night glooms around him, whilst chill roars the
 blast,
 The father who holds his young son in his arms,
 And close in his mantle has wrapt him up warm ;
 Why trembles my darling ? Why shrinks he with fear ?
 My father, my father, the Erl King is near,

The Erl King with his crown, and his beard long and
white,

My child you're deceived by the vapours of night.
If thou wilt, dear baby, with me go away,
I'll give thee fine garments, we'll play a fine play ;
Fine flowers are growing, white, scarlet, and blue,
On the banks of yon river, and all are for you.
My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
What words the Erl King whispers soft in your ear ?
Oh hush thee my child, set thy bosom at ease,
Thou hear'st but the willows when murmurs the breeze,
If thou wilt dear baby, with me go away,
My daughter shall nurse thee, so fair and so gay ;
My daughter, in purple and gold who is drest,
Shall love thee, and kiss thee, and sing thee to rest ;
My father, my father, and dost thou not see
The Erl King and his daughter are waiting for me ?
Oh shame thee, my infant, 'tis fear makes thee blind,
Thou seest the dark willows which wave in the wind ;
I love thee, I doat on thy features so fine,
I must and will have thee, and force makes thee mine.
My father, my father, oh hold me now fast,
He pulls me, he hurts me, he'll have me at last.
The father, he trembled, he doubled his speed,
O'er hills and through forests he spurr'd his black steed ;
But when he arriv'd at his own castle door,
Life throbb'd in the poor baby's bosom no more.

Monk Lewis.

Single, Birchall's.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—J. MAZZINGHI.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHEN order in this land commenc'd,
 With Alfred's sacred laws ;
 Then sea-girt Britons, closely fenc'd,
 Join'd in one common cause.
 The glorious name an Englishman,
 Struck terror to the foe ;
 And conqu'ring William fix'd a fame,
 That shall for ages grow ;
 On Albion's cliffs let Commerce smile,
 And cheering plenty bring,
 Then sweet Content shall bless the isle,
 And George its gracious king.

Our Henrys and our Edwards too,
 Framed once a constitution ;
 Which Orange William did renew,
 By glorious revolution ;
 Mild Ann with sceptre gently sway'd,
 Insur'd her people's love,
 And when her kingdom's peace she made,
 Was call'd to realms above ;
 Thence British freedom, rights, and laws,
 From whence her glories spring ;
 The prayer of grateful Britons draws
 On George its gracious king.

Great George and Charlotte's happy reign,
 In union binds the land ;
 And scatters blessings o'er the main,
 With all benignant hand ;
 The regal stock, its royal fruit,
 Like ivy round it clings,
 From whence its spreading branches shoot,
 A race of future kings ;
 Thence English, Scotch, and Irishmen,
 Whose hearts and voice shall sing,
 While Brunswick's line adorns the throne,
 God save our gracious King. *Cherry.*

The glorious reign of George the Third,
 Demands a nation's praise ;
 And with it may, by heav'n be heard,
 The fervent prayer we raise.
 May George the Fourth, on England's throne,
 With equal glory reign ;
 And, by his people's love alone,
 His sacred seat maintain ;
 Thus round his throne may blessings throng,
 Peace—health, with balmy wing :
 And may this long, be Britain's song,
 God save, great George our King.—*G. Colman.*

Single, Birchall.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—RT. COOKE.—*Prize*, 1811.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WITH a gen'rous youthful soul,
 When I quaff the festive bowl,
 Richly foaming to my mind,
 Hence ye sorrows to the wind;
 Friends the laughing sweets prepare,
 Drink along farewell to care,
 All the sweets, if sweets there are,
 In a ling'ring life of care;
 Taste ye wretched if ye will,
 I of joy will take my fill;
 Bid the sparkling bowl go round,
 And the praise of Bacchus sound.

From Anacreon.

Single, Birchall.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—DR. ALCOCK.—*Prize*, 1774.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WE'LL drink and we'll never have done boys,
 Put the glass then around with the sun boys;
 Let Apollo's example invite us,
 For he's drunk ev'ry night,
 That makes him so bright
 That he's able next morning to light us.

Warren, No. 13, p. 34.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 239.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—W. KNYVETT.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHERE is the nymph whose azure eye,
 Can shine through rapture's tear?
 The sun is sunk, the moon is high,
 And yet she comes not here.

Was that her footsteps on the hill,
 Her voice upon the gale;
 No, 'twas the wind, and all is still,
 Oh maid of Marlivale.

Come to me, love, I've wander'd far,
 'Tis past the promis'd hour;
 Come to me, love, the twilight star
 Shall guide thee to my bower.

C. Fox.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WITH sighs, sweet, rose, I mark thy faded form,
 So late bedeck'd with many a flowret gay;
 Thy tender frame has shrunk beneath the storm,
 And all thy charms are verging to decay.
 Yet whilst I mourn, lov'd plant, thy early doom,
 Poor hapless victim of the pitying shower,
 Reflection whispers, thou again shalt bloom,
 And joyful feel the sun's reviving power;

Returning spring thy beauties shall renew,
 Again the breeze shall waft thy sweets along ;
 Thy fragrant flow'rs, enchanting to the view,
 Shall live for ever in the poet's song ;
 Whilst I, with unavailing tears, deplore,
 Dear happy hours that can return no more.

*Sent to Dr. Callcott by Miss Madden,
 of Fulham.*

* The above Glee was composed expressly for Mr. W. Knyvett.
 Single, Birchall.—Ditto, Chappell's.—Convito, p. 318.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—WM. KNYVETT.—Prize.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHERE my gentle love strays,
 Friendly moon, dart thy rays,
 And lead to this arbour my Nancy ;
 Hark ! surely I hear,
 Her accents so dear,
 Ah ! no, they were murmur'd by fancy.
 Darker blue is her eye,
 Than yon star-spangled sky,
 Like a roe she bounds over the lea ;
 Her heart is the best,
 Ever throb'd in a breast,
 And throbs with affection for me.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

ON THE UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

GLEE *for 4 Voices* — RT. COOKE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHEN to England's proud boast (her rough sons of
the main)

The shamrock and thistle shall cleave,
Untainted by faction, the rose shall remain,

From the union fresh lustre receive ;
And long may this wreath round our sovereign entwin'd,
A charm, like his virtues, bestow ;
In the temple of liberty rear'd and enshrin'd,
Long flourish, the dread of the foe.

*W. Linley, Esq.*GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—M. P. KING.*

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

And 3 Bases—by S. WEBBE.†

WHEN shall we three meet again ?
In thunder, light'ning, or in rain ?
When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won,
That will be ere set of sun.

There we'll perform our magic rites,
And raise such artificial sprights
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.

We'll double, double,
 Toil and trouble,
 And make our hell broth
 Boil and bubble. *Shakspeare's Macbeth.*

* Single, Birchall.

† Webbe's 4th Book.

MADRIGAL for 3 Voices.—T. MORLEY.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHERE art thou wanton? and I so long have sought
 thee;
 See where thy true love his heart to keep hath brought
 thee,
 Why then, alas! ah, whither dost thou hide thee,
 Still I follow thee,
 But thou fliest me!
 Say, unkind, and do not thus deride me.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—Mr. WRIGHT.

With a jolly full bottle, let each man be arm'd,
 We must be good subjects, when our hearts are thus
 warm'd;
 Here's a health to old England, the king, and the church,
 May all plotting contrivers be left in the lurch;
 May England's great monarch, bravely fight his just
 cause,
 Establish long peace, our religion, and laws.

Single, Birchall.

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices.*

GIANETTO PALESTRINI alais PRÆNESTINI.—1590.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHEN flow'ry meadows deckt the year,
 And sporting lambkins play ;
 When spangled fields renew'd appear,
 And music wakes the day ;
 Then did my Chloe leave her bower,
 To hear my am'rous lay ;
 Warm'd by my love, she vow'd no power
 Should lead her heart astray.

*The Words adapted by Robert Cooke.**Organist of Westminster Abbey.*

Hawes.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—H. R. BISHOP.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHEN wearied wretches sink to sleep,
 How soft their slumbers lie !
 How sweet is death, to those who weep,
 Who weep, and long to die !

Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
 Where flow'rets deck the green earth's breast ;
 'Tis there, I wish to lay my head,
 'Tis there, I wish to sleep at rest.—*Da Capo.*

Lo ! now, me thinks, in tones sublime,
 As viewless o'er our heads they bend,
 They whisper, "Thus we steal your time,
 "Weak mortals : till your days shall end."

Then wake the dance, and wake the song,
 Resound the festive mirth and glee ;
 Alas ! the days have passed along,
 The days, we never more shall see.

John Little, or Thomas Moore.

Single, Goulding's.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—R. SPOFFORTH.—Prize, 1793.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

Where are those hours on rosy pinions borne,
 Which brought to ev'ry guiltless wish success ;
 When pleasure gladden'd each returning morn,
 And ev'ry ev'ning closed in calms of peace ?

Miss Carter.

Warren, No. 32, p. 26.—Vocal Harmony, Clementi, p. 632.

GLEE for 4 Voices—Harmonized by W. KNYVETT.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

When first you courted me, I own
 I fondly favoured you ;
 Apparent worth and high renown,
 Made me believe you true,

Donald.

Such virtue then, seem'd to adorn
 The man esteem'd by me ;
 But now the mask's thrown off, I scorn
 To waste one thought on thee

Donald.

O then for ever haste away,
 Away from love and thee ;
 Go seek a heart that's like your own,
 And come no more to me

Donald.

For I'll reserve myself alone,
 For one that's more like me ;
 If such a one I cannot find,
 I'll fly from love and thee

Donald.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. COOKE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHERE'ER thy Navy spreads her canvass wings,
 Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings ;
 The French and Spaniards, when thy flags appear,
 Forget their hatred, and consent to fear :
 So Jove, on Ida, did both hosts survey,
 And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray.

Waller.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—M. ROCK.*

MADRIGAL *for 6 Voices.*—C. S. EVANS.

WHENCE comes my love ?—O heart ! disclose :

'Twas from cheeks that shame the rose,

From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,

From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.

Whence comes my woe, as freely own :—

Ah me ! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind ;

The lips, befitting words most kind ;

The eye doth tempt to love's desire,

And seems to say—'tis Cupid's fire !

Yet all so fair, but speak my moan,

Sith nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak,

Sweet lip, sweet eye, sweet blushing cheek ?

Yet not a heart to save my pain ?—

O Venus ! take thy gifts again :

Make not so fair, to cause our moan,

Or make a heart that's like our own.

John Harrington, Esq.,† died 1582.

*Warren, No. 27, p. 36.

† Dr. Aikin has introduced this song in his 'Vocal Poetry,' as the production of Sir John Harrington, and as a specimen of the elegant simplicity which characterized the poetry of the age of Elizabeth or James I.

But the Doctor does not appear to have observed that, in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, edit. 1804, the above polished poem was, with much probability, referred to the period of Edward VI. and that the author of it was not likely to be Sir John Harrington, but his father.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Air by Sir J. STEVENSON,
Harmonized by Mr. GREATORIX.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHEN the rose-bud of summer its beauties bestowing,
On winter's rude blasts all its sweetness shall pour;
And the sunshine of day in night's darkness be glowing;
O then, dearest Ellen! I'll love you no more.

When of hope the last spark which thy smile lov'd to
cherish,

In my bosom shall die, and its splendour be o'er;
And the pulse of that heart which adores you shall
perish,

O then, dearest Ellen! I'll love you no more.

T. Moore.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—J. S. SMITH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHEN Daphne smiles, I find,
More light before mine eyes,
Than when the sun, from Inde
Brings to our world a flow'ry paradise.
But when she gently weeps,
And pours forth pearly showers,
On cheeks fair blushing flow'rs,
A sweet melancholy my senses keeps.

Both feed so my disease
 So much both do me please,
 That oft I doubt, which more my heart doth burn,
 Love, to behold her smile, or pity, mourn.

Drummond's Poems.

Warren, No. 18, p. 8.

FREEMEN'S SONG.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*

(Con. Ten. and Base)

WE be soldiers three,
 Pardonez moi, je vous en prie ;
 Lately come forth of the low country,
 With never a penny of money.

Here, good fellow, I drinke to thee,
 Pardonez moi, je vous en prie ;
 To all good fellowes, wherever they be,
 With never a penny of money.

And he that will not pledge me in this,
 Pardonez moi, je vous en prie ;
 Pays for the shot, whatever it is,
 With never a penny of money.

Charge it againe, boy, charge it againe,
 Pardonez moi, je vous en prie ;
 As long as there is any incke in my pen,
 With never a penny of money. *

Warren, No. 18, p. 42.—Convito, p. 456.

* Respecting the above Composition, "We be soldiers three," said to have been composed by Freeman, and also given in some works, to Ravenscroft. A species of Composition prevailed in this country, from the time of King Henry the 8th, down to a later period, and which was characterized by the appellation of K. H. Mirth, or Freeman's Songs. King Henry the 8th, whose principle object, throughout his reign, seems, from his conduct, to have been pleasure, and the gratification of his own propensities, and appears to have had a passion for company of an inferior rank. He had some pretensions to a knowledge of Music ; and Anthems and Songs of his composition are mentioned by Sir John Hawkins, in his valuable History of Music. The Songs having been sung by K. H. were the means of promoting mirth. From about the time of Edward the 3rd, the Monks and secular Clergy, as well as the Minstrels, had occasionally produced jocular Songs, and compositions of merriment ; and the encouragement given by K. H. the 8th to such productions, revived the practice of them with great vigour. This circumstance induced others to compose Songs of the same kind, which, in reference to their origin, they termed King Henry's Mirth, and in allusion to their lively, and cheerful tendency, they denominated Freeman's Songs, which appellation has not been sufficiently explained. It is however, evident, that Freeman's Songs is the title, and not the Composer's name. Thomas Lord Cromwell, Earl of Essex, who went to Rome about 1510, (Biographia Brit. col. 1531) introduced them into that country, as will appear by the two following Stanzas in Michael Drayton's Legends of him, 1609. Also, see Higgins' Mirror of Magistrates.

The good successe th' affairs of England found,
 Much prais'd the choice of me, that hath been made ;

For where most men the depth durst hardly sound,
 I held it nothing boldly through to wade
 Myselfe, and through the straitest waies I woond ;
 So could I act, so well I could perswade.

As meerely joviall, me to mirth applie,
 Compos'd of freedome and alacritie.
 Not long it was, ere Rome of me did sing,
 (Hardly shall Rome so full daies see again)
 Of Freeman's Catches, to the Pope I sing,
 Which won much licence to my countrimen.
 Thither the which I was the first did bring,
 That was unknowne to Italy till then.

Light humours them, when judgment doth direct,
 Even of the wise, win plausible respect.

By the above, it would appear that Freeman's Songs were a rejoicing, for King Henry's having shook off the power of the Pope.

In Somner's Saxon Glossary, Fremens Songs appear to be the year of Jubilee, or freedom, holiday, to rejoice, to shout for joy, festive, lively, quick, merry, frolick, a feast, festival or holiday, mirth, pleasantness, and jollity.

It appears by the above account, that "We be soldiers three," has been only harmonized by Ravenscroft. "We be three poor Mariners," and "Of all the brave birds," are among the number of Freeman's Songs, and were published by him in a work called, *Music's Melodie of pleasant Roundelaies*.

We be three poor Mariners :		We be soldiers three :
Come pledge me on this ground.		And he that will not pledge me this.

MADRIGAL *for 6 Voices*.—W. HORSLEY, M.B.

(3 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHAT sing the sweet birds in each grove ?
 Nought but love, nought but love !

What sound our echoes day and night ?
 All delight, all delight, all delight !
 What doth each wind breath us that fleets ?
 Endless sweets, endless sweets, endless sweets !
 Is there a place on earth this isle excels ?
 Or any nymphs more happy live than we ?
 When all our songs, our sounds and breathings be,
 "That here all love, delight, and sweetness dwells."
Brown's Inner Temple, Masque.
 2nd Collection, Birchall, p. 44.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—W. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Treble. Con. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

WHEN the fair Moon, refulgent lamp of night,
 O'er heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred light ;
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene ;
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole ;
 O'er the dark trees a yellow verdure shed,
 And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head ;
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies ;
 The conscious swains rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

Pope's Homer, Book 8th.

3rd Collection, Birchall, p. 2.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—RT. COOK.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

Who has peerless Kitty seen?
 Fairest nymh that treads the green;
 Object sweet of fond desire,
 Who can look and not admire?
 In her soul-delighting eyes,
 Love, the little lurcher, lies.
 There he keeps his hoard of darts,
 Whence he wounds and sports with hearts:
 Or perched on her coral lips,
 Thence delicious nectar sips;
 Or his wanted ambush seeks,
 In the dimples of her cheeks.
 Fly, ye youths! her beauties shun!
 Ev'ry gazer is undone!
 Chief her eyes, as basilisks', dread!
 Which but win, to strike us dead.

Warren, No. 26. p. 3.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WINE gives the lover vigour,
 Makes glow the cheeks of beauty,
 Makes Poets write,
 And soldiers fight,
 And friendship do its duty.

Pow'r and wealth,
 Beauty, health,
 Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd ;
 Joys abound,
 Pleasure's found,
 Only where the glass goes round.

He who enjoys the banquet,
 May plenty ever crown him ;
 Who rails at a bowl,
 Is a turk to his soul,
 And a Christian ne'er should own him.
 Power and wealth, &c.

Webbe's 5th book, p. 22, and Euterpian.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—F. IRELAND,*—Prize, 1773.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHERE weeping yews and nodding cypress wave,
 In awful gloom around thy mossy grave ;
 Let nymph and shepherds yearly tribute bring,
 And strew th' earliest vi'lets of the spring.
 Let fairy footsteps trace the midnight round,
 And guard from ev'ry ill the hallow'd ground ;
 There drooping love, and friendship oft appear,
 And friendship greets thine ashes with a tear.

* Dr. Hutchinson.

Warren, No. 12, p. 13.—Vocal Harmony, Clementi, p. 203.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHEN the toil of day is o'er,
 And the sheep are in the fold,
 And when across the broomy heath,
 The whistling winds blow cold ;
 When the village dogs, in fear,
 At the moon begin to howl,
 And from some tott'ring wall is heard
 The melancholy owl :
 Then every danger is abroad,
 And gloomy spectres glide,
 While through the air, with dire intent,
 The witch and wizard ride.—*Merry.*

Single, Dale.—Ditto, Preston.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.**—J. S. SMITH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHAT shall he have that kill'd the deer ?
 His leathern skin, and horns to wear ;
 The horn ! the horn ! the lusty horn !
 Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Take you no scorn, to wear the horn,
 It was a crest ere thou wert born ;

Thy father's father wore it,
 And thy father bore it :
 The horn ! the horn ! the lusty horn !
 Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.—*Shakspeare.*

Huntsman's Song in "Love in a Forest."

Single, Birchall.

* And 3 Voices, by Hilton—Playford's Musical Companion, 1673.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—J. DANBY.—Prize, 1787.

(2 Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHEN beauty's soul, attracting charms,
 Shall cease to kindle fond alarms ;
 When at the festive board disguised,
 Like prudence, cold reserve shall sit,
 And caution's moral laws be prized,
 Far above the realms of wit ;
 When manners thus deprav'd we see,
 Farewell ! sweet Harmony, to thee.

But while the swift electric flame
 Of beauty, darts thro' all the frame :
 While Britain's darling, Britain's pride,
 Whose breast with ev'ry grace is stor'd
 Shall deign in courteous mood to guide,
 The pleasures of our social board ;
 While thus we frolic, frank, and free,
 All hail ! sweet Harmony, to thee.

Vocal Harmony, Clementi, p. 547.

GLEE *for 5 Voices*.—Sir J. STEVENSON.

(2 Cons. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WITH the sun we rise at morn,
 Haste the flocks into the mead,
 By the fields of yellow corn,
 There our gentle lambs we feed ;
 Ever sportive, ever gay,
 While the merry pipe we play.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 5 Voices*.—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Treble, Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHAT a frail life ! in fear and trembling past,
 Form'd by a breath to perish by a blast !
 To this sad goal does ev'ry mortal run,
 Dust, his beginning ; and his end, a stone.
 But yesterday the world in arms he led,
 Now in an urn his mould'ring dust is laid.

Translated from the Italian, from
" Alma del Gran Pompeo."

Book, 3rd, p. 26.—Preston.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHEN Time was entwining the garland of years,
 Which to crown my beloved was giv'n,
 Though some of the leaves might be sullied with tears;
 Yet the flow'rs were all gather'd in heav'n.
 And long may this garland be sweet to the eye,
 May its verdure for ever be new,
 Young Love shall enrich it with many a sigh,
 And Pity shall nurse it with dew.—*Thos. Little, Esq.*

Single, Birchall's

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.—*Medal, 1776.*

(Treble, Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

You gave me your heart t'other day,
 I thought it as safe as my own;
 I've not lost it,—but, what can I say?
 Not your heart from mine can be known!

Craddock.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 267.—Single, Birchall.—Ditto,
 Chappell's.—Convito, p. 175.

ANSWER TO THE FRYAR OF ORDERS GREY.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

YET stay, fair lady, turn again,
 And dry those pearly tears,
 For see beneath this gown of gray
 Thy own true love appears ;

Here forc'd by grief and hopeless love,
 These holy weeds I sought,
 And here amidst these lonely walls,
 To end my days I thought.

But hap'ly, for my year of grace,
 Is not yet pass'd away,
 Might I still hope to win thy love,
 No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy,
 Once more unto my heart,
 For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
 We never more will part. *Dr. Percy.*

Dr. Callcott's book, by Horsley, p. 44.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—T. ATTWOOD.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

YE visions wild, Hope's fairy train !
 That o'er my bosom rove ;
 Your soft dominion still retain,
 And murmur tales of love.

Still hush to rest the heaving sigh,
 Still fondly wipe the tear,
 With dear delusion soothe the eye,
 And chase the frowns of fear.

With balmy touch revive the bloom
 Of Fancy's wither'd wreath,
 Bid each frail flow'r, its tint resume,
 And fresher incense breathe.

Blest Hope ! ah, whence thus fluttering, say,
 By thee I feel restor'd ;
 My bosom owns thy genial sway,
 And heaves to greet its lord.—*Dimond.*

Monzani.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—DR. ARNE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

You ask me, dear Jack, for an emblem that's rife,
 And clearly explains the true medium of life :
 I think I have hit it, as sure as a gun,
 A bowl of good punch, and the medium are one.

When lemon and sugar so happily meet,
 The acid's corrected by mixing the sweet ;
 The water and spirit, so luckily blend,
 That each from th' extreme, doth the other defend.
 Then fill up the bowl, rot sorrow and strife,
 A bumper ! my boys, to the medium of life :
 Which keeps our frail state in a temper that's meet,
 Contented in blending the sour with the sweet.

Dr. Arne.

Warren, No. 2, p. 18.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—J. DANBY.

(Treble, Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

YE vales and woods, fair scenes of happier hours !
 Ye feather'd choir, sweet tenants of the grove ;
 And you, bright streams, befring'd with shrubs and flow'rs,
 Ah ! see my grief ye witnesses of love.
 For ye beheld my infant passion rise,
 And saw, thro' years unchang'd, my faithful flame ;
 Now cold in dust the beauteous object lies,
 And you, ye conscious scenes, are still the same.
 While busy mem'ry still delights to dwell,
 On all those charms these bitter tears deplore ;
 And with a trembling hand describes too well,
 This angel form, I can behold no more.

Warren, No. 25, p. 3.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

YE spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedge-hogs be not seen ;
 Newts and blind worms do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel with melody,
 Sing in your sweet lullaby,
 Never harm,
 Nor spell, nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh ;
 So good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders come not here,
 Hence ! ye long-legg'd spinners, hence !
 Beetles black approach not near,
 Worm and snail do no offence.

Never harm, nor spell, nor charm.

Shakspeare.

Single, Birchall.—Warren, No. 22, p. 24.—Convito, p. 7.

NEPTUNE'S RAGING FURY ;
 OR, THE GALLANT SEAMEN'S SUFFERINGS.*

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Con, Ten. and Base.)

You, gentlemen of England,
 That live at home at ease,
 Ah ! little do you think upon
 The dangers of the seas ;

Give ear unto the mariners,
 And they will plainly show,
 All the cares and the fears,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
 When England is at wars
 With any foreign nations,
 We fear not wounds, nor scars ;
 Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
 Our valour for to know,
 Whilst they reel on the keel,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Then, courage ! all brave mariners,
 And never be dismay'd ;
 Whilst we have bold adventurers,
 We ne'er shall want a trade ;
 Our merchants will employ us,
 To fetch them wealth we know,
 Then be bold, work for gold,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

*Altered from an old Ballad, by Martin
 Parker, Pepysian Library, Magdalen
 College, Cambridge, 15 verses, see Rit-
 son, page 147, Mecl.*

Convito, p. 452.—Single, Birchall's.—Ditto, Chappell's.

* ' Being a relation of their perils and dangers, and of the extra-
 ordinary hazards they undergo in their adventures ; together with
 their undaunted valour, and rare constancy in all their extremities ;
 and the manner of their rejoicing on shore, at their return home.'

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—W. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

You pretty birds that sit and sing,
 Amidst the shady vallies,
 And see how sweetly Phillis walks,
 Within her guarded alleys :
 Go pretty birds unto her bow'r,
 Sing pretty birds, she may not low'r;
 For fear my fairest Phillis frown,
 You pretty wantons warble.

Go, tune your voices harmony,
 And sing I am her lover !
 Strain low, and high, that ev'ry note,
 With sweet consent may move her :
 Go, pretty birds, unto her hie,
 Haste, pretty birds, unto her fly :
 Ah, me ! methinks I see her frown,
 You pretty wantons warble.—*Dryden*.

3d Collection, Birchall, p. 12.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—T. ATTWOOD.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

IN masons' hearts let joy abound !
 Let a fraternal health go round !
 Fill all the bowls up, fill them high,
 Fill all the goblets there, for why,

When masons meet, should they be dry?
 Why, sons of candour, tell me why?

Our work is done—we've fed the poor,
 We've chas'd the wolf, from sorrow's door:
 Then fill the bowls up, fill them high,
 Fill all the goblets there, for why
 Should ev'ry mortal drink but I?
 Why, sons of morals, tell me why?

Altered by J. Perry from Cowley.

Single, Goulding.

GLEE for 4 Voices.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WELCOME, friends of harmony,
 Welcome, brethren of the song;
 Welcome to your old retreat,
 Where Music still delights her throng.
 Here we raise the vocal lay,
 Emulous of your design,
 Here the social glass goes round;
 Friendship and harmony combine.
 Mirth and music haste away,
 To celebrate this cheerful day.

* Said to have been composed by Dr. Cooke, on the Union
 of the Two Catch Clubs.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—T. ATTWOOD:

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base)

BRIGHT o'er the green hill rose the morning ray,
 The wood-lark's song resounded o'er the plain ;
 Fair Nature felt the warm embrace of day,
 And smil'd thro' all her animated reign.
 When young Delight, of Hope and Fancy born,
 His head on tufted wild thyme half reclin'd,
 Caught the gay colours of the orient morn,
 And thence of life this picture vain design'd.
 O born to thought ! to pleasure more sublime
 Than beings of inferior nature prove !
 To triumph in the golden hours of time,
 And feel the charms of Fancy and of Love !
 High favour'd man ! for him unfolding fair,
 In orient light this native landscape smiles ;
 For him sweet Hope disarms the hand of Care,
 Exalts his pleasures, and his grief beguiles.

Monzani.

THE BUTTERFLY.

A FAVOURITE DUET.—J. B. SALE.

(Ten. and Base)

GAY being, born to flutter thro' the day,
 Sport in the sunshine of the present hour :
 On the sweet rose thy painted wings display,
 And cull the fragrance of the op'ning flower.

Time hastens on, the summer ends too soon,
 Take then the rosy minutes as they fly ;
 For soon, alas ! your little life is gone,
 To-day you sparkle, and to-morrow die.

Single, Argyll Rooms.—Ditto Birchall's.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

THRICE happy they who careless laid,
 Beneath some kind embow'ring shade ;
 With rosy wreaths their temples crown,
 In rosy wine their sorrows drown.

Meanwhile the Muses wake the lyre,
 The Graces modest worth inspire ;
 Good-natur'd humour, harmless wit,
 Well-temper'd joys, nor grave, nor light.

There Peace shall spread her dove-like wing,
 And bid her olives round them spring ;
 There Truth shall reign a sacred guest,
 And Innocence to crown the rest.—*Wm. Thomson.*

Vocal Harmony, Clementi, p. 249.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Treble, Contr. 2 Tens. and Base.)

SLEEP ! soft fair form, await th' Almighty's will,
Then rise unchang'd, and be an angel still.

W. B. Earl, Esq. Salisbury.

CONRADE THE GOOD.

TERZETTO* *for 3 Voices.*

(Three Tenors and Violencello.)

HEARD you not his spirit singing ?
Hark ! his passing bell is ringing ;
Conrade the good, whom saints and angels love,
Soon will he tune his harp in choirs above.
There with harmonies that heav'n can hear delighted,
Cherub, and Seraph meet him,
Martyr, and Prophet greet him,
Soothing past pains and grief, by new-born rapture well
requited.

Hear you not his spirit singing ?
He whose passing bell is ringing ;
Melting strains
Ease his pains,

See him rise
Thro' the vaulted skies :
Light in streams,
Of glory beams.

* This elegant Terzetto was engraved from a MS. in the possession of Charles Hatchett, Esq. of Belle-vue House, Chelsea, an ingenious F. R. S. who had taste and judgment to collect the most striking musical beauties, during his continental tour.

W. Shield's Introduction to Harmony.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(2 Trebles, and Base.)

DEAREST, do not now delay me,
Since thou know'st I must be gone ;
Wind and tide 'tis thought do stay me,
But, 'tis wind that must be blown
From that breath, whose native smell
Indian odours far excel.

O then speak, thou fairest fair !
Kill not him who vows to serve thee ;
But perfume the neighbouring air,
Else dull silence sure will starve me ;
'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,
But being restrain'd, a heart is broken.

*From the Comedy of the Spanish Curate,
by Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Single, Birchall.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—WM. HORSLEY.*

(2 Trebles, and Base.)

WHY does azure deck the sky ?

'Tis to be like thy looks of blue ;

Why is red the rose's dye ?

Because it is thy blushes' hue.

All things fair, by heavn's decree,

Have been made resembling thee.

Why is falling snow so white ?

But to be like thy bosom fair :

Why are solar beams so bright ?

That they may seem thy golden hair.

Why are nature's beauties felt ?

O 'tis thine in them we see !

Why has music power to melt ?

O ! because it speaks like thee.

Thomas Little, Esq.

Single, Birchall.

* Set also by Rt. Cooke.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—THOMAS WELCH.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

SHED not your sweets, ye fragrant flow'rs,
 Nor e'er remind me of those hours,
 When Delia sat beneath these bow'rs,

And vow'd she'd constant prove.

The happy moments now are flown,
 And Strephon, sighs his plaints alone ;
 Delia comes not to his moan,

But flies his constant love.

O carol not, sweet nightingale,
 Unless thou dost with me bewail,
 That sighs and tears cannot prevail,

And Delia's pity move.

Sing loud ye birds, breathe perfum'd rose,
 Surpassing ev'ry flow'r that blows ;
 Delia comes to soothe my woes,

And bless me with her love. *Thomas Welch.*

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—WM. KNYVETT.

(2 Trebles and Base ; or Treble, Ten. and Base.)

THERE is a bloom of heavenly hue,

A bloom by mem'ry given ;

To ev'ry flow'r that bursts to view,

Beneath youth's summer, heav'n.

Youth's ev'ry joy, that while possess'd
 Seem'd scarcely worth possessing ;
 In mem'ry's shadowy mantle dress'd,
 Appears a slighted blessing.
 Youth's very woes, when by the cloud
 Of misty distance shaded,
 Look, tho' enrob'd in sorrow's shroud,
 Like joys that time has faded.

W. Mc. Gregor Logan.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—THOMAS ATTWOOD.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

'Twas on an ever blithsome day,
 The social birth of rosy May ;
 When gen'ral warmth, no more supprest,
 Now melts the frost in ev'ry breast.
 The cheek with secret flushing dyes,
 And looks kind things from chastest eyes.

The sun with healthier visage glows,
 Aside his clouded kerchief throws ;
 And dances up th' etherial plain,
 Where late he used to climb with pain.
 While Nature, as from bonds set free,
 Springs out, and gives her soul to glee.

Langhorn.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HAWES.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base)

OH ! where is the flower that bloom'd in the vale,
 When spring's early morn so deceitfully shone,
 Its sweetness, its freshness, once scented the gale,
 But its sweetness, its freshness, for ever is gone.
 The cold hand of frost, with rude winds have pass'd o'er,
 And it lies there forgotten, to blossom no more ;
 Oh ! where's the gay form, that in youth's early day,
 When the world, and its joys, seem'd for ever in store.
 Its beauties, its virtues, were bright as the ray,
 Its beauties, its virtues, alas ! are no more,
 But the cold hand of death, has pass'd over in vain,
 It is not forgotten, 'twill blossom again.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—THOMAS WELCH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

Hark ! hark ! hark ! 'tis the whistling wind,
 That sweeps along the trembling vine,
 And with its blighting breath unkind,
 Kills the curling shoots, that there entwine.
 Now Bacchus mourns, with pallid face,
 Nor from the blighted vintage flies ;
 The shiver'd leaves, his resting place ;
 And 'midst the wounded fruit he dies !
 The mighty Bacchus dies, alas ! he dies,

Ye social band, now join with me,
 To sing the last sad elegy
 Of Bacchus, he that son of Glee ;
 The patron, friend, and soul of harmony,
 Around thy tomb, let weeping clusters cling,
 Whose rosy tears, emit their grateful store ;
 A requiem sad ! O let thy vot'ries sing
 To thee, great Bacchus, who art now no more.
 But see, the piercing beam
 Pours forth its cheering gleam ;
 And swelling clusters bend the supple vine ;
 And Bacchus, from his earthy bed,
 Now raises up his grape-crown'd head ;
 And longs, his parching lips to lave with rosy wine.
 Now care in the copious bowl we'll drown,
 And the joyous hours with bumpers crown ;
 Nor love, nor mirth, nor wine shall sever :
 Live, live, great Bacchus, live for ever.

Mr. Cherry

Single, Argyll Rooms.

* The above Glee was honoured by the award of a splendid Prize Cup, from the Amateur Glee Club, Dublin, the gift of the Honourable George O'Callaghan, to the Composer, after having been kept open ten years for a competitor.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*

Harmonized by WM. HAWES, from a Vauxhall Song.

The Air by Mr. BROOKS.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

Low in a vale, where flow'rets sweet,
 Diffuse their rich perfumes ;
 Where pleasure, health, and friendship meet,
 A lovely maiden blooms.
 No blushing tint around the sky,
 No rose that scents the valley,
 Can with this beauteous maiden vie,
 The Shepherd's daughter, Sally.
 In stately form, the woodbine grows
 Around her lowly cot :
 A crystal stream beside it flows,
 And beautifies the spot.
 The Nightingale, from tree to tree,
 Sings sweetly in the valley,
 Then, O how truly blest must be,
 The shepherd's daughter, Sally.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—THOMAS WELCH.

(Treble, Con. and Base.)

THE night is rainy, dark, and chill,
 Pray ope your cottage door ;
 The torrents from the dreary hill,
 In dreadful fury pour.

The night is rainy, &c.

Our wand'ring feet are weary grown,
 By hunger we're oppress'd ;
 Then let our sad and plaintive moan,
 With pity move thy breast.

Our pray'rs to heav'n shall daily rise,
 For blessings on thy head ;
 May sorrow never dim thine eyes.
 Nor sleep forsake thy bed.

Come in, an aged shepherd cried,
 And kindly rais'd the latch ;
 The board but humbly is supplied,
 Beneath my lowly thatch.

But of that little, take a part,
 A shelter from the storm ;
 For glad 'twill make my aged heart,
 To keep you dry and warm.

Our pray'rs to heav'n, &c.

Thomas Welch.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Mr. MULLINEX.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

And ye shall walk in silk attire,
 And siller hae to spare ;
 Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
 Nor think of Donald mair.
 Oh wha would buy a silken gown,
 Wi' a poor broken heart ?
 Or what's to me a siller crown,
 Gin frae my love I part.
 His gentle manners won my heart,
 He gratefu' took the gift ;
 Cou'd I but think to seek it back,
 It would be war' than theft.
 For langest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me,
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my troth,
 I'll lay me down and die.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

THE JOLLY VICAR.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. BEN. ROGERS.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

LET the bells now ring,
 And let the boys sing,
 The young lasses trip and play ;
 The cup go about,
 Until it be out,
 Our learned Vicar, we'll stay.

Let the pig turn round,
 Hey, merrily, hey,
 And then the fat goose shall swim :
 For merrily hey,
 Our Vicar, this day shall be trim.
 The stew'd cock shall crow,
 Cock a doodle doo,
 Aloud cock a doodle shall crow :
 The duck and the drake
 Shall swim in a lake
 Of onions and claret below.
 We'll labour and toil
 To fertile the soil,
 And tithes shall come thicker, and thicker;
 We'll fall to the plough,
 Get children enough,
 And thou shall be learned, O Vicar !

Playford's Musical Companion, p. 170, 1673.

GLEE for 4 Voices — W. LINLEY, Esq.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

Now the blue fly's gone to bed,
 And the boding raven sings ;
 Soft through daisy'd wilds we tread,
 And on tall reeds wave our wings.
 Hush ! our princess is at hand,
 In a mist, aloft she flies,

Sprinkling dew, o'er sea and land,
 What time the pale star 'gins to rise.
 Behind her floating chariot, soon
 Along the winding shores will creep,
 The fair and silver-slipper'd moon,
 And smile the river boys to sleep,
 In sedgy cradles where they lie.
 Come, take hands then, one and all,
 And to yon tinkling waterfall
 Sing lullaby. *Chas. Loftley, Esq.*

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE for 4 Voices.

Scottish Air, harmonized by *W. Hawes.*

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

Down the burn, and through the mead,
 His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
 Johnny, lilting, tun'd his reed,
 And to his Mary, told his vow.
 Dear she lov'd the well-known song.
 While her Johnny,
 Blithe and bonny,
 Sung her praise, the whole day long,
 Down the burn, and through the mead.

Gold and titles give not health,
 And Johnny could nae these impart ;
 Youthful Mary's greatest wealth,
 Was still her faithful Johnny's heart.
 Sweet the joys, the lovers find,
 Great the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Where the heart is always kind.
 Down the burn, &c.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

ADDRESS TO HOPE.

GLEE *for 8 Voices*.—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(2 Trebles, 2 Cons. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

DAUGHTER OF FAITH ! awake, arise, illumine
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb ;
 Melt and disperse, ye spectre doubts that roll
 Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul,
 Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
 The noon of heaven, undazzled by the blaze,
 On heav'nly winds, that waft her to the sky ;
 Float the sweet tones of star-born Melody.

Campbell.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—W. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

GOOD folk, for gold or hire,
 But help me to a crier !
 For my poor heart is run astray
 After two eyes, that passed this way.
 O YES ! O YES ! O YES !
 If there be any man
 In town or country can
 Bring me my heart again,
 I'll please him for his pain.
 And by these marks I will you shew,
 That only I, this heart do owe.
 It is a wounded heart,
 Wherein yet sticks the dart ;
 Every piece sore hurt without it,
 Faith, and troth, writ round about it.
 It was a tame heart, and a dear,
 That never used to roam ;
 But, having got this haunt, I fear
 'Twill hardly stay at home.
 For heaven's sake—walking by the way—
 If you my heart do see,
 Either impound it for a stray,
 Or send it back to me.

Mich. Drayton, 1630.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—H. BISHOP.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

FORRESTERS, sound the cheerful horn,
 Hark ! to the woods away !
 Diana, with her nymphs, this morn
 Will hunt the stag to bay.
 At length returned from healthful chace,
 Let Bacchus crown the day ;
 While Venus, with seducing grace,
 Shall all our toil repay.—*John Petre, Esq.*

Single, Goulding's.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

Rise, winds of autumn, rise. Blow along the heath.
 Streams of the mountains roar. We take a stone of
 moss, amidst the song of bards, we place beneath the
 shields of the foe ; we raise the mould around the stone,
 and bid it speak to other years. Daughter of the stream
 now rear'd on high, speak ! speak ! to the feeble, after
 Selma's race have fail'd. Prone from the stormy night,
 the traveller shall lay him by thy side. The whistling
 moss shall sound in his dreams, the years that are past
 shall return.

Ossian.

Dr. Callcott's book, by Horsely, p. 87, 1st Vol.—Birchall's.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

FILL the horn of glossy blue,
 Ocean's bright cerulean hue,
 Briskly quaff the flav'rous mead,
 'Tis a day to joy decreed.
 High the fame of Tudor's birth,
 Valour his, and conscious worth:

Mr. Mathias.

Dr. Callcott's book, by Horsley, p. 111, 1st Vol.—Birchall's.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

RADIANT ruler of the day,
 Pause upon thy orb sublime;
 Bid this awful moment stay,
 Bind it on the brow of time.—*Mr. Mathias.*

Dr. Callcott's book, by Horsley, p. 115, 1st Vol.—Birchall's.

The above appears to be taken from the Oratorio of Saul, by Handel.—Oh! thou bright orb, great ruler of the day!

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

GREEN thorn of the hill of ghosts, that shakest thy head
 to nightly winds! I hear no sound in thee; is there no

spirit's shadowy form, now rustling in thy leaves? often
are the steps of the dead, on the dark eddying blast:
when the moon, a shield, is roll'd along the sky.

Ossian.

Dr. Callcott's book, by Horsley, p. 118, 1st Vol.—Birchall's.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

FROM the chambers of the East,
In robes of terror grimly drest,
Ymir hath his course begun,
Rival of th' unwearied sun.
Now, in many a glist'ring wreath,
Above, around, and underneath;
The serpent dread, of dateless birth,
Girds the devoted globe of earth:
And, as charm'd by pow'rful spell,
Ocean heaves, with furious swell;
While the vessel's floating pride,
Stems Duration's rounding tide.

Mr. Mathias.

Dr. Callcott's book, by Horsley, p. 124, 1st Vol.—Birchall's.

EPITAPH IN BRADING CHURCH-YARD, ISLE OF WIGHT.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

FORGIVE, blest shade, the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exit, from a world like this,
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stay'd thy progress to the seats of bliss.
No more confin'd to grov'ling scenes of night,
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay ;
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

Dr. Callcott's book, by Horsley, p. 44, 2d Vol.—Birchall.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

LORDLY gallants tell me this,
Though my safe content you weigh not,
In your greatness what one bliss,
Have you gain'd that I enjoy not ?
You have honour, you have wealth,
I have peace, and I have health ;
All the day I merry make,
And at night no care I take.

Bound to none my fortunes be,
This or that man's fall I fear not ;

Him I love that loveth me,
 For the rest, a pin I care not.
 You are sad when others chafe,
 And grow merry as they laugh ;
 I that hate it, and am free,
 Laugh and weep as pleaseth me.

George Wither, 1614.

Dr. Callecott's book, by Horsley, p. 58, 2d Vol.—Birchall.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles, and Base.)

OH, tarry gentle traveller !
 Oh, tarry now at close of day,
 Nor haste to leave these fertile vales,
 For lofty mountains far away.
 Yon sun that gilds the village spire,
 And gaily flings his parting ray ;
 Say, smiles he not as sweetly o'er
 Thy native village far away.
 Ah ! waste not thus thy fleeting days,
 In alien lands and paths unknown ;
 For happier scenes await thee back,
 Which bounteous fortune made thine own.
 Return then, gentle traveller,
 Return thee with the morning ray ;
 Nor leave again thy fertile vale,
 For barren mountains far away.

Dr. Callcott's book, by Horsley, p. 62, 2d Vol.—Birchall's.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles and Base)

SWEET blossom hear a father's sighs,
 That longs to fold thee in his arms ;
 Rise from thy cave, soft Zephyr, rise,
 And waft me to his op'ning arms.
 Too long the shades of sullen pain
 Have kept their vigils o'er the urn,
 Why Health, delay thy promis'd reign,
 O ! let me, let me soon return.

Dr. Callcott's book, by Horsley, p. 122, 2d Vol.
 Supposed to have been written by the Composer.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

COME on the light wing'd gale; on the breeze of the
 desert come. Let me hear thy voice as thou passest,
 when mid-day is silent around. *Ossian.*

Dr. Callcott's book, by Horsley, p. 93, 2d Vol.—Birchall.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles, and Base.)

THOU palsied Earth, with noon-day night o'erspread !
 Thou sick'ning Sun, so dark, so deep, so red !
 Ye hov'ring ghosts, that throng the starless air,
 Why shakes the earth, why fades the light ? declare !

Are these his limbs with ruthless scourges torn?
 His brows all bleeding with the twisted thorn,
 His the pale form ; the meek forgiving eye,
 Rais'd from the cross in patient agony ?
 Be dark, thou Sun ! thou noon-day Night arise,
 And hide, O hide, the dreadful sacrifice !

From Heber's Palestine.

Dr. Callcott's book, by Horsley, p. 112, 2d Vol.—Birchall.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—DR. CALLCOTT.

(Con. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

WHY, why does beauteous Lina weep ?
 Whence those lorn notes in accents deep ?
 A day of war, prepare, prepare,
 Aloft in distant realms of air.
 Mark, mark the murd'rous monster stalk,
 In printless majesty of walk ;
 Odin, fearless, meets the shock,
 The tow'rs of heav'n around him rock ;
 Tho' arm'd in panoply divine,
 He yields ! and owns the fated sign.
 To the mansions drear, he turns,
 Still the beauteous Lina mourns.

Mathias's Twilight of the Gods.

Dr. Callcott's book, by Horsley, p. 124, 2d Vol.—Birchall.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—JAS. ELLIOTT.*Prize, Catch Club, 1822.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

LET those complain that feel Love's cruelty,
 And in sad legends write their woes,
 With roses gently he corrected me,
 My war is without rage or blows.
 My mistress' eyes shine fair on my desires,
 And hope springs up, inflam'd with her new fires.

No more an exile will I dwell,
 With folded arms and sighs all day,
 Reck'ning the torments of my hell,
 And flinging my sweet joys away.
 I'm call'd home again to quiet peace,
 My mistress smiles and all my sorrows cease.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—JAS. ELLIOTT.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

A CHOIR of bright beauties, in spring did appear,
 To choose a May Lady, to govern the year;
 The Nymphs were in white, and the Shepherds in green,
 The garland was given, and Phillis was queen;
 But Phyllis refus'd it, and sighing, did say,
 I'll not wear a garland, while Pan is away.

While Pan, and fair Syrinx, are fled from our shore,
 The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no more ;
 The soft god of pleasure, that warm'd our desires,
 Has broken his bow, and extinguish'd his fires ;
 And vows that himself, and his mother will mourn,
 'Till Pan, and fair Syrinx, in triumph return.

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more,
 For we will perform, what the Deity swore ;
 But if you dare think, of deserving our charms,
 Away with your sheep-hooks, and take to your arms :
 Then laurels, and myrtles, your brows shall adorn,
 When Pan, and his son, and fair Syrinx return.

Dryden.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE for 4 Voices—WM. HAWES.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHEN the Night blows her mantle o'er the scene,
 Where once thy tow'rs their battlements rais'd high,
 And thine halls, gladness sounded to the sky ;
 Pois'd in mid air, yon clouds this earth between,
 Methinks I see thine image, glistening sheen,
 In form of vap'ry spirit hover nigh,
 Whisp'ring upon the breeze thy tender sigh !
 Then with deep list'ning ear and pensive mien,
 It murmurs : " All is silent ; not a sound
 Breathes even from the grave ; the spell is gone ;

The stones he scatter'd in cold heaps around ;
 'Tis o'er ;—the work of final ruin's done !
 Rise, spark of fire, unquench'd ! from distance wake,
 With lamp that scorns to die, thy place 'mid tempests
 take."

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—JAMES ELLIOTT.

(Cons. 2 Tens. and Base.)

COME to my longing arms, my lovely care,
 And take the presents which the nymphs prepare ;
 White lilies in full canisters they bring,
 And all the glories of the purple spring.
 The daughters of the flood have search'd the mead
 For vi'lets pale, and cropt the poppy's head ;
 Myself will search on planted grounds at home,
 For downy peaches, and the glossy plum.
 And thrash the chesnuts in the neighb'ring grove,
 Such as my Amyrillis us'd to love ;
 The laurel and the myrtle sweets agree,
 And both in nosegays shall be bound for thee.

Dryden's Virgil.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. KNYVETT.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

O STAY sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray ;
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,

Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again, that tender part,
 That I may catch thy menting art,
 For surely that wad touch her heart,

Who kills me with disdain.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind,
 O nought but love and sorrow join'd,

Such notes o' woe could waken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care,
 Of speechless grief, and dark despair,
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
 Or my poor heart is broken.

Single, Chappell.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—DR. CALLCOTT.

(Con. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

NYMPH of the rock, whose dauntless spirit, braves
 The beating storm, and bitter winds that howl
 Round thy cold breast, and hears the bursting waves,
 And the deep thunder with unshaken soul.

Oh! come, and shew how vain the cares that press
 On this weak bosom! and how little worth
 Is the false fleeting meteor, happiness,
 That still misleads the wand'ers of the earth.
 Strengthened by thee, this heart shall cease to melt,
 O'er ills, that poor humanity must bear;
 Nor friends estrang'd, nor ties dissolv'd be felt,
 To leave regret or fruitless anguish there,
 And when, at length, it heaves its latest sigh,
 Thou, and mild hope, shall teach me how to die.

Bland, vol. 5, p. 575.—Single, Birchall.

JESSIE.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—WM. KNYVETT.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

TRUE hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
 And fair are the maids o' the banks o' the Ayr;
 But, by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
 Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair.
 To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over,
 To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain;
 Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.
 O fresh is the rose, in the gay dewy morning,
 And sweet is the lily, at ev'ning close;
 But, in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.

Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring,
 Enthron'd in her e'en, he delivers his law :
 And still to her charms, she alone is a stranger,
 Her modest demeanor's the jewel of A'.

Burn's Poems.

Single, Birchall.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Sir J. STEVENSON, M.D.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

BUDS of roses, virgin flow'rs,
 Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bow'rs,
 In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
 Till with crimson drops they weep;
 Twine the rose, the garland twine;
 Ev'ry leaf distilling wine.
 Drink, drink, and smile, and learn to think
 That we were born to smile and drink.
 Rose, rose, thou art the sweetest flow'r
 That ever drank the amber show'r.
 Rose, rose, thou art the fondest child
 Of dimpled spring, the wood-nymph wild;
 Even the gods that walk the sky,
 Are am'rous of thy scented sigh:
 Then bring me show'rs of roses, bring,
 And shed them round me while I sing.

From Anacreon, by Thomas Moore, Esq.

Single, Power's.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—DR. CALLCOTT.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHEN Spring returns to deck the flow'ry field,
 And warns the pregnant nightingale to build,
 She seeks the safer shelter of the wood,
 Where she may trust her little tuneful brood ;
 Where no rude swain her shady cell may know,
 No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow ,
 Warbling she charms it each returning night,
 And loves it with a mother's dear delight.

Bland, vol. v. p. 572 —Birchall.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—DR CALLCOTT.

(Con. Ten. and 2 Bases.)

No more shall Illion boast her towers,
 That once in peerless pride unconquer'd stood,
 That rose superior to the hostile flood,
 And sternly brav'd the Grecian powers.
 Now of her crested honours shorn,
 Her spires in mould'ring, mould'ring ruins lie,
 And, ah ! yon natal hills forlorn,
 Now fade for ever on my parting eye.

C. Butler.

Bland, vol. v. p. 583.—Birchall.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Cons. 2 Tens. and Base.)

To the woods I love to go,
 When the leaves are green, and the meadows smile,
 When the hawthorns bud and blow,
 And the spring doth the wintry care beguile;
 How fresh the flow'rs, the fields how fair,
 For ah! I met my Colin there.

Bland, vol. v. p. 592.—Birchall.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Mr. DANBY.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

FAIREST daughter of the year,
 Ever blooming lovely May;
 While the vivid skies appear,
 Nature smiles, and all is gay.
 Friend of thine, the shepherd plays,
 Blithsome near the yellow broom;
 While his flock, that careless strays,
 Seeks the wild thyme's sweet perfume.
 May, with thee I mean to rove,
 O'er the lawns and valleys fair:
 Tune my gentle lyre to love,
 Cherish hope, and soften care.

Round me shall the village swains,
 Shall the rosy nymphs appear ;
 While I sing in rural strains,
 May, to shepherds ever dear.

Mr. King's book, p. 14.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—WM. LINLEY.

(Treble, Con. and Base.)

YE sportive loves that round me wait,
 On this high poplar hang my lyre ;
 While heav'n thus smiles, and vernal airs
 Play wanton in the leaves.
 The trembling strings, a whisp'ring breeze
 Soft shall attune, while I beneath,
 On this green bank supinely lie,
 Thus carelessly diffuse.
 The rilling brook that murmurs by,
 Shall lull my thoughts, till gentle sleep
 Seize me with pleasing golden dreams
 Of my Emira blest.
 Give me the Queen of Beauty's throne,
 With eyes that speak the soul of love,
 Sweet as the breath of rising morn,
 Or breezes from the spicy grove ;
 O come, with all thy heav'n of charms,
 And take me dying to thy arms.

Mr. King's book, p. 66.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—C. S. EVANS.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

'The dazzling air,
That flings its glare,
O'er folly's idle maze ;
Like vap'rous light
In wintry night,
Bewilders and betrays.

But smiles that play,
In softened ray,
Round virtue's home of peace.
With wild controul,
Enchain the soul,
In joys that never cease.

Mr. King's book, p. 72.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. BEALE.

(Treble, 2 Tens. and Base.)

SHALL I, like a hermit, dwell
On a rock, or in a cell ?
Calling home the smallest part,
This is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may,
Meet a rival ev'ry day ?
If she under- value me,
What care I how fair she be.

Were her tresses angel gold ;*
 If a stranger may be bold,
 Unrebuked, unafraid,
 To convert them to a brayde,
 And with little more ado,
 Work them into bracelets too ;
 If the mine be grown so free,
 What care I how rich it be.
 Were her hands as rich a prize
 As her hair, or precious eyes ;
 If she lay them out to take
 Kisses, for good manners' sake,
 And let ev'ry lover skip
 From her hand unto her lip ;
 If she seem not chaste to me,
 What care I how chaste she be.
 No, she must be perfect snow
 In effect as well as show,
 Warming but as snowballs do,
 Not, like fire, by burning too ;
 For when she by chance hath got
 To her heart a second lot,
 Then, if others share with me,
 Farewell her, whate'er, she be,

Sir Walter Raleigh.

Mr. King's book, p. 116

* Gold, coined into Angels, was so termed, being of a finer kind than crown gold.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—J. HINDLE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

PLEASURE's enchanted ground I'll tread,
 Where Love and youthful Fancy lead ;
 For Life as yet is in her spring,
 As yet I'll try and laugh, and sing.
 When Cynics rail, or Pedants frown,
 My smile repays their angry brow ;
 Their rigid maxims I disown,
 I hate the gloomy selfish crew.
 Be mine the joys of social life,
 Where innocence and peace reside ;
 Still may good-humour vanquish strife,
 And honour reign each action's guide.

King's book, p. 133.

LESSON OF LOVE.

A FAVORITE TERZETTO *for 3 Voices.*—PAISIELLO.

(Treble, Ten. and Base.)

THE INDIFFERENT.

LESSONS of love, with malice fraught,
 Cupid, I'll ne'er receive from thee ;
 Fair be thy face, thy heart is nought,
 (No,) none of thy wiles, and smiles, for me :

THE BACCHANAL.

Thus, with my glass, I care defy ;
 (Bacchus !) thy treasures, and pleasures, are mine.
 Thirst in my soul, the flask ne'er dry,
 What pleasures can equal good wine ?

THE INNAMORATO.

In sighs, I waste the glow of day,
 In tears, consume the gloom of night;
 With Julia, fled my joys away,
 And earth no more can yield delight.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

TRIO.—Sir J. STEVENSON.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

OH ! stranger, lend thy gentle barque,
 To waft us safely o'er
 This swelling tide, so drear and dark,
 To yonder island's shore.
 Oh ! come, 'tis Love, that bids thee haste,
 I dread to linger here ;
 O'er many a wild, to-day I've pac'd,
 With doubt and trembling fear.
 Yes, yes I'll lend my gentle barque,
 To waft you safely o'er
 This swelling tide, so drear and dark,
 To yonder island's shore.

Blow gently then, sweet ev'ning breeze,
 Let softest gales be nigh ;
 Oh ! hush, ye wild and swelling seas,
 Be silent as the sky.
 Come haste, oh ! boatman, haste away,
 'Tis danger here to pause ;
 For o'er the last sweet blush of day,
 The Night her shadow draws.
 From hated foes, and prison tow'rs,
 I freed my lovely bride ;
 And with her now I seek the bow'rs
 That bloom o'er yonder tide.
 Yes, yes, I know them well, the foe
 Can never reach you there ;
 So, in my kindly barque I'll go,
 Young chief and maiden fair.

J. A. Wade, Esq.

Single, Power.

GLEE* *for 4 Voices.*

Selected and Arranged by H. BISHOP.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

COME o'er the brook, Bessé, to me,
 My charming pretty Bessé ;
 No, she dares not come o'er to thee,
 My charming pretty Bessé.

For herds are weeping,
 Flocks are sleeping,
 Nymphs all peeping
 Fearfully :
 No, she dares not come o'er to thee.

From Dr. Callcott.†

But merrily,
 So merrily
 For oh !
 Loves's bow
 Shoots buck and doe.

Goulding's, single.

* Sung in Shakspeare's Comedy called Twelfth Night—from Ford's Glee, "Since first I saw your face."

† Glee, "Mark the merry elves."

GLEE for 4 Voices.—T. ATTWOOD.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

THE harp's wild notes, though hush'd the song,
 The mimic march of death prolong ;
 Now seems it far, and now anear,
 Now meets, and now eludes, the ear ;
 Now seems some mountain's side to sweep ;
 Now faintly dies in vallies deep ;
 Now seems as if the minstrels wail ;
 Now the sad requiem loads the gale :
 Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
 Rung the full choir in choral stave.

Lay of the Last Minstrel—Walter Scott.
 Single, Monzani.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—THOS. WELCH.*

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

IF wine and music have the pow'r
 To ease the sickness of the soul ;
 Let Phœbus ev'ry string explore,
 And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
 Let them their friendly aid employ,
 To make my Chloe's absence light,
 And seek for pleasure, to destroy
 The sorrows of this live-long night.

Mat. Prior.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
 Plumpy† Bacchus, with pink eyne ;
 In thy vat, our cares be drown'd,
 †Cup us till the world goes round.

Anthony and Cleopatra.

* Lost the Prize by only One Vote, 1811. † Rosy.

† With thy grapes our brows be crown'd.—Altered.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—THOS. WELCH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

MILD star of eve, whose tranquil beams
 Are grateful to the Queen of Love ;
 Sweet planet, whose effulgent gleams,
 More bright than all the pow'rs above ;
 And only to the moon's clear light,
 Yields the first honours of the night ;

All hail ! thou soft and holy star,
 Fair glory of the midnight sky,
 And when my steps are wand'ring far,
 Leading the shepherd minstrelsy ;
 Then if the Moon deny her ray,
 Oh ! light me, Hesper, on my way.
 No savage robber of the dark,
 No foul assassin, claims thy aid ;
 To point the dagger to its mark,
 Or guide him to his plund'ring trade.
 My gentle errand is to prove
 The transports of requited love.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—THOS. WELCH.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

AH ! should my love in fight be slain,
 I ne'er could bear my woe ;
 This constant heart would burst with pain,
 Yet no distraction shew.
 This faithful eye no tear would shed,
 This lip would own no sigh ;
 I would but hear my love was dead,
 Then bless his name and die.
 Should then the trumpet wake thy zeal,
 Dear youth, guard well thy life ;

Tho' for thyself thou canst not feel,
 Yet, oh ! preserve thy wife ;
 For, like the grafted flow'r, that lends
 Some hardier plant the bloom,
 The storm which on the one descends,
 Must breathe a double doom. *Dimond.*

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—THOMAS WELCH.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

LIFE's a varied bright illusion,
 Joy and sorrow, light and shade ;
 Turn from sorrow's dark suffusion,
 Catch the pleasures ere they fade.
 Fancy paints the hues unreal,
 Smiles of bliss, and sorrow's mood ;
 If they both are but ideal,
 Why regret the seeming good.
 Hence, no more, 'tis wisdom calls ye,
 But ye court time's present aid ;
 The future trust not, hope enthral's ye,
 Catch the pleasures ere they fade.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—THOMAS WELCH.

(2 Trebles, and Base.)

VOICES of echoing Cona,
 Bards of the times of old,
 Strike the harp in my hall,
 And let me hear the sound.
 Pleasing is the joy of grief,
 When the tear of mem'ry flows :
 It is like the show'r of spring,
 When it softens the branch of the oak :
 The spear has laid my warriors low,
 But their fame shall never die,
 Ye bards of the times of old !
 Snatch their glories from the grave.—*Ossian*.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*—THOMAS WELCH.

(2 Trebles, Con. and Base.)

O who is he that loves me,
 And has my heart a keeping,
 As dews o' summer weeping,
 In tears the rose buds steeping.
 O that's the laddie of my heart,
 My laddie ever dearest ;
 O he's the king of all the earth,
 And to my heart the nearest.

}

If thou shalt meet a laddie,
 In grace and beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen laddie,
 Ere while thy breasts ae warming
 Had ne'er such pow'rs alarming.

O he's the king of all the earth, &c.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—THOMAS WELCH.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.

LITTLE bird, with bosom red,
 Welcome to my humble shed :
 Courtly domes of high degree,
 Have no room, for thee, and me.
 Pride and Pleasure's fickle throng,
 Little* mind an idle song.
 Daily near my table steal,
 While I pick my scanty meal.
 Doubt not, little tho' there be,
 But I'll throw† a crumb to thee ;
 Well rewarded if I spy
 Pleasure in thy glancing eye.
 See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,
 Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.

Little bird, &c.

§ Come, my feather'd friend, again,
 Well thou know'st the broken pane,

Ask of me thy daily store :
 Go not near Avarro's† door.
 Once within his iron hall,
 Woeful end shall thee befall ;
 Savage! he would soon divest
 Of its rosy plumes thy breast ;
 Then, with solitary joy,
 Eat thee, bones and all my boy ! *Langhorn.*

* Nothing.

† Cast.

‡ A cruel and covetous man.

Single, Argyll Rooms:

§ Not in the Glee.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—THOMAS WELCH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHERE is the smile, that was heav'n to our eye ?
 Where is the voice, that enchanted our ear ?
 Nought now around us is heard, but the sigh ;
 Nought now around us is seen, but the tear.
 Blest is the cottage, thy smiles do adorn,
 There will the moments be wing'd with delight ;
 Pleasure with thee, shall arise at the morn,
 Raptures retire, with thy beauties at night.

Dr. Wallcott.

Single, Argyll Rooms

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—THOMAS WELCH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

NIGHT oe'r the world her mantle throws,
 And Nature, lull'd by silence, sleeps.
 Save where deep signs betray the woes
 Of him, who love's sad vigils keeps.
 Yet, cruel god, if now the breast
 Of Cinthia owns thy tyrant sway.
 May she thro' night in dreams be blest,
 Nor pangs of absence feel at day.
 But, oh ! shou'd now before her swim,
 No form her pure heart doth prefer !
 Then wake her love to list to him
 Who sighs, who lives alone for her.

Rev. Mr. Spiedel.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—JAMES ADCOCK.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

HARK ! how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
 While ev'ry flow'r of ev'ry sweet they drain ;
 See, how beneath yon hillock's shady steep,
 The shelter'd herds on flow'ry couches sleep !

But sweeter far are Delia's lips,
 Than honey, or the rose ;
 And on her snowy bosom dwells
 More sweet, more soft repose.

Single, Preston.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—JAMES ADCOCK.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

WELCOME mirth, and festive song,
 Welcome, all thy jocund throng ;
 Blithsome, let us sing and play,
 All the gladsome live long day ;
 Life was formed for joy and love,
 Emblem of the state above :
 Fill, then, fill the flowing glass,
 Cheerful let the goblet pass,
 While the sprightly health goes round
 Let the jovial rebels sound.

Single, Goulding.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—WM. HORSLEY, M. B.

(Con. Ten. and Base)

CROWN the passing hour with joy,
 Lest fate no future time allow ;
 For hov'ring woes may soon destroy,
 The smile that decks the gayest brow.

Thy crimson lip, my laughing love,
 May fade too soon by sorrow's blight ;
 And those blue eyes that gaily rove,
 May fix in death's congealing night.
 Then, while we may, let's pass each day
 In all the bliss that earth can give,
 To me that bliss is only this ;
 For music, friendship, love to live.—*Mrs. Opie.*

Single, Clementi.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—HEN. MULLINEX.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

THESE are to whom this world appears,
 But as a brilliant summer scene :
 Their path has been, thro' circling years,
 So sweetly joyous, so serene.
 And such are those, who early prov'd,
 The bliss to love, and to be lov'd.

And there are some, to whom appears,
 This world a frowning winter day ;
 The blossoms of whose op'ning years,
 Have prematurely passed away.
 And such are those, who know the pain,
 To love, and not be lov'd again :
 Then happy those, who early prov'd
 The bliss to love, and to be lov'd.

Wm. Heseltine, Esq.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—F. W. HORNCastle.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

HAIL ! meek-ey'd maiden, clad in sober grey,
 Whose soft approach, the weary woodman loves ;
 As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,
 Jocund, he whistles through the twilight groves.

When Phœbus, sinks behind the gilded hills,
 You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk ;
 The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dew,
 And nurse the nodding violet's tender stalk.

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat,
 To inmost bow'rs, and cooling caverns ran ;
 Return to trip, in wanton ev'ning dance,
 Old Sylvan, too, returns, and laughing Pan.

O modest ev'ning ! oft let me appear,
 A wand'ring vot'ry in thy pensive train ;
 List'ning to ev'ry wildly-warbling note,
 That fills with farewell sweet, the darkning plain.

Dr. Warton's Ode to Evening.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—F. W. HORNCastle.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHAT passion cannot music raise, and quell?
 When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
 His list'ning brethren stood around,
 And, wond'ring, on their faces fell,
 To worship the celestial sound;
 Less than a god, they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell
 That spoke so sweetly, and so well. *Dryden's Ode.*

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—THOMAS WELCH.

(Treble, Con. and Base.,

WE gypsies lead a life of ease,
 As thro' the world we roam;
 We pitch our tents where'er we please,
 And there we make our home.

By day, we traverse hill, and dale,
 Thro' shady lanes we go;
 And round our blazing fire regale,
 When midnight tempests blow.

To fortune's fool, we gravely tell,
 What all his neighbours know;
 And then pretend, by magic spell,
 His future fate to shew.

Where pride and riches are combin'd,
 To keep a watchful eye ;
 Then freely take, whate'er we find,
 And locks, and bolts defy.

Kind Nature sends enough for all,
 So when good things are nigh,
 We but obey her sacred call.
 And Nature's wants supply.

Thomas Welch.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices.*—THOMAS WHEELKS.—1608.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

THREE Virgin Nymphs, were walking all alone,
 Till rude Sylvanus chanced to meet them :
 Ravish'd with joy, he leap'd, and snatch'd at one,
 But missing her, thus rudely greets them,
 Nymphs of the wood, come back again, and kiss me.

Warren's Vocal Harmony, p. 171.

IN VINO VERITAS.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—BEN. COOKE.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

ROUND, round with the glass, boys, as fast as you can :
 Since, he who dont drink, cannot be a true man ;
 For if truth is in wine, (then) 'tis all but a whim,
 To think a man true, when the wine's not in him :
 Drink, drink, then, and hold it a maxim divine,
 That there's virtue in truth, and (that) truth is in wine.

Paul Whitehead.

Warren, No. 10, p. 10.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—S. WEBBE.—*Prize, 1784.*

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

THE fragrant painting of the flow'ry fields,
 The choicest stores, that youthful summer yields,
 Strephon, to fair Eliza, hath convey'd ;
 The sweetest garland, to the sweetest maid.
 O cheer the flow'rs, my fair ! and let them rest
 On the elysium of thy snowy breast :
 But as this night, shall see the wreath decline,
 The roses wither, and the lilies pine ;
 May that a lesson, to my charmer prove,
 To spend each moment of her life, in love.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 458.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—Mr. PAXTON.—Prize, 1784.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

BLEST pow'r, here see thy vot'ry bend,
 Despondent, at thy shrine ;
 Oh ! may my Celia's breast ne'er feel
 The pain, that tortures mine.
 Tell her, the flame that artless burns,
 All pure, within my breast ;
 On her, relies, each hope and fear,
 Which she alone can rest.
 Oh ! bid her own, why thus her heart
 Relentless hears my pain ;
 And kindly wing thy golden dart,
 To make her love again.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 468.

GLEE *for 5 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and 2 Bases.)

SINCE beauty scarce endures a day,
 And youth so swiftly glides away ;
 On sense, and wit, your passion found,
 By decency cemented round.
 Let prudence, with good-nature, strive
 To keep esteem, and love alive ;
 Then come old age, whene'er it will,
 Your friendship shall continue still ;
 And, thus, a mutual, gentle fire,
 Shall never, but with life, expire.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 478.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

NE'ER trouble thyself at the times, nor their turning,
 Afflictions run circular, and wheel about :
 Away with thy murmuring, and thy heart-burning,
 With the juice of the grape, we will quench the fire out.
 Ne'er chain, nor imprison thy soul up in sorrow,
 What fails us to-day, may befriend us to-morrow.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 491.

Playford's Musical Companion, p. 166, pub. 1673.—3 Voices,
 by Mathew Locke.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.—*Prize*, 1785.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

DULL, repining Sons of Care,
 O'er your treasures, waste the night ;
 Lose each moment anxious there,
 (Nor) taste the bloom of sweet delight.
 While to Mirth's gay court we fly,
 Revel there, and truly live ;
 Drain the bowl, where pleasures lie,
 (And) ev'ry hour to rapture give.
 Our wand'ring steps pale Cynthia guides,
 Lest, from the path, we chance to stray ;
 Till we arrive, where Love presides,
 And laughing Bacchus, leads the way.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 497.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

GLIDE slow you silver floods, and ev'ry spring,
Within these shady woods, let no bird sing ;

Nor in this grove, a turtle dove

Be heard, soft cooing to his love :

But silence on each dale and mountain dwell,

Whilst that I, weeping, bid my love farewell.

1st of Britannia's Pastorals, by

Wm. Browne, 1613.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 508.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

LONG from earth, by Discord driv'n,

Where shall Freedom build her home ?

Where shall Peace, the child of heav'n,

Rest at last, and cease to roam ?

Where the conquer'd ocean roars,

Round my country's chalky shores ;

Where the fost'ring sunbeams smile

On the sea god's fav'rite isle.

Hail ! all hail ! my native land,

Long the course of glory keep ;

Long thy sovereign sail expand

O'er the subjugated deep.

Though of Rome's unbounded reign,
 Dust and shade alone remain;
 Thou thy head divine shalt raise,
 Through interminable days.

Thos. Love Peacock.

Poem, "The Genius of the Thames."

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 524.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Dr. CALLCOTT.—Prize, 1787.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

Whann battayle smethynge wythe new quickenn'd gore,
 Bendynge wythe spoiles and bloddie droppynge hedde;
 Dydd the merke ethe of woode and rest explore,
 Seekynge to lie onn pleasure's downie bedde.

Pleasure dauncyng fromm her wode,
 Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine;
 Fromm his visage washed his bloude,
 Hylte hys swerde and gaberdyne:
 All delyghtsomme and contente,
 Fyre enshottynge from hys eyne;
 Ynn hys arms hee dydd herr hente,
 Lyche the merke plante do entwyne.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 537.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

COME gentle loves, your myrtle garlands bring,
 The smiling bow'r with clust'ring roses spread ;
 Come gentle airs, with incense-dropping wing,
 The breathing sweets of vernal odour shed.
 Hark ! as the strains of swelling music rise,
 How the notes vibrate on the fav'ring gale ;
 Auspicious glories beam along the skies,
 And powers unseen the happy moments hail.
 Extatic hours, so ev'ry distant day,
 Like this, serene, on downy wings shall move ;
 Rise, crown'd with joys that triumph o'er decay,
 The faithful joys of fancy and of love.

—*Lunghorn's Visions of Fancy.*

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 568.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—DR. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles, Ten. and Base.)

ONCE, upon my cheek, he said the roses grew,
 But now they're wash'd away, with the cold ev'ning dew ;
 For I wander thro' the night, when all but me have rest,
 And the moon's soft beams, fall (piteously) upon my trou-
 bled breast.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 275.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHEN in the silent midnight grove,
 Sweet Philomela swells her throat,
 With tremulous and plaintive note,
 Expressive of disastrous love :
 I with the pensive pleasures dwell,
 And in their calm sequester'd cell ;
 Listen with rapturous delight,
 To the soft songster of the night.

Cooper's Temper of Aristippus.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 606.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—MR. DANBY.—*Prize, 1791.*

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

O SALUTARIS hostia,
 Quæ cœli pandis ostium ;
 Bella premunt hostilia,
 Da robur fer auxilium.
 Unitrinoque domino,
 Sit sempiterna gloria ;
 Qui vitam sine termino,
 Nobis donet in patria.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 610.

GUY MANNERING.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—H. R. BISHOP.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

THE winds whistle cold,
 And the stars glimmer red,
 The flocks are in fold,
 And the cattle in shed ;
 When the hoar frost was chill
 Upon moorland and hill,
 And was fringing the forest bough ;
 Our fathers wou'd trowl
 The bonny brown bowl,
 Jolly hearts, so will we do now.
 Gaffer Winter may seize upon milk in the pail,
 'Twill be long ere he freeze the bold brandy and ale ;
 For our fathers so bold,
 They laugh'd at the cold,
 When Boreas was bending his brow !
 For they quaff'd mighty ale,
 And they told a blithe tale.—*D. Terry, Esq.*

Goulding, single.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—C. E. HORN.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

OF all the birds on bush or tree,
 Commend me to the owl ;
 Since he may best example be,
 To those the cup may trowl.

For when the sun has left the West,
 He'll choose the tree, that he loves best ;
 And he whoops out his song,
 And he laughs at his jest.
 Then, tho' hours be late, and weather foul,
 We'll drink the health of the bonny owl.

The lark is but a bumpkin fowl,
 He sleeps in his nest till morn ;
 But my blessing on the bonny owl,
 That all night blows his horn.

Then up with your cup, 'til you stagger in speech,
 And match me this catch, 'til you swagger and screech,
 And drink until you wink, my merry men each ;
 For, tho' hours be late, and weather foul,
 We'll drink the health of the bonny owl.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—S. PAXTON.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

FILL, fill your glasses, boys, and drink,
 Let wise ones talk, and grave ones think ;
 Since life's but short, come, let's be gay,
 Time is too dear, to waste away.
 We'll toast our lasses, love and wine,
 In honest souls, should ever join ;

'Tis wine that makes the lover bold,
 Without it, love will soon grow cold ;
 Ne'er may the wretch, who shuns his glass,
 Succeed to win a virtuous lass ;
 But, thro' life's changes, may he prove,
 The scorn of Bacchus, and of love.

Convito, p. 406.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—C. EVANS.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

BEHOLD, my dear, this curious gem,
 Coronis with Apollo ;
 Ah ! who would not, while viewing them,
 Their sweet example follow ?
 The ardent youth his head reclines
 Upon her heaving breast ;
 Around his form her arm entwines,
 While fancy dreams the rest.—*Mackintosh.*

Single, C. Evans.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—C. EVANS.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHILE we the precious goblet sip,
 And press it kindly to the lip ;
 The joy, it gives is bliss divine,
 All hail to thee, then, rosy wine.

The tender fair thou dost improve,
 And mak'st it heav'n with those we love;
 Then social balm, O pow'r divine!
 All hail to thee, thou gen'rous wine.

Isaac Hands—Birmingham.

Single, C. Evans.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—C. EVANS.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

A HUNDRED smiling infant loves, one day,
 Were sporting unrestrain'd, in frolic grace;
 When one began, in wanton mood, to say,
 "Come let us fly;" they all reply'd, "which way?"
 He answer'd, "To the charming Cloris' face;"
 Then to my gentle love they wing'd their flight,
 Like clouds of bees to some fresh op'ning flow'r;
 Some sought her hair, whilst others sigh'd delight
 From her sweet lips, more balmy from their pow'r.
 Two, were reposing in her radiant eyes,
 Nor, knew they well whose place to deem the best;
 'Till one, who fail'd to kindle roseate dies
 On her fair cheek, fell on her fairer breast,
 Then cried exulting, who is now most blest?

Single, C. Evans.

TO THE MEMORY OF LORD VISCOUNT NELSON.

DIRGE *for 4 Voices*.—THOMAS ATTWOOD.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

TOLL Nelson's knell ; a soul more brave
Ne'er triumph'd on the green sea wave :
Sad o'er the hero's honour'd grave,
The ball of death unerring flew,
His cheek has lost its ardent hue,
Amid his gallant, gallant crew.

Yet lift, brave chief, thy dying eyes,
Hark ! loud huzzas, around thee rise,
Aloft the flag of conquest flies ;

The day is won,

The day is won,

Peace to the brave,

Peace to the brave,

But whilst the joyous streamers wave,
We'll think upon the victor's grave.

The Rev. W. Leslie Bowles.

Monzani, Single.

ELEGY III.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—THOMAS ATTWOOD.

(2 Trebles, Ten. and Base.)

BRIGHT o'er the green hills, rose the morning ray,
The woodlark's song resounded o'er the plain ;

Fair Nature felt th' embrace of day,
 And smil'd thro' all her animated reign.
 When young Delight, of Hope and Fancy born,
 His head on tufted wild thyme half reclined,
 Caught the gay colours of the orient morn,
 And thence of Life this picture vain design'd :
 O ! born to thought, to pleasure more sublime
 Than beings of inferior nature prove !
 To triumph in the golden hours of time,
 And feel the charms of Fancy and of Love.
 High savor'd man ! for him unfolding fair,
 In orient light this native landscape smiles ;
 For him sweet Hope disarms the hand of Care
 Exalts his pleasures, and his grief beguiles.

Langhorn's Poems.

Monzani, Single.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—THOMAS ATTWOOD.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

I DID but look and love awhile,
 'Twas but for half an hour ;
 Then to resist I had no will,
 And now I have no pow'r.
 To sigh and wish is all my ease,
 Sighs which do heat impart,
 Enough to melt the coldest ice,
 Yet cannot warm my heart,

O! would you pity, give my heart
 One corner in your breast;
 'Twould learn of you the winning art,
 And quickly steal the rest. *Otway.*

Single, Monzani.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—THOMAS ATTWOOD.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

ADIEU, oh ! ye bow'rs, ye shades ever dear,
 Adieu ye lov'd haunts once so gay ;
 For ever farewell to the smiles of the year,
 Farewell to the smiles of the May.
 Adieu ! oh ye songsters that people the grove,
 With sorrow I bid you depart ;
 Adieu to the joys of contentment and love,
 Ah ; well-a-day ! sighs my poor heart.
 No more may I traverse as Fancy shall lead,
 The valley, or follow the stream ;
 No more, as I wander along the gay mead,
 Must Damon and Love be my theme.
 The dream of delusion which Hope would invite,
 No longer must rapture impart ;
 For lost is the youth, who alone could delight,
 Ah ! well-a-day ! sighs my poor heart.

Single, Monzani.—Ditto, Goulding's.

GLEE *for 4 Voices* — THOMAS ATTWOOD.

(2 Trebles, Ten. and Base.)

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
 And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
 And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?

My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
 Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
 And rock'd me that I should not cry?

My Mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head,
 When sleeping on my cradle bed;
 And tears of sweet affection shed?

My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
 Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,
 And wept for fear that I should die?

My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
 Affectionate and kind to thee,
 Who wast so very kind to me,

My Mother?

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
 My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
 And I will soothe thy pains away,

My Mother.

Miss Taylor.

Single, Monzani.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—THOMAS ATTWOOD.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

FULL well our Christian sires of old,
 Lov'd, when the year its course had roll'd,
 And brought blithe Christmas back again,
 With all its hospitable train ;
 Domestic and religious rite
 Gave honour to the holy night :
 On Christmas Eve the bells were rung,
 The mass was sung, the mass was sung.
 That only night in all the year,
 Saw the stol'd priest the chalice rear ;
 The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen,
 The hall was dress'd with holly green ;
 Forth to the wood did merry men go,
 To gather in the misletoe :
 Then open'd wide the baron's hall,
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all.
 Pow'r laid his rod of rule aside,
 And Ceremony doff'd his pride ;
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,
 That night might village partner chuse.
 The lord, underogating share,
 The vulgar game of post and pair ;
 All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,
 And gen'ral voice, the happy night,
 That to the cottage, as the crown,
 Brought tidings of salvation down.

Walter Scott, Esq. Flodden Field.

Single, Monzani.

INVITATION TO THE BEE.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—THOMAS ATTWOOD.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

CHILD of patient industry,
 Little, active, busy bee,
 Thou art, at early morn,
 Just as the op'ning flow'rs are born,
 'Mong the green and grassy meads,
 Where the cowslips hang their heads ;
 Or by hedge-rows, while the dew
 Glitters on the harebell blue :
 But, when the meadows shall be mown,
 And summer's garlands over blown,
 Then, come, thou little busy bee,
 And let thy home-stead be with me ;
 There, shelter'd by thy straw-built hive,
 In my garden thou shalt thrive,
 And that garden shall supply
 Thy delicious alchymy.
 There, for thee, in Autumn blows
 The indian pink, and latent rose ;
 The mignonette perfumes the air,
 And stock's unfading flow'rs are there :
 Yet fear not when the tempests come,
 And drive thee to thy waxen home,
 That I shall then, most treacherously,
 For thy honey, murder thee

Ah, no ! throughout the winter drear,
 I'll feed thee, that another year
 Thou may'st renew thy industry,
 Among the flow'rs, thou busy bee.

Charlotte Smith.

Single, Monzani.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—THOMAS ATTWOOD.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

WHAT, tho' we shroud in savage den,
 From day's all piercing eye ;
 Yet have we joys as other men,
 Our watchful fears, our perils, cares,
 We sweeten still with liberty.
 The rising sun let others greet,
 We worship his declining ray ;
 And whilst the midnight casks we drain,
 Where sparkling meet, his light and heat,
 We feel alike in every vein,
 The spirit of departed day.

I. Tobin, Esq. Curfew.

Single, Monzani.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—THOMAS ATTWOOD.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

AWAKE the lute,
 The fife, the flute,
 The doric reed, the choral song.
 Come nymphs and swains,
 To pleasure's strains
 Lead the fantastic dance along.
 For lo ! to-day
 The blue-eyed May,
 Once more her jocund reign renews.
 And love and mirth,
 O'er laughing earth,
 Their blended influence wide diffuse.
 The turtle coos,
 The blackbird woos
 His sooty mate, in grove and glen
 The snipe aloft,
 With warbling soft,
 His list'ning partner of the fen.
 The crystal stream,
 Invites the beam,
 Upon its bosom to recline ;
 The beam descends,
 New lustre lends,
 The silver stream's meand'ring line.
 The blooming race
 Expands apace,
 Till hill and dale with beauty glow ;

Light o'er the sky,
 The thin clouds fly,
 While soft the genial breezes blow.
 Now cull a wreath,
 That balm shall breathe,
 Fresh from the dewy couch of morn;
 Meet homage pay,
 To lovely May,
 And all her Sylvan shrine adorn.

Single, Monzani.

FROM THE OPERA OF GUY MANNERING.

GIPSY GLEE, *for 3 Voices*.—Mr. H. R. BISHOP.

(2 Trebles, and Base.)

THE chough and crōw to roost are gone,
 The owl sits on the tree,
 The hush'd winds wail, with feeble moan,
 Like infant charity.
 The wild-fire dances on the fen,
 The red star sheds its ray,
 Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,
 It is our op'ning day!

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
 And clos'd is ev'ry flower,
 And winking tapers faintly peep,
 High from my lady's bower;

Bewilder'd hinds, with shorten'd ken,
 Shrink on their murky way,
 Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,
 It is our op'ning day !

Nor board, nor garner, own we now,
 Nor roof, nor latched door,
 Nor kind mate bound by holy vow,
 To bless a good man's store :
 Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
 And night is grown our day,
 Uprouse ye ! then, my merry men,
 And use it as ye may. *Joanna Baillie.*

Single, Goulding.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—WM. KNYVETT.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

And for 3 Voices—JOHN BAYLIE, Esq.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

BEHIND yon hills, where Lugar flows,
 'Mang moors and mosses many O !
 The wintry sun the day has closed,
 And I'll away to Nannie O !

The westlin wind blaws loud and shrill,
 The night's baith dark and rainy O !
 But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
 And owre the hills to Nannie O !

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young,
 No artful wiles to win ye O!
 May ill bafal the flatt'ring tongue,
 That would beguile my Nannie O!

Our auld guid man delights to view,
 His sheep, and kye, thrive bonnie O!
 But I'm as blithe, that hauds the pleugh,
 An has nae care but Nannie O!

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie O!
 The op'ning daisy, wet with dew,
 No purer is, than Nannie O!

Come weel, come woe, I care na' by,
 I'll tak what heav'n will sen me O;
 Nae ither care in life hae I,
 But live and love my Nannie O!

Burns.

Single, Argyll Rooms.—Bland, vol. vi. p. 708.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—WM. KNYVETT.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

The rose, the sweetly blooming rose,
 Ere from the tree it's torn,
 Is like the charms which beauty shews,
 In life's exulting morn.

But ah ! how soon its sweets are gone,
 How soon it with'ring lies !
 So, when the eve of life comes on,
 Sweet beauty fades and dies :
 Then, since the fairest form that's made,
 Soon with'ring we shall find,
 Let each possess what ne'er will fade,
 The beauty of the mind. C. Fox.
Argyll Rooms.

ODE *for 4 Voices,*

*To the Memory of the late Mr. SAMUEL WEBBE, some years Secretary to the Noblemen's Catch Club. Selected by a Committee, for adaptation to Music. The words by WILLIAM LINLEY, Esq.**

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

Chaunt we the requiem, solemn, sad, and sweet ;
 And mute awhile, amid the festive throng,
 Be joy's inspiring song !

Strew we with cypress boughs the Muses' seat ;
 For he, the father of the varying lay,
 Of pain, and sickness, long the suffering prey,
 Sinks to the grave, and leaves unstrung the lyre,
 Silent each liquid note—extinct its sacred fire.
 List to that plaintive strain !—

Was it “Thy voice, O Harmony !”† that sung
 Anselmo's magic lyre unstrung—
 Ne'er on th' enraptur'd sense to burst again

Those chords so sweetly wild, so full, so clear ?
 It was thy " awful sound !"—the distaut bell
 Beats slow, responsive to the anthem's swell,
 That pours the parting tribute o'er his hallow'd bier.
 "When winds breath soft,†" where rests Anselmo's clay?
 Round our lamented minstrel's shrine
 Shall "Forms unseen§" the deathless wreath entwine,
 Soft warbling in the breeze the tributary lay.

Argyll Rooms.

* Brother to the late Mrs. Sheridan.

† " Thy voice, O Harmony! with awful sound!" Music by Webbe, poetry by Congreve.

‡ " When winds breathe soft." See p. 287. Music by Webbe.

§ " By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung."

From the Glee composed by Dr. Cooke, which gained a prize in 1771, " How sleep the brave." Poetry by Collins

The preceding words were set to music by several professional gentlemen, and the prize assigned to Mr. C. Evans, as being the best composition.

Mr. Samuel Webbe gained twenty-seven prizes, by his compositions in music. He died, at his chambers in Gray's Inn, on Saturday, May 26, 1816, aged 76, and was buried in St. Pancras Churchyard, near Mr. Danby, his master.

GLEE* *for 4 Voices.*

(Con. 2 Tens . and Base.)

Ar that dread hour, when beams celestial day,
 And the world's idle pomp dissolves away,
 When, dreadful in his wrath, th' Almighty shrouds
 His awful thunders, in a night of clouds !
 When Power's vast fabric, shall be rent in twain,
 And monumental flatt'ries plead in vain !
 On thy lone grave the *star of peace* shall shine,
 O Faith ! and saints thy hallow'd form enshrine ;
 Breathe life immortal o'er thy humble sod,
 And bear thee, wing'd with Hope, triumphant to thy
 God ! *Wm. Linley. Esq.*

• The words selected from a poem, by the Composer of the
 Music. Gained the Prize, May 22, 1821, at the Noblemen's Catch
 Club.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—JAS. ELLIOT.—*Prize* 1821.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

INVEST my head with fragrant rose,
 That on fair Flora's bosom grows !
 Distend my veins with purple juice,
 That mirth, may through my soul diffuse !
 'Tis wine, and love, and love in wine,
 Inspires our youth, with flames divine.

Thus, crown'd with Paphian myrtle, I
 In Cyprian shades, will bathing lie ;
 Whose snow, if too much cooling, then
 Bacchus shall warm my blood again.

'Tis wine, and love, and love in wine,
 Inspires our youth with flames divine.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—C. S. EVANS.—*Prize 1821*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

GREAT BACCHUS ! place me near the bowl,
 That I may quench my thirsty soul
 In floods of wine.—Bring me, boy,
 The largest goblet—fill it high,
 Sparkling like fair Hebe's eye,
 Who does not drink, and fill again,
 Endures a life of care and pain,
 Quaff the rich and purple stream,
 Joy, in every eye shall beam ;
 And, in transports of delight,
 Let wine, and music, crown the night.

John Bayley, Esq. of the Madrigal Society.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—LORD MORNINGTON.*

(Treble, Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

A SONNET.

O BIRD of eve ! whose love-sick notes
 I hear across the dale,
 Who nightly to the moon and me,
 Dost tell thy hapless tale :
 O hear a brother mourner's plaint !
 To Chloe's† window fly,
 Tell her I bleed for love of her,
 For love of her I die.

Universal Mag. March 1772, p. 151.

* Father to the Duke of Wellington.

† Anna's.

Mr. Sale, (Secretary to the Noblemen's Catch Club) first set, p.1.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—LORD MORNINGTON.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

HERE let me lie, where infant flow'rets grow,
 Where sweetest verdure, paints the ground below,
 Where the shrill warblers, charm the solemn shade,
 And zephyrs, pant along the cooler glade ;
 Where happy silence lulls the quiet soul,
 And makes it calm as summer's waters roll.

Mr. Sale, first set, p. 3.

ON GENERAL MONK.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Lord MORNINGTON.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

Rest, warrior, rest, what wonders hast thou done !
 Restored Britannia, and an empire won ;
 Falling, thou conquer'st in the arms of death,
 And hail'st the triumph with thy parting breath.
 To tell the tale, no marble can suffice,
 Behold thy hist'ry in a nation's eyes.
 Though to this hallow'd shrine in tears we come,
 Asserted Albion is her hero's tomb.

Mr. Sale, first set, p. 8.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Lord MORNINGTON.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

Soft Sleep ! profoundly pleasing power,
 Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,
 O listen, from thy calm abode,
 And hither wave thy magic rod :
 Extend thy gentle soothing sway,
 And charm the canker care away.

Mr. Sale, first set, p. 12.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Lord MORNINGTON.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

CHOICEST work of this creation,
 Nature's fairest sweetest flow'r;
 Care for thee has no cessation,
 But increases every hour.
 O too lovely charming creature,
 Maid by whom my heart's subdu'd;
 Graces shine in every feature,
 Such before was never view'd.
 Inspir'd by thee, I long, I burn,
 To give thy worth the highest praise;
 I wish to pay a just return,
 But weak and feeble are my lays.

Mr. Sale, first set, p. 20.

CORYDON'S SONG.*

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 3 Tens. and Base.)

" Well, then, I will begin, for I hate contention ;

I.

Oh the sweet contentment,
 The countryman doth find !
 Heigh trollollie loe,
 Heigh trollollie lee,

That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind :

Then care away,
And wend along with me.

V.

The ploughman, though he labour hard,
Yet on the holy-day,

Heigh trollollie loe,
Heigh trollollie lee,

No emperor so merrily
Does pass his time away :

Then care away,
And wend along with me.

VII.

The cuckoo and the nightingale
Full merrily do sing,

Heigh trollollie loe,
Heigh trollollie lee,

And with their pleasant roundelays,
Bid welcome to the spring :

Then care away,
And wend along with me.

Walton's Compleat Angler, p. 164, John Chalkhill, Esq.

3d Collection, Birchall, p. 67.

* Eight verses.

“ Well sung Coridon : this song was sung with mettle ; and it was choicely fitted to the occasion : I shall love you for it as long as I know you. I would you were a brother of the angle : for a companion that is cheerful and free from swearing and scurrilous dis-

course is worth gould. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning ; nor men that can not well beare it, to repent the money they spend when they be warmed with drink ; and take this for a rule,—You may pick out such times, and such companies, that you may make yourselfs merrier for a little, than a great deal of money ; for 'tis the company, and not the charge, that makes the feast."

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Lord MORNINGTON.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base)

BENEATH this rural cell,
 Sweet-smiling Peace and calm Content
 Far from the busy crowd sequester'd dwell;
 Mortals approaching near,
 The hallow'd seat revere,
 Nor bring the loud tumultuous passions here ;
 For not for these is meant
 The sacred silence of the stream,
 Nor cave prophetic, prompting fancy's dream ;
 If with presumption rude
 Thy daring steps intrude ;
 Know, that with jealous eye,
 Peace and Content will fly ;
 The thoughtful genius of this lone abode,
 And guardian spirit of this solemn wood,
 Will sure revenge the sacrilegious wrong :

Reflection's tear will then in secret flow,
 And all the haunted solitude belong
 To Melancholy's train,
 Who points the sting of pain
 With keen remorse, and oft redoubled woe.

Mr. Sale, first set, p. 14.

THE EVENING WALK.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. BEALE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

How sweet the calm of this sequester'd shore,
 Where ebbing waters musically roll,
 And solitude, and silent eve restore
 The soft, the placid temper of the soul.
 The sighing gale, whose murmurs lull to rest
 The busy tumult of declining day,
 To sympathetic quiet soothes the breast,
 And ev'ry emotion dies away.—*Miss Carter.*

Single, Birchall.

MAY DAY.

ROUND *for 4, 8, or 2 Voices.*—WM HORSLEY, M.B

THE village bells ring merrily,
 The milkmaid sings so cheerily ;

With flowery wreaths and ribbons crown'd,
 Now May-day comes its annual round ;
 The May-pole rears its head so gay,
 While, on the turf, all dance and play.

Mrs. Hunter.

Single, Chappell's.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—J. ECCLES.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

I.

WINE does wonders ev'ry day,
 Makes the heavy light and gay,
 Throws off all their melancholy ;
 Makes the wisest go astray,
 And the busy toy and play,
 And the poor and needy, jolly.

II.

Wine makes trembling cowards bold,
 Men in years forget they're old,
 Women leave their coy disdaining,
 Who, till then, were shy and cold ;
 Makes the niggard slight his gold,
 And the foppish entertaining.

John Crowne, 1699.

Justice Busy, acted at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

Convito, p. 72.—Single, Birchall.

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices.*—WM. BEALE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

COME let us join the roundelay,
 And sing the jocund time away ;
 While the fauns and satyrs round,
 Dance along on fairy ground ;
 And the merry nymphs and swains,
 Gaily trip these rural plains ; Fal, la, la.

Single, Birchall

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices.*—WM. BEALE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

THIS pleasaunt monthe of Maie
 The faunes and satyres trippe it,
 Alle Nature now is gaie ;
 The lively nymphes, and gentle swaynes,
 See, see, how lighte they skippe it,
 Thirsis cease toe lamente ;
 Let not despayre o'ertake thee,
 Thy mistresse will relente ;
 She comes to ease thye woundedde heart,
 Then up, sad swayne, and wake thee.
 Fal, la, la.

Joseph Gwilt, Esq.

Single, Birchall.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(2 Cons. 2 Tens. and Base.)

AWAKE, awake, my lyre!

And tell thy silent master's humble tale,

In sounds that may prevail;

Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire:

Though so exalted she,

And I so lowly be,

Tell her such different notes make all thy harmony.

Now all your forces try,

Now all your charms apply,

Revenge upon her ear, the conquest of her eye.

Sleep, sleep, again, my lyre!

For thou canst never tell my humble tale,

In sounds that will prevail;

Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire.

All thy vain mirth lay by,

Bid thy strings silent lie;

Sleep, sleep again, my lyre! and let thy master die.

Cowley.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 171.

FAIRY GLEE.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HAWES.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

I.

WE fairy folk delight in sport,
 And pass the summer's night in sport ;
 In many a ring,
 We dance and sing,
 And sometimes, even fight in sport.

The zephyr, bends the broom for us,
 And wafts the night's perfume for us,
 And the moonlight plays,
 On the golden sprays;
 That bower the banquet-room for us.

II.

Unshod, the pearly dew we cross,
 Unmarr'd the blossom's hue we cross,
 And the feather shook
 On the breezy brook,
 Will carry all our crew across.

Her light the glow-worm finds for us,
 The gnat her shrill horn winds for us ;
 And the spider's wire,
 From brier to brier,
 When we bestride it, swings for us.

III.

We ever are inclined to good,
 And watch with eager mind the good ;
 Nor is aught display'd
 In all that's made,
 Wherein we cannot find a good.

Would mortals be possess'd, like us,
 Of pleasure, peace, and rest, like us,
 O let them be
 Guiltless as we,
 And then they will be bless'd like us.

J. F. M. Dovaston.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

A SONG.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. J. S. STEVENS.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

Go, lovely rose !
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet, and fair, she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Then, die! that she,
 The common fate of all things rare,
 May read in thee:
 How small a part of time they share,
 That are so wond'rous sweet and fair.

Waller's Poems.

5th Collection, p. 12. Preston.

THE MAY FLY.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

Poor insect, what a little day
 Of sunny bliss is thine,
 And yet thou spread'st thy light wings gay,
 And bid'st them spreading shine.

Thou humm'st thy short and busy tune,
 Unmindful of the blast,
 And careless while 'tis burning noon,
 How short that noon has past.

A shower would lay thy beauty low,
 The dew of twilight be
 The torrent of thy overthrow,
 Thy storm of destiny.

Then, insect, spread thy shining wing,
 Hum on thy busy lay,
 For man, like thee, has but his spring,
 Like thine it fades away.—*Mary Robinson.*

Single, Birchall.—Dr. Callcott's book by Horsley, p. 56.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

HITHER boy, a goblet bring,
 Be it of wine's ruby spring,
 Bring me one, and bring me two,
 Nought but purest wine will do ;
 Wine's the sun, the moon, sweet soul,
 We will call the waning bowl ;
 Bring the sun, and bring him soon,
 In the bosom of the moon,
 Dash us with this liquid fire,
 It will thoughts divine inspire ;
 And by nature taught to glow,
 Let it like the waters flow.

Translated from the Persian of Hafez.

Birchall, first Collection, p. 5.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

SWEET nymph of my devotion,

Let thy smile

My heart beguile,

For care's an idle notion ;

Then let love be free !

Since Nature gave thee beauty :

Grant a kiss,

The highest bliss,

For know it is thy duty ;

Listen girl to me.

Peter Pindar.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 355.

MOTETT *for 5 Voices.*—WM. BEALE.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

OBSERVE the rising lilies snowy grace,

Observe the various vegetable race,

They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,

Yet see how warm they blush, how bright they glow :

What regal vestments can with them compare,

What king so shining, or what queen so fair ?

*Paraphrase on the 28th and 29th verses
of the 6th Chapter of St. Matthew.*

Single, Birchall.

TO THE ROSE.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. BEALE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

Go rose, and on Themira's breast,
 Find, happy flower, thy throne and tomb,
 When jealous of a fate so bless'd,
 How shall I envy thee thy doom?
 Should some rude hand approach thee there,
 Guard the sweet shrine thou wilt adorn,
 Ah, punish those who rashly dare,
 And for my rivals keep thy thorn.

Single, Birchall.

CHANGE OF LOVE.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. BEALE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

ONCE did I sigh and groan,
 Drink tears, draw loathed breath,
 And all for love of one
 Who did affect my death;
 But now, thanks to disdain!
 I live relieved of pain,
 For sighs, I singing go,
 I burn not as before.
 No, no, no, no, no, no!

Wm. Drummond's Poems.

Single, Birchall.—Also, by Wm. Horsley, for 4 Voices.

THE MYNSTRELL'S SONG OF ELYNOUR.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M. B.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

As Elynour by the green lesselle* was sitting,
 As from the sun's heat she had harried,
 She said, as her white hands white hosen was knitting,
 What pleasure it is to be married.

Sing hey down a dee,
 And hoe down a dee,
 And derry down dee.

My husband, Lord Thomas, a forester bold,
 As ever clove pin or the basket,
 Does no cherysareneys† from Elynour hold;
 I have it as soon as I ask it.

Sing hey down a dee, &c.

When I liv'd with my father in merry Cloud-dell,
 Though 'twas at my life to mind spinning;
 I still wanted something, but what ne could tell;
 My lord father's barb'd hall no winning.

Sing hey down a dee, &c.

Lord Walter, my father, he loved me well,
 And nothing unto me was needing;
 But should I again go to merry Cloud-dell,
 In sothen 'twould be without redeynge.‡

Sing hey down a dee, &c.

* Hedge.

† Comforts.

‡ Advice.

She said, and Lord Thomas came over the lea,
 As he the fat derkynns* was chaceing,
 She put up her knitting, and to him went shee ;
 So we leave 'em both kindly embracing.

Chatterton's Poems.

Single, Birchall.

• Young deer.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—WILLIAM BEALE.

Now the star of day is high,
 Fly, my girls, in pity fly ;
 Bring me wine in brimming urns,
 Cool my lip, it burns, it burns ;
 Sunn'd by the meridian fire,
 Panting, languid, I expire ;
 Give me all those humid flowers,
 Drop them o'er my brow in showers.
 Scarce a breathing chaplet now
 Lives upon my feverish brow ;
 Every dewy rose I wear
 Sheds its tears, and withers there.

18th Ode of Anacreon.

Single, Birchall.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—WM. HORSLEY, M. B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

COME, gentle zephyr, lend thy aid,
 Forsake yon gliding spring,
 To seek my lovely weeping maid;
 Oh! wave thy swiftest wing.
 And when you find the blooming fair,
 Oh tell her what I feel;
 In plaintive murmurs to her ear,
 My sighs, my vows reveal. *Rannie.*

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 222.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—WM. HORSLEY, M. B.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

HAIL! sweet patroness of song,
 Welcome here our shades among;
 To thee we pour the vocal lay,
 In catch, and glee, and roundelay;
 Here then wake thy tuneful shell,
 Here with us thy votaries dwell.
 Let thy notes molodious rise,
 Filling the soul with ecstasies;
 Combining all the magic pow'r of sound,
 Let nought but harmony be heard around.
Rev. Thomas Beaumont.

Birchall, single. Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 450.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

WHEN shall we three meet again?

Oft shall glowing hope expire,

Oft shall wearied love retire,

Oft shall death and sorrow reign,

Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,

Parch'd beneath a hostile sky,

Though the deep between us rolls,

Friendship shall unite our souls ;

Still in fancy's rich domain,

Oft shall we three meet again.

Miss Vardell.

Single, Clementi.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—THOMAS F. WALMISLEY.

Do you, said Fanny, t'other day,

In earnest love me, as you say ;

Or are those tender words applied,

To fifty girls alike beside ?

Dear, cruel girl, cried I, forbear ;

For by those eyes, those lips, I swear—

She stopp'd me as the oath I took,

And cried, you 've sworn—now kiss the book.

Elegant Extracts.

GLEE *for 5 Voices*.—THOMAS F. WALMISLEY.

ISLAND of bliss ! amid the subject seas,
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight
 Of distant nations ; whose remotest shores
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm,
 Not to be shook thyself, but all attempts
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

Thomson's Seasons.

THE FAIRY OF THE DALE.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—THOMAS F. WALMISLEY.

[With an Accompaniment for the Pianoforte.]

Who is it that sleeps on the cowslip bed,
 Or kisses the leaves of the flow'ret red ?
 Who is it that sports with the violet blue,
 And weighs down the heath-bell with pearly dew ?
 'Tis the Fairy of the Dale.

Who is it that perches on downy wings,
 And merrily frisks as the throstle sings ?
 Who is it that sits by the glow-worm's fire,
 Playing soft music on the magic lyre ?
 'Tis the Fairy of the Dale.

Who is it that gambols in sunny ray,
 Coursing fair gossamer along the way ?
 Who is it that laughs at the arrow's race,
 And flits round the earth in a moment's space ?
 'Tis the Fairy of the Dale.

Who is it that plays with the phosphor light,
 And the way-worn traveller mocks by night ;
 Who is it that frightens the maidens fair,
 With coughs from the hedge, or screams in the air?
 'Tis the Fairy of the Dale.

Written by the Rev. R. S.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—THOMAS F. WALMISLEY.

ON parent knees, a naked new-born child,
 Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smil'd.
 So live ! that sinking in thy last long sleep,
 Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

Sir William Jones.

TO PITY:

GLEE for 4 Voices.—THOMAS F. WALMISLEY.

HAIL ! lovely pow'r ! whose bosom heaves the sigh,
 When fancy paints the scene of deep distress,
 Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye,
 When rigid fate denies the power to bless :
 Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
 From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare,
 Nor dewdrops glitt'ring in the morning ray,
 Seem ne'er so beauteous as that falling tear.

EPITAPH ON A ROBIN.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—THOMAS F. WALMISLEY.

TREAD lightly here, for here, 'tis said,
 When piping winds are hush'd around,
 A small note wakes from under ground,
 Where now his tiny bones are laid.

No more in lone and leafless groves,
 With ruffled wing and faded breast,
 His friendless, homeless spirit roves,
 Gone to the world where birds are blest !

Where never cat glides o'er the green,
 Or schoolboy's giant form is seen,
 But love, and joy, and smiling spring,
 Inspire their little souls to sing.

S. Rogers, Esq.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—THOMAS F. WALMISLEY.

MY mind is my kingdom ; but if thou wilt deign
 A queen there to reign without measure,
 Then come o'er its wishes, and homage to reign,
 And make it an empire of pleasure.

Then of thoughts, and emotions, each mutinous crowd,
 That rebell'd at stern reason and duty,
 Returning, will yield all their loyalty proud
 To the halcyon dominion of beauty.

T. Campbell, Esq.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—THOMAS F. WALMISLEY.

THOU hast an eye of tender blue,
 And thou has locks of Daphne's hue,
 And cheeks, that shame the morning's break,
 And lips, that might for redness make

Roses seem pale beside them :
 But whether soft, or sweet as they,
 Lady, alas ! I cannot say,
 For I have never tried them.

Yet thus created for delight,
 Lady, thou art not lovely quite,
 For dost thou not this maxim know,
 That prudery is beauty's foe,

A stain that mars a jewel ?
 And e'en that woman's angel face
 Loses a portion of its grace,
 If woman's heart be cruel.

Viscount Strangford, from Camoens.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—THOMAS F. WALMISLEY.

BUSY, curious thirsty fly,*
 Drink with me, and drink as I ;
 Freely welcome to my cup,
 Couldst thou sip, and sip it up.

* Made extempore by a gentleman, occasioned by a fly drinking out of his cup of ale.

Make the most of life you may,
 Life is short, and wears away :
 Both alike are mine and thine,
 Hast'ning quick to their decline ;
 Thine 's a summer, mine no more,
 Though repeated to threescore ;
 Threescore summers when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one. *Etheridge.*

* [Yet this difference we may see
 'Twixt the life of man and thee :
 Thou art for this life alone,
 Man seeks another when 'tis gone ;
 And though allow'd its joys to share.
 'Tis virtue here hopes pleasure there.]†

Chappell's, Single.

* This Verse is not in the Glee.

† This moral finale was added by the Rev. Mr. Plumptree ; see his " Collection of Songs," Vol. I. p. 257, where a third verse appears to the original composition, which was probably omitted by Ritson, from its incongruity of metaphor.

CANZONET *for 3 Voices.*—WM. BEALE.

(Treble, Con. and Base.)

O HARK ! my love, on ev'ry spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song :
 Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Emma's eyes.

Richard Hewitt.

Birchall.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HAWES.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

IN yonder bower lies Pleasure sleeping,
 And near him mourns a blooming maid,
 He will not wake, and she sits weeping,
 When, lo! a stranger proffers aid;
 His hurried step, and glance of fire,
 The god of wishes wild declare,
 Wake Pleasure, wake, exclaims Desire,
 And Pleasure wakes to bless the fair.
 But soon the maid in luckless hour,
 Desire asleep is doom'd to view;
 Try Pleasure, try, she cries, your power,
 And wake Desire, as he woke you.
 Fond girl! thy pray'r exceeds all measure,
 Distinct his province each must keep;
 Desire shall ever wait on Pleasure,
 And Pleasure lull Desire to sleep.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

ON AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HAWES.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

SWEET modest flow' ret, that beneath the thorn
 Unfold'st thy beauties in the lonely dell;
 I meet thy fragrance in the breath of morn,
 In wilds where solitude and silence dwell;

How like the rustic poet's lot is thine,
 Whom Nature taught the simple song to raise,
 Doom'd in oblivion's darkest shades to pine,
 He chants, but seldom gains the mead of praise :
 So in some pathless desert thou art prone
 To shed thy sweet perfume, and fade unknown.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

ANNOT LYLE'S SONG.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HAWES.

(2 Trebles, Ten. and Base.)

WERT thou like me, in life's low vale,
 With thee how blest that lot I 'd share ;
 With thee I 'd fly, wherever gale
 Could waft, or bounding galley bear ;
 But parted by severe decree,
 Far different must our fortunes prove,
 May thine be joy ! enough for me
 To weep and pray for him I love.
 The pangs this foolish heart must feel,
 When hope shall be for ever flown,
 No sullen murmur shall reveal,
 No selfish sigh shall ever own ;
 Nor will I, through life's weary years,
 Like a pale drooping mourner move,
 While I can think my secret tears
 May wound the heart of him I love.

Walter Scott.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

EPITAPH.

THE COLLECTOR.—(WRITTEN AT SPITHEAD.)

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HAWES.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

HARK ! hark ! to the knell,
 It comes in the swell
 Of the stormy ocean-wave ;
 'Tis no earthly sound,
 But a toll profound
 From the mariner's deep sea grave.

There in the billow,
 The sand their pillow,
 Ten thousand men lie low ;
 And still their dirge
 Is sung by the surge
 When the stormy night winds blow.

Sleep, warrior ! sleep,
 On your pillow deep,
 In peace ; for no mortal care,
 No art can deceive,
 No anguish can heave
 The heart that once slumbers there.

Cambridge Newspaper.

Argyll Rooms.

AN IMITATION.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HAWES.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHAT means this strangeness now of late,
 Since time must truth approve,
 This distance may consist with state,
 It cannot stand with love.
 'Tis either cunning or distrust,
 That may such ways allow ;
 The first is base, the last unjust,
 Let neither blemish you.

For if you mean to draw me on,
 There needs not half this art ;
 And if you mean to have me gone,
 You overact your part.
 If kindness cross your wish'd content,
 Dismiss me with a frown ;
 I'll give you all the love that's spent,
 The rest shall be my own.

Sir Robert Ayton, 1516.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 5 Voices*.—WM. HAWES.

(Treble, Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

LOVE, though divided, marks my ev'ry line,
 On that I live more constant than the dove ;
 Vows unto him I pay, whose power divine
 Ends as it first began, nought else but love.
Chatelar's Effusions of Love.

Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 5 Voices*.—WM. HAWES.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

DEAR are the bonds, my willing heart that bind,
 Form'd by three chords, in mystic union twin'd ;
 The first by beauty's rosy fingers wove,
 The next by pity, and the third by love.

Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—WM. HAWES.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

Goe thy waie, since thou will goe,
 There is none shall stay thee, noe !
 Lyche thy voves, be thou untrue,
 Always changeing old for new ;
 And as thou hast beene false to menny,
 Be not constant unto ennye.

Goe thy waie.

Yet I will not curse those eies
 Where bewytching bewtye lyes,
 Noe, nor wish that form defaced,
 Where so bad a mynd is placed;
 Wythe thy bewtye few can stryve,
 Wythe thy falshood nonne alyve;
 And as, &c. Goe thy waie.

Lyve, then, styll, pryde of the cyttie,
 Voyde of love, as voyde of pittye;
 Bee not tyed to tooe, or three,
 There is choyce enough for thee,
 And when thou waxest out of date,
 Then repent thee, though too leate;
 And as, &c. Goe thy waie.

But when all thy choyce is spent,
 If thy false heart chance relent,
 That relenting I'll disdayne,
 If thou entreate my love again,
 Then shalt thou heare me thus reply,
 No, no, I dare thee, leest I dye;
 For as, &c. Goe thy waie.

An Old English Ballad.

Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M. B.

(2 Cons. Ten. and 2 Bases.)

WHY, gentle shepherd, on the mountain's brow,
 With dangerous footsteps dost thou love to go?
 Has Amarillis' voice thy bosom charm'd,
 And all, and all thy tender feeling warm'd?
 With anxious, anxious love, and soft desire,
 Return, thou pensive swain, the amorous fire;
 O make, O make the reed declare thy flame,
 And teach the echoes Amarillis' name;
 Thy warblings sweet will her fond passion move,
 And bend her alter'd soul to thee and love.

*2d. vol. of Poetical Amusements at a
 Villa near Bath.*

2d. Edition revised, p. 34.—Birchall.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—WM. HAWES.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

SEE the glasses, they are empty
 Fill, fill, fill! my soul is dry,
 Sure such wine as this will tempt ye
 To carouse in sympathy.
 Thirsty souls, like plants aspiring,
 Moisture ever are desiring;
 Thus caressing
 Nature's blessing,
 We'll the sober world defy.

See the bottle, how its beauty
 Smiles, smiles, smiles in every face,
 We to Bacchus owe a duty,
 Drink, brave heroes ! drink apace :
 Could the globe be fill'd with claret,
 Souls like our's would never spare it ;
 Ever drinking,
 Void of thinking,
 We'll the happy hour embrace.

Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—WM. HAWES.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

LOVE, like a bird, born in a cage,
 In bondage gaily sings ;
 Nor sighs to rove, but prizes more
 His fetters, than his wings ;
 Then do not strive those chains to break,
 Though lighter than a feather ;
 They're twin'd so closely round the heart,
 That both must break together.

Henry Neele, Esq

Argyll Rooms.

THE GREENLAND HUNTER.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—Dr. CHARD.*

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

COLD are the breezes on Greenland's coast,
 Where breakers of ice meet the billow ;
 But Love, is the Greenland hunter's host,
 His pole-star, his pilot, his pillow ;
 Joyous he welcomes the solar ray,
 Dancing the twilight all away.

When the Sun o'er his hazy horizon rides,
 In his radiant course thus surrounding,
 In his fur clad surge, through the valleys he slides,
 Where the bear, and the beaver are bounding ;
 How jovial the sports of a Greenland day,
 Hunting the six months' sun away !

Pale, pale is the light of the polar star,
 From the chase that directs him so weary ;
 When the Sun in the ocean sinks his car,
 And consigns him to darkness so dreary ;
 How sweet in the arms of his love to lay,
 Slumb'ring the six months' night away.

MS.

* Organist of Winchester.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. CHARD.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

O ! WHEN shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth !

When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
Our forests, our fountains,
Our hamlets, our mountains,

With the pride of our mountains, the maid I adore !
O ! when shall I dance on the daisy white mead,
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed !

When shall I return to that lowly retreat,
Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet !
The lambs, and the heifers that follow my call,
My father, my mother,
My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all !

O ! when shall I visit the land of my birth,
'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth !

MS.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—S. WEBBE.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

SERENE and mild we view the ev'ning air,
The pleasing picture of the smiling fair ;
A thousand charms our sev'ral senses meet,
Cooling the breeze with fragrant odours sweet ;

But, sudden, if the sable clouds deform
 The azure sky, and threat the coming storm,
 Hasty we flee, ere yet the thunders roar,
 And dread what we so much admir'd before.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 14.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—SAM. LONG.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHERE'ER you tread, your foot shall set
 The primrose and the violet ;
 Nature, her charter shall renew,
 And take all lives of things from you ;
 The world depend upon your eye,
 And, when you frown upon it, die.

Warren, No 3, p. 32.—Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 24.

GLEE *for 6 Voices*.—DR. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and 2 Bases.)

SOFT and safe tho' lowly grave,
 Fast o'er thee my tears shall flow ;
 Only hope the hapless have,
 Only refuge left for woe.
 Constant love, and grief sincere,
 Shall thy hallow'd turf pervade ;
 And many a heartfelt sigh and tear,
 Hapless youth, shall soothe thy shade.

Lighted by the moon's pale shine,
 See me, to thy memory true,
 Lowly bending at thy shrine,
 Many a votive flow'r to strew.
 But how little do these flow'r's
 Prove my love and constancy ;
 Yet a few sad fleeting hours,
 And, dear youth, I'll follow thee.
 No sweet flow'rets ! no such charms,
 No such virtues can ye boast ;
 Yet he's torn from my fond arms,
 Yet my faithful love is cross'd ;
 But a radiant morn shall rise,
 Loit'ring moments, faster flow,
 Till with him, I tread the skies,
 Smile at death, and laugh at woe.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 137.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—THOS. COOKE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

A KNIGHT there came from the field of slain,
 His steed was drench'd with the falling rain,
 He rode to the forest, to rest his head,
 Till the day should dawn, on his grassy bed ;
 But his wounds bled fast, and his courser fell,
 Ere he reach'd the brook in the forest dell ;

His shield hung low, and the moon's wan beam
 Shone sad and soft on the murm'ring stream ;
 He could not wind his bugle horn,
 And he died (at the brook) ere the early morn.
 Pray for the soul of the knight who fell
 At the mossy brook, in the forest dell ;
 Peace to his shade ! Amen, amen.—*Thomas Cooke.*

Single, Goulding's.

MILLER AND HIS MEN.

ROUND, *for 3 Voices.*—H. B. BISHOP.

WHEN the wind blows,
 When the mill goes,
 Our hearts are all light and merry ;
 When the wind drops,
 Then the mill stops,
 We drink, and sing hey down derry.

Single, Goulding's.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—THOS. ATTWOOD.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten and Base.)

IN tatter'd weed, from town to town,
 Is hapless Primrose doom'd to stray,
 Compell'd, a wretched wand'rer known,
 To seek a home from day to day :

Barefoot, as she strolls forlorn,
 O'er the flint or pointed thorn,
 Silent must her sorrow be,
 Her madrigal, sweet charity.
 At evening will the village hind,
 In rapture listen to her song,
 And buy her toys, in hope to find
 What future joys to him belong.

Alderman S. Birch, Esq.

Single, Monzani.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—T. F. WALMISLEY,

(2 Trebles and 2 Bases.)

(With double Accompaniment.)

YE mariners of England,
 That guard our native seas,
 Whose flag has brav'd a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again,
 To match another foe,
 As ye sweep
 Through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow!
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow!

The spirits of your fathers,
 Shall start from every wave ;
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And ocean was their grave ;
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow !
 As ye sweep, &c

Britannia needs no bulwark,
 No towers along the steep ;
 Her march is on the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep ;
 With thunders from her native oak,
 She quells the floods below !
 As they roar,
 On the shore, &c.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow,
 To the fame,
 Of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to flow,
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

T. Campbell, Esq.

Single, Monzani.

FAIRY GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HAWES.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

RECITATIVE.

SING me the song thou usedst, when our faries
 Stole thee, whilst sleeping, from the nether world,
 And thou didst wake from human infancy,
 Helpless, yet lovely in thy helplessness,
 Into a fairy's full maturity.

GLEE.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, to wander in air,
 And sport away life without sorrow or care:
 On the cloud, in the wind, on the foam of the sea,
 Still the fairy's at home, and still merry is he;
 Vain pleasure! light merriment! happiness? no;
 'Tis a flower that springeth and bloometh below;
 It mocks at our clime, at our sky, at our art,
 'Tis the flower of feeling, its soil is the heart:
 The smile of true love is the sunshine it wears.

Tis merry, &c.

And it oft looks the brightest when dewy with tears.
 Oh! the tears that are shed on the breast that we love,
 Are jewels all fairy-land's treasures above.

'Tis merry, &c.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—WM. HAWES.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

And for 3 Voices by DANBY.

THE lark that shuns on lofty boughs to build
 Her humble nest, lies silent in the field ;
 But if the promise of a cloudless day,
 Aurora, smiling, bids her rise and play,
 Then straight she shews 'twas not for want of voice,
 Or power to climb, she made so low a choice :
 Singing, she mounts, her airy wings are stretched
 Towards heaven, as if from heav'n her notes she
 fetch'd. *Waller.*

Single, Argyll Rooms.

— — —

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices.*—J. WILBYE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

THUS saith my Cloris bright,
 When we of love sit down and talk together:
 Beware of love (deere)
 Love is a sprite !
 A walking sprite !
 And love is this and that,
 And oh ! I wot not what ;
 And comes, and goes againe, I wot not whither.
 No, no, these are but bugs, to breed amazing,
 For in her eies I saw his torchlight blazing !

Book—J. Gwilt, Esq. p. 33.

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices.*—J. WHEELKES.

(2 Cons. and 2 Bases.)

OUR country swains in the morris dance,
 Thus woo and win their brides ;
 Will, for our town, for Kate the next prance,
 The hobby-horse at pleasure frolic rides.
 I woo with tears,
 And ne'er the near,
 I dye in grief,
 And live in fear.

Book—J. Gwilt, Esq. p. 1

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices.*—J. WILBYE.

(2 Cons. and 2 Bases.)

HAPPY streams ! whose trembling fall
 With still murmur softly gliding,
 Happy birds ! whose chirping call
 With sweet melody delighting,
 Hath moved her flintie and relentless hart
 To listen to your harmony,
 And sit securely in these downs apart,
 Incharmed with your melody.
 Sing on, and carrol forth your glee,
 She graunts you leave her rayes to see.

Happy were I, could love
 But so delight her ;
 But aye, alas ! my love
 Doth still despight her.

Book—J. Gwilt, Esq. p. 6.

MADRIGAL for 4 Voices.—J. BENNET.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

I WANDER up and down, and fain would rest me,
 Yet cannot rest, such cares do still molest me ;
 All things conspire, I see,
 And this consent in.
 To find a place for me,
 Fit to lament in.

Book—J. Gwilt, Esq. p. 13.

MADRIGAL for 4 Voices.—J. WILBYE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHEN Cloris heard of her Amintas dying,
 She grieved then for her unkind denying,
 Oft sighing sore, and with a heart unfayned,
 I dye ! I dye ! I dye ! she thus complayned ;
 Whom when Amintas spyed.
 Then both with joy outcryed,
 I love, I love, sweet Cloris' eye,
 And I, Amintas, till I dye !

Book—J. Gwilt, Esq. p. 23.

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices.*—J. WILBYE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

As matchlesse beauty thee a phoenix proves,
 Fair Leonilla, so thy sowre sweet loves ;
 For when young Acon's eye thy proud hart tames :
 Thou dyest in him, and livest in my flames !

Book—J. Gwilt, Esq. p. 64.

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices.*—J. DOWLAND.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

COME again,
 Sweet love doth now invite
 Thy graces that refrain
 To do me due delight,
 To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
 With thee again, in sweetest sympathy !

Book—J. Gwilt, Esq. p. 39.

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices.*—ROBERT JOHNSON.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

DEFYLED is my name full sore,
 Through cruel spyte and false report,
 That I may say for evermore,
 Farwell, my joye ! adewe, comfort !

Full wrongfully yee judge of mee,
 Unto my fame a mortal wounde :
 Say what ye list, it will not bee,
 Ye seeke for that cannot be founde.

Book—J. Gwilt, Esq. p. 53.

The above short poem, by the manuscript from which it was taken, appears to have been composed about the time of Henry the Eighth. It was, with another, communicated by a very judicious antiquary lately deceased, whose opinion of them was, that they were written either by, or in the person of Anne Boleyn ; a conjecture which her unfortunate history renders very probable.

Sir J. Hawkins, 3d. vol. p. 30.

MADRIGAL for 4 Voices.—THOS. BATESON.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

DAME Venus, hence ! to Paphos goe,
 For Mars is gone to the field ;
 He cannot tend sweet Love's embrace,
 In hand with spear and shield :
 The roaring cannons thunder out
 Such terrors as not fit
 A tender impe of your regarde,
 Which dall'ing still doth sit.

Book—J. Gwilt, Esq. p. 60.

MADRIGAL for 4 Voices.—J. BENNET.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

SING loud, ye nymphs and shepherds of Parnassus !
With sweet delights your merry notes consenting,
Since time affords to banish love relenting,
Fortune, she smiles sweetly still to grace us.

Book—J. Gwilt, Esq. p. 73.

MADRIGAL for 4 Voices.—J. BENNET.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

CRUEL, unkind ! my heart, thou hast bereft me,
And wilt not leave while any life is left me,
And yet, and yet, and yet, still will I love thee.

Book—J. Gwilt, Esq. p. 83.

MADRIGAL for 4 Voices.—J. FARMER.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

THIRSYS, thy absence grieves my wounded heart,
Yet I rejoyce to be in thy esteem ;
Ah woe is me ! that now I must depart
From thee,
More dear to me
Than Cræsus' wealth ;
But if on earth I may not see thy face,
I'll fly to heav'n, to seek thee in that place.

Book—J. Gwilt, Esq. p. 86.

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices.*—GEO. KIRBYE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHAT can I doe, my dearest !
 Of thy sweet help deprived,
 Of those thy fair eyes,
 By which I still have lived !
 How can my soul endure,
 Thus charged with sadness,
 Exile from thy dear sight,
 So full of gladness.

Book—J. Gwilt, Esq. p. 90.

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices.*—JOHN BENNET.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

THIRSTS, sleepest thou? holla, let not sorrow slay us,
 Hold up thy head, man, said the gentle Melibœus.
 See, summer comes again, the country's pride adorning,
 Hark how the cuckoo singeth this fair April morning:
 Oh ! oh ! said the shepherd, and sighed, as one all
 undone,
 Let me alone, alas ! and drive him back to London.

Book—J. Gwilt, Esq. p. 97.

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices.*—J. WILBYE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

FLY not so swift, my deere ! behold me dying,
 If not a smiling glance for all my crying,
 Yet kill me with thy frownes ;
 The satyrs ore the lawnes full nimbly dauncing,
 Frisk it apace to view thy beauties glancing ;
 See how they coast the downes :
 Fayne would'st thou turn and yeeld them their delight,
 But that thou fear'st least I should steale a sight.

Book—J. Gwilt, Esq. p. 102.

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices.*—T. BATESON.

(2 Trebles, Con. and Base.)

WHITHER so fast ? see how the kindly flow'rs perfume
 the aire,
 And all to make thee stay ;
 The climbing woodbind clipping all these bowers,
 For feare thou passe away ;
 Fortune our friend, our foe will not gainesay,
 Stay but a-while, Phœbe no tell-tale is,
 Kisse she her Endimion, I 'll my Phoebe kisse.

Book—J. Gwilt, Esq. p. 109.

MADRIGAL *for 4 Voices.*—G. P. A. PRENESTINE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

FALSE loue, now shoot, and spare not,
 Now doe thy worst, I care not ;
 And to dispatch mee
 Vse all thine art, and all thy craft to catch mee ;
 For yeeres amisse bestow'd
 I now repent me,
 And time consumed in vain pursuites I languish,
 That brought me nothing else but grieve and anguish ;
 And now at length have vowed
 At liberty to live, since to assaile mee,
 Both thy bow and thy brand nought doth avayle thee ;
 For, from thee, good nor ill, comfort, nor sorrow,
 I will not hope, nor feare now, nor to-morrow.*

Book—J. Gwilt, Esq. p. 114.

* Only 50 copies of the above Madrigals, by J. Gwilt, Esq. were printed, the plates of which were afterwards destroyed. The Editor has observed, with great regret, how much the beautiful style of Madrigal composition is become neglected ; and but for their being now and then brought forward by such persons, would be entirely forgotten.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—WM HAWES.

(2 Cons. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WITH eyes upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired,
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance, made more sweet,

Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul,
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound :

Through glades and glooms, the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay
In hollow murmurs died away ;

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthier hue,
Her bow across her shoulders slung,

Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunters' call, to fauns and dryads known,
The oak-crown'd sisters, and her chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their valleys green ;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.

From Collins's Ode on the Passions.

Argyll Rooms.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M. B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and warbles there ;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To ev'ry passing villager.
In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound ;

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
 The ballet danced in twilight glade ;
 The canzonet, and roundelay,
 Sung in the silent woodland shade ;
 These simple joys, that never fail,
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

Samuel Rogers, Esq.

Single, Chappell's.

ANACREONTIC *for 2 Voices*.—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

BORN I was to meet with age,
 And to walk life's pilgrimage ;
 Much, I know, of time is spent,
 Tell I can't, what's resident ;
 Howsoever, cares adieu,
 I'll have nought to say to you ;
 But I'll spend my coming hours,
 Drinking wine, and crown'd with flowers.

Herrick, 1640.

Single, Birchall.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—JOHN SALE.

(2 Trebles, Ten. and Base.)

THE various seasons of the year,
 As they successively appear,
 Life's stages, as they roll, display,
 And much morality convey ;

In spring we bud, in summer blow,
 And in the prime of manhood glow ;
 In autumn, we in part decay,
 And winter, sweeps us quite away.
 Then take the boon, kind Heaven bestows,
 In bloom of youth, when beauty glows ;
 Be bless'd to-day, perhaps to-morrow
 May clouded rise, and teem with sorrow.

Universal Mag. p. 156.

J. Sale.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—JOHN SALE.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

SAY, lovely rose, since half reveal'd
 My view thy beauty meets,
 Has dread of morning's bleak wind seal'd
 The fragrance of thy sweets ?
 Yet dearest to the enamour'd sight
 Thy purple form appears,
 As, blushing o'er the moss's height,
 Thy cup its head uprears.
 Trust, whilst thy outward leaves are shewn,
 Our fancy paints the rest ;
 Once seen, adieu ! thy all is known
 To fancy's flatt'ring test.

Such are the charms my fair one deck,
 In person as in mind :
 Where half-seen, heaves her swelling neck,
 Half-told her sense I find.

Universal Mag. 1788.

J. Sale, 2nd. set, p. 14.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—JOHN SALE.

(2 Trebles, Con. and Base.)

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing ;
 And while they warble from each spray,
 Love, melts the universal lay.
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
 Like them, improve the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day,
 Among the shades of Endermay.

David Mallet.

J. Sale, 2nd set, p. 25.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—LORD MORNINGTON.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

Go, tell Amynta, gentle swain,
 I would not die, nor dare complain ;
 Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
 Thy words will more prevail than mine.

For souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
 The gods ordain'd this kind relief,
 That music should in sounds convey
 What dying lovers dare not say.
 A sigh, or tear perhaps she'll give,
 But love, on pity cannot live;
 Tell her that hearts, for hearts were made,
 And love, with love is only paid.

Dryden.

J. Sale, 2nd. set, p. 1.—T. Durfey's Songs, vol. iv. p. 302.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—J. SALE.

(2 Con. Ten. and Base.)

BLOW on, ye winds, descend, soft rain,
 To soothe my tender grief;
 Your solemn music lulls my pain,
 And gives me short relief.
 In some lone corner would I sit,
 Retired from human kind,
 Since mirth, nor show, nor sparkling wit,
 Can please my anxious mind.

The sun, which makes all nature gay,
 Torments my weary eyes,
 And in dark shades I spend the day,
 Where Echo sleeping lies;

The sparkling stars, which gaily shine,
 And glitt'ring deck the night,
 Are all such cruel foes of mine,
 I sicken at the sight. *Aviary, p. 142.*

J. Sale, 2nd. set, p. 11.

The above Glee is by mistake given to Lord Mornington.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—STEP. PAXTON.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

GREAT father Bacchus, to my song repair,
 For clust'ring grapes are thy peculiar care;
 For thee, large bunches load thy bending vine,
 And the last blessings of the year are thine;
 To thee, his joys the jolly Autumn owes,
 When the fermenting juice, the vat o'erflows.
 Come, Bacchus, strip with me, come, drench all o'er
 Thy limbs in musts of wine, and drink at every pore.

MADRIGAL for 4 Voices.—THOS. FORD, 1607.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

THERE is a lady sweet and kind,
 Was never face so pleased my mind;
 I did but see her passing by,
 And yet I love her 'till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
 Her wit, her voice, my heart beguiles;
 Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
 And yet I love her 'till I die.

Cupid is winged, and doth range
 Her country, so my love doth change;
 But change she earth, or change she sky,
 Yet will I love her 'till I die.

Single, Birchall.

The above beautiful Madrigal was brought to the Ancient Concert, in the year 1820, by Mr. Bartleman, and was one of the last things sung by him.

To the Memory of James Bartleman,
 Formerly a Chorister, and Lay Clerk of Westminster Abbey,
 And Gentleman of his Majesty's Chapel's Royal.

Educated by Dr. Cooke,

He caught all the taste and science of that great Master;

Which he augmented, and adorned,

With the peculiar powers of his native genius;

He possessed qualities which are seldom united;

A lively enthusiasm, with an exact judgment,

And exhibited a perfect model

Of a correct stile, and a commanding voice;

Simple and powerful, tender and dignified,

Solemn, chaste, and purely English.

His social and domestic virtues

Corresponded with those Rare endowments;

Affectionate, and liberal, sincere and open-hearted:

He was not less beloved by his Family, and Friends,

Than admired by all, for his pre-eminence

In his Profession.

Written by the Rev. Dr. Ireland, Dean of St. Peter's, Westminster.

He was Born 19th of September, 1769.

Died 15th April, 1821.

And was buried in the Cloister, near his beloved Master.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Treble, Con: Ten. and Base.)

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
 The shooting stars attend thee,
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow,
 Like the sparks of fire befriend thee.

No Wil-o-th'-wisp mislight thee,
 Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee,
 But on, on thy way,
 Not making a stay,
 Since ghosts there's none t'affright thee

Let not the dark thee cumber;
 What though the moon does slumber,
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
 Like tapers (clear) without number.

Thus Julia let me woo thee,
 Thus, thus to come unto thee,
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silvery feet,
 I'll yield my soul unto thee.

Herrick, 1640.

Single, Chappell's.

THALABA.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

O VALE of many waters,
 Morn, and night, my age shall groan for you,
 And to the grave go down in sorrow ;
 Thou shalt give thy fruits,
 But who shall gather them ?
 Thy grapes shall ripen,
 But who shall tread the vintage ?
 Fly his wrath, for strong is his right hand
 That bends the bow :
 The arrows that he shoots are sharp,
 And err not from their aim.

Ossian.

Single, Birchall.

ROSEMARY.

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—Dr. CALLCOTT.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

SWEET-SCENTED flower, who art wont to bloom
 On January's front severe,
 And o'er the wint'ry desert drear
 To waft thy waste perfume ;
 Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
 And I will bind thee round my brow ;

And as I twine the mournful wreath,
 I'll weave a melancholy song,
 And sweet the strain shall be, and long,
 The melody of death. *Poems of H. K. White.*

Single, Birchall.

THE REQUEST.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—Lord MORNINGTON.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

GENTLY hear me, charming maid,
 Cupid come, and lend thy aid,
 Her heart to soothe, my pain remove,
 Maria smile, and say you love.
 To be lov'd by one so fair,
 Is to be bless'd beyond compare.

The two last lines by H. Carey.

J. Sale, 2d. Set.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—J. SALE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

BE gone, dull care! no more I'll pine,
 No longer here be found;
 Great Bacchus gives me rosy wine,
 With joy, lo! I am crown'd.

Old Care be gone, with wrinkled brow,
 No more shalt thou controul;
 Great Bacchus, at whose shrine I bow,
 Gives joys, that glad the soul.

J. Sale, 2nd set, p. 18.

GLEE* *for 4 Voices*.—WM. HORSLEY, M. B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

And for 4 Voices—R. SPOPFORTH. MS.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

If those, who live in shepherd's bower,
 Press not the rich and costly bed,
 The new-mown hay, and breathing flower,
 A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those who sit at shepherd's board
 Soothe not their taste by wanton art,
 They take what Nature's gifts afford,
 And take them with a cheerful heart.

If those, who drain the shepherd's bowl,
 No high and sparkling wines can boast;
 With wholesome cups, they cheer the soul,
 And crown them, with the village toast.

If those who join in shepherd's sport,
 Gay dancing on the dasied ground,
 Have not the splendour of a court;
 Yet love adorns the merry round.

Jas. Thomson.

Clementi's Vocal Harmony, p. 39.

* Sung by Emma, in the Play of "Alfred."

After the Danes had made themselves masters of Chippenham, the strongest city in the kingdom of Wessex, Alfred was at once abandoned by all his subjects. In this universal defection, that monarch found himself obliged to retire into the little Isle of Athelney in Somersetshire, a place then rough with woods, and of difficult access ; there, in the habit of a peasant, he lived unknown for some time, in a shepherd's cottage.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHAT is Love but the desire
Of that thing the fancy pleaseth ;
A holy, and resistless fire,
Weak, and strong alike that seizeth.
Which not Heav'n, hath pow'r to let,
Nor, wise Nature cannot smother.
Nothing, then, is like to love,
In the which all creatures be ;
From it, ne'er let me remove,
Nor let it, remove from me. Drayton.

GLEE for 3 Voices.—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

SING his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm ;

Pan, the father of our sheep,
 And, arm in arm,
 Tread we softly in a round,
 Till the hollow neighbouring ground
 Fills the music with her sound.
 Pan, O great god Pan, to thee
 Thus do we sing.
 Thou that keep'st us chaste, and free
 As the young Spring.
 Ever be thine honour spoke,
 From the place where morn is broke ;
 To the place day doth unyoke.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—WM. HORSLEY, M. B.

(2 Cons. 2 Tens. and Base.)

SWEET smile, the daughter of the queen of love,
 Expressing all thy mother's pow'ful art;
 With which she's wont to temper angry Jove,
 When all the gods he threats with thund'ring dart.
 Sweet is thy virtue, as thyself, sweet art,
 For when on me thou shinedst late in sadness,
 A melting pleasure ran thro' ev'ry part,
 And me reviv'd with heart-robbing gladness,
 Then wrapt in joy resembling heav'nly madness,
 My soul was ravish'd quite as in a trance,
 And feeling thence no more her sorrow's sadness,
 Fed on the fullness of that chearful glance.

Spencer's Sonnets—39th.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—WM. HORSLEY, M. B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHEN erst bright Venus, yielded up her charms,
 The blest Adonis languish'd in her arms ;
 His idle horn, on fragrant myrtles hung,
 His arrows scatter'd, and his bow unstrung,
 Obscure in coverts lie his dreaming hounds,
 And bay the fancied boar, with feeble sounds,
 For nobler joys, he quits the savage fields,
 And all the Hero, to the Lover yields.

From Smith's Phædra and Hippolitus.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

FARE thee well! forget me not,
 Grant me a thought, I ask no more :
 Since love's a crime, O cruel lot,
 And dreams of happiness are o'er.

Adieu ! forget me not,
 To me thine image shall be dear,
 Till sighs, and sorrows are forgot,
 And eyes forget to shed a tear.

Once more farewell, forget me not,
 Till feeble Nature's self decay ;
 And we ascend to that bright spot,
 Where love enjoys eternal day.

GLEE for 6 Voices.—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and 2 Bases.)

O POESY divine, Oh sacred song,
 To thee, bright fame, and length of days belong,
 Thou goddess, thou eternity canst give,
 And bid secure the mortal hero live.

*From the 9th Book of Lucan's Pharsalia,
 translated by Rowe.*

GLEE for 5 Voices.—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(2 Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

SWEET is evening's tranquil time,
 When the day of storms is done;
 Sweet the clear cold hour of prime,
 Night just scatter'd by the sun;
 But sweeter far to me
 The dawn of hope, diffused by thee.

From Camoens, by Lord Strangford.

GLEE for 5 Voices.

(Con. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

COME my friends let us work,
 And away to the fork,
 While the sun shines our haycocks to make;

So fine is the day,
 And so fragrant the hay,
 That the meadow's as blithe as the wake.

Our voices let's raise,
 In Phœbus's praise,
 Inspired by so glorious a theme ;
 Our musical words
 Shall be join'd by the birds,
 And we'll dance to the tune of the stream.

Smart's Poems.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

O MOVE blest Zephyrus on lighter wing,
 For lo ! on Nature's flow'ry carpet laid,
 Amidst the beauties of the glowing spring,
 My Laura slumbers in the fragrant shade.
 Let not your tuneful sighs her ears invade,
 For whom my soul with ardent passion burns,
 But still with softest murmurs lull the m
 Whose gentle heart the sacred flame returns.

Rannie.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

OFt I've implor'd the gods in vain,
 And pray'd till I've been weary;
 For once I'll try my wish to gain
 Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
 That lurk'st in woods unseen;
 And oft by Cynthia's silver light
 Tripp'st gaily o'er the green.

Oh deign once more t' exert thy pow'r
 Haply, some herb or tree;
 Sov'reign as juice of western flow'r,
 Conceals a balm for me.

So may the glow-worm's glimm'ring light
 Thy tiny footsteps lead;
 To some new region of delight
 Unknown to mortal tread.

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd,
 With heav'n's ambrosial dew;
 From sweetest, freshest flow'rs distill'd,
 That shed fresh sweets for you. *Greville.*

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

ADIEU ! fond love, farewell ye wanton pow'rs,
 I'm free again ;
 Thou dull disease of blood, and idle hours,
 Bewitching pain,
 Fly to the fools that sigh away their time,
 My nobler love to heav'n doth climb,
 And there, beholds beauty still young,
 That time can ne'er corrupt, or death destroy,
 Immortal sweetness, by fair angels sung
 And honour'd by eternity and joy.
 There dwells my love, thither my hopes aspire,
 Fond love declines, this heav'nly love grows higher.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(2 Cons. 2 Tens. and Base.)

THROUGHOUT the world, if it were sought,
 Fayre words ynough a man shall fynde ;
 They be good chepe, they cost right nought,
 Their substance is but only wynde,
 But well to say, and so to meane,
 That swete accorde is seldome sene.

Sir Thos. Wyatt.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

Off with my sweet resounding lyre,
 To sing Atrides' acts I strove;
 In vain I struck the trembling wire,
 For nought my heart returned but love.
 I chang'd the chords, and tried to sing,
 Great Herc'les sprung from heav'nly Jove;
 In vain I chang'd each tuneful string,
 My lyre re-echoed nought but love.
 Henceforth no more with lofty verse,
 In praise of kings, the chords I'll move,
 No more the warriors acts rehearse,
 Henceforth I'll sing of nought but love.

From Anacreon, European Mag. 1804.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

HEALTH to my fair Adelia.
 Some that know how many months are past
 Since I beheld thy lovely brow,
 Would count an age, at least.
 But, unto me, whose thoughts are still on thee,
 I vow by thy black eyes,
 'Tis but an hour ago.

Shirley, 1646.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

BLOW light, thou balmy air,
 My lady's couch above ;
 Blow lightly there,
 Ye winds, and spare
 The slumbers of my love.
 Let no rude blast be found
 To mar her gentle sleep ;
 But all around,
 A dreary sound,
 And drowsy murmur keep.
 O fly ! thou balmy air,
 And by her couch remain ;
 Or blend thee with her breath, and bear
 Its balm to me again ;
 But lightly go,
 And gently blow,
 Blow softly as my strain.
 Ye winds that, borne in happier hour,
 May wanton as ye will,
 If round the bower
 Ye have the power
 To creep and murmur still,
 O lightly go,
 And gently blow,
 And let her slumber still.

Translated from the Spanish—lines
Edinburgh Review, No. 78.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—WM. HORSLEY, M.B.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

COLD is the senseless heart, that never strove
 With the mild tumult of a real flame,
 Rugged the breast, that beauty cannot tame,
 Nor youth's enlivening graces teach to love.
 The pathless vale, the long forsaken grove,
 The rocky cave, that bears the fair one's name,
 With ivy mantled o'er. For empty fame,
 Let him amidst the rabble toil,
 Or rove for plunder far to western clime.
 Give me, to waste the hours in am'rous play,
 With Delia, beauteous maid; or build the rhyme,
 Praising her flowing hair, her snowy arms,
 And all that prodigality of charms,
 Formed to enslave my heart, and grace my lay.

*J. Bamfylde—See Southey's Specimens of
 the later English Poets.*

GLEE for 4 Voices.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

THERE is a tender charm in melancholy
 Surpassing vulgar joys.
 'Tis sweet to rove at evening,
 When the lonely nightingale
 Sings, mournful, her thick warbled song.
 'Tis sweet to catch, by fits, the solemn breathing sound,

When through the ruins of th' autumnal wood,
 Sighs the sad gale, or the loud wintry wind
 Blows hollow, o'er the bleak and blasted heath.
 But sweeter still the plaintive tones of heavenly Poetry,
 Which lull the heart with grateful sorrow,
 While she speaks of friends, gone to the still abode
 of sleep !

Then tunes her hallow'd notes, to sing the eternal rest ;
 The blissful mansions of unfading heav'n.

The Rev. Dr. Hunt.

GLEE *for 3 Voices..*

(Con. Ten and Base.)

To-DAY the sunny hours dance by,
 Dispensing roses as they fly,
 O snatch them !—for, to-morrow
 Assailed by tempests, drooping, dead,
 Perchance their flow'rs may only shed
 The dewy tears of sorrow.

Time flies—death threatens to destroy,
 The wise, condense life's scatter'd joy,
 Within a narrow measure.

Then, Laura, bring the sparkling bowl,
 And let us yield the raptur'd soul
 To laughter, love, and pleasure.

From "Horace in London," Ode XI.

THE WARNING.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

No longer cry, I vow I'll leave you,
You deceive you,

 If you think to fright me so.

Let the whining silly lover,
Tears discover ;

 No such fears my breast can know.

Never will I, crowned with willow,
On my pillow,

 Sadly sighing lay my head.

Nor sing, inspiring scorn or pity,
Many a ditty,

 Mourning for a false one fled.

While the vows you freely plighted,
Are not slighted,

 Constant ever will I be.

But, if once the rover playing,
You are straying,

 Truer loves shall solace me.

*From the Poetical Register,
vol. VII. p. 148.*

THE HALCYON.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—RT. COOKE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHY o'er the verdant banks of ooze
 Does yonder halcyon speed so fast?
 'Tis all because she would not loose
 Her favourite calm, that will not last.

The sun with azure paints the skies,
 The stream reflects each flow'ry spray,
 And, frugal of her time, she flies
 To take her fill of love and play.

You, too, my Sylvia, sure will own
 Life's azure seasons swiftly roll,
 And when our youth or health is flown,
 To think of love but shocks the soul.

Could Damon but deserve thy charms,
 As thou art Damon's only theme,
 He'd fly as quick to Delia's arms,
 As yonder halcyon skims the stream.

Shenston.

Birchall's, Single.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

FLY night away !

And welcome day !

With night we banish sorrow :

Sweet air blow soft,

Sun, shine aloft,

To give my love good-morrow.

Wings from the wind,

To please her mind,

Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;

Lark stretch thy wing,

And tow'ring, sing

To give my love good-morrow,

Ye violets blue,

Sweet droops of dew,

That shine in ev'ry furrow,

Fresh odours fling

On zephyr's wing,

To give my love good-morrow !

Bright Venus spare

Awhile thy car,

Thy Cupid, dove, and sparrow,

To waft my fair,

Like thy own star,

To give the world good-morrow.

London Mag. Jan. 1735.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

ARISE, my fair one, come away !

See, how the morn with rosy smiles
 Opens the glorious scene of day,
 And gladdens all the distant isles.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

Come *Anacreon*, drunken PRIEST !

Drunken POET ! hither come,
 Mirth prepares a social feast ;
 Rosy garlands deck the room.
 Music strikes the trembling strings,
 Pleasure waits the sprightly sound ;
 Pleasure smiles while *Cupid* sings,
 Pleasure wafts the notes around.
 Come *Anacreon*.

See, the glad companions meet,

Bright'ning joy in ev'ry eye,
 Full of humour, full of wit ;
 Come *Anacreon*, come, they cry !
Cleon weaves, with curious care,
 Wreaths of roses for thy brows ;
Bacchus' joys await thee here,
Bacchus floods of wine bestows.

GLEE, *for 4 Voices*.—R. SPOFFORTH.

(2 Trebles, Ten. and Base.)

Go, you may call it madness, folly,
 You shall not chase my gloom away ;
 There's such a charm in melancholy,
 I would not, if I could, be gay.

Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure
 That fills my bosom, when I sigh ;
 You' wou'd not rob me of a treasure,
 Monarchs, are too poor to buy.—*Cumberland.*

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHILST I gaze with fond desiring,
 Ev'ry former thought is lost ;
 Sighing, wishing, and admiring,
 How my troubled soul is tost.

Hot, and cold, my blood is flowing,
 How it thrills in ev'ry vein ;
 Liberty and life are going,
 Hope, can ne'er relieve my pain.

Opera of Polly, by Gay—1729.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

FAIREST daughter of the day,
 Lovely goddess, sprightly May,
 Now is come, with roses crown'd,
 Painting where she treads the ground.
 Lo ! she comes, and in her train,
 Songs, and dances o'er the plain ;
 Trees, bedeck'd with choicest bloom,
 Spreading round their sweet perfume.
 Winter is no longer seen,
 Fields, and bushes, all are green ;
 Nature now, in liv'ry gay,
 Welcomes in, the month of May.

*New Ladies Mag. May, 1786.*GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

BUT, when she speaks, what elocution flows !
 Soft as the fleeces of descending snows ;
 The copious accents fall, with easy art,
 Melting they fall, and sink into the heart.

Pope.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

KINGCUP, daffodil, and rose,
 Shall the fairy wreath compose ;
 Beauty, sweetness, and delight,
 Crown our revels of the night ;
 Lightly trip it o'er the green,
 Where the fairy ring is seen ;
 So no step of earthly tread,
 Shall offend, our lady's head.
 Virtue, sometimes droops her wing,
 Beauty's bee, may lose her sting ;
 Fairy-land can both combine,
 Roses with the eglantine :
 Lightly be your measures seen
 Deftly footed o'er the green ;
 Nor a spectre's baleful head
 Peep at our nocturnal tread.

GLEE *for 8 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(2 Cons. 4 Tens. and 2 Bases.)

OFT in the troubled ocean's face,
 Loud stormy winds arise ;
 The murm'ring surges swell apace,
 And clouds obscure the skies.

But when the tempest's rage is o'er,
 Soft breezes smooth the main ;
 The billows cease to lash the shore,
 And all is calm again.

YESTERDAY.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

SAY, ye studious, grave, and old,
 Tell me, all ye fair and gay,
 Tell me, where I may behold
 The fleeting forms of—Yesterday ?

Where's autumnal plenty spread ?
 Winter ! where's thy boist'rous sway ?
 Where's the vernal flow'ret fled ?
 Summer ! where's thy—Yesterday ?

Jocund sprites of social joy,
 Round our smiling goblet play ;
 Flit, ye pow'rs of rude annoy,
 Like the ghost of—Yesterday.

Od'rous sweets, Falernian wine,
 Hither, boy, with speed convey ;
 Jess'mine wreathes, with roses twine,
 Ere they fade, like—Yesterday.

Brim the bowl, and pass it round,
 Lightly tune the sportive lay;
 Let the festal hour be crown'd,
 Ere 'tis lost, like—Yesterday.

Sporting Mag. Sept. 1797.

GLEE for 5 Voices.—R. SPOFFORTH.

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten. and Base.)

Go winds, and whisper to my fair,
 Adorn'd with ev'ry pleasing grace:
 Tell her, this bosom pants with care,
 Since I beheld her beauteous face.
 Go, bid the loves that on her wait,
 Steal softly from her snowy breast:
 And bring from her, a lover's fate,
 That yet may make a lover blest.
 Tell her, I seek the lonely vale,
 And carve her name on ev'ry tree:
 That Echo hears my plaintive tale,
 But only laughs at love, and me.

Honble. W. R. Spencer.

The above is also set for 3 Voices, Con. Ten. and Base, by John
 Bayley, Esq.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

SHEPHERD ! seek not wealth nor power,
 Let the verdant woodbine bower,
 And the hills, and vales, and trees,
 And the lonely cottage please.
 Can the gaudy gilded room,
 Vie with fields in vernal bloom ?
 Or Italian airs excel
 Plaintive tuneful Philomel ?
 What more charms can splendid dress
 Give thy lovely shepherdess ?
 Happier in her humble sphere,
 Than the daughters of the peer ;
 'Midst the city's tempting glare
 Dwell distrust, and strife, and care.
 Quit not then the farm or fold,
 Nor exchange thy lot for gold.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

PRESS, press the grape, and let it pour
 Around the board its purple show'r ;
 And while the drops my goblet steep,
 I'll think—in woe the clusters weep.

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine !
 Heav'n grant no tears, but tears of wine.
 Weep on ; and, as thy sorrows flow,
 I'll taste the luxury of woe.

Thomas Little, or Thomas Moore.

The Poems from whence the above is taken, are published under the feigned name of Thomas Little.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

SEE yon gay goldfinch, hop from spray, to spray,
 Who sings a farewell, to the parting day ;
 At large he flies o'er hill, and dale, and down ;
 Is not each bush, each spreading tree his own ?
 And canst thou think he'll quit his native brier,
 For the bright cage, o'er-arch'd with golden wire ?
 What then are honours, pomp, and gold to me ?
 Are those a price to purchase liberty ?

From Dione, by Gay.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

LEAVE wanton bee, those blossoms leave,
 Thou buzzing harbinger of spring ;
 To Stella fly, and sweeter spoils
 Shall load thy thigh, and gild thy wing.

Her cheeks, her lips with roses swell,
 Not Paphian roses deeper glow :
 And lillies o'er her bosom spread
 Their spotless sweets, and balmy snow.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

SWEET is the woodbine's honied breath,
 And sweet the many blossom'd heath ;
 Sweet the lark's carol, sweet the song
 That floats the ev'ning breeze along ;
 These varied charms are lost to me,
 My Delia, when compar'd with thee.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WINTER is past ; the seasons bring
 Soft breezes with returning spring,
 At whose approach the Graces wear,
 Fresh honours in their flowing hair ;
 The raging Seas forget to roar,
 And, smiling, gently kiss the shore ;
 Th' enlivening Suns in glory rise.,
 And dance resplendent thro' the skies.

Broome.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
 Still importunate and vain,
 To former joys recurring ever,
 And turning all the past to pain.

Thou, like the world, th' opprest oppressing,
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
 And he who wants each other blessing,
 In thee must ever find a foe. *Goldsmith.*

GLEE for 4 Voices.—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

NON curo l'affetto,
 D'un timido amante,
 Che serba nel petto
 Sì poco valor.

Che trema, se deve,
 Far uso del brando;
 Ch'è audace sol quando
 Si parla d'amor

Opera of Demofonte—Metastasio.

TRANSLATION.

I care not for the affection of a timid lover, that possesses in his bosom so little valor. That trembles, when he ought to wield the sword, and is bold only, when he speaks of love.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

Mio ben, ricordati,
 Se avvien ch'io mora,
 Quanto quest' anima,
 Fedel t' amò

Io, se pur amano
 Le fredde ceneri,
 Nell' urna ancora
 Ti adorerò.

Opera of Alessandro—Metastasio

TO DAFFODILS.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*

(2 Trebles, Con. Ten, and Base.)

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon,
 As yet the early rising sun
 Has not attain'd his noon.

Stay, stay,
 Until the posting day
 Has run,
 But to the even' song;
 And having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you, or any thing.

We die
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away.

Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

Herrick.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—JOHN BAILEY, Esq.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

BALMY sweetness ever flowing,
 From her dewy lip distills;
 Flowers on her cheeks are blowing,
 And her voice with music thrills.
 Zephyrs o'er the spices flying,
 Wafting sweets from ev'ry tree;
 Gentle gales with odours cloying,
 Breathe not half so sweet as thee.

Edward Moore.

Single, Ball.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—THOS. COOKE.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

FILL, fill me, boy, as deep a draught,
 As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd ;
 But let the water amply flow,
 To cool the grapes' intemp'rate glow ;
 Let not the fiery god be single,
 But, with the nymphs, in union mingle ;
 For, though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
 Oh, be it ne'er the birth of madness.
 No ; banish from our board to-night,
 The revelries, of rude delight ;
 To Scythians, leave these wild excesses,
 Ours be the joy, that soothes, and blesses ;
 And, while the temp'rate bowl we wreath,
 Our choral hymns shall sweetly breathe ;
 Beguiling ev'ry hour along,
 With harmony of soul, and song.

T. Moore's Anacreon.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

TO PITY.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—T. F. WALMISLEY.

HAIL, lovely pow'r ! whose bosom heaves the sigh,
 When Fancy paints the scene of deep distress ;
 Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye,
 When rigid Fate denies the power to bless.

Not all the sweets, Arabia's gales convey
 From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare ;
 Nor dew-drops glitt'ring in the morning ray,
 Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.

THE TEAR OF SYMPATHY.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—THOS. ATTWOOD.

(2 Cons. Ten. and Base.)

No radiant pearl, which crested Fortune wears,
 No gem, that twinkling, hangs from Beauty's ears,
 Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn,
 Nor rising suns, that gild the vernal morn,
 Shine with such lustre, as the tear that breaks
 For others' woe, down Virtue's manly cheeks.

MS.

Dr. Darwin.

RESIGNATION.

GLEE *for 5 Voices.*—THOS. ATTWOOD.

(2 Cons. Ten. and 2 Bases.)

THERE is a mild and tranquil light,
 Which sheds its gentle influence round,
 Ere day recedes, and solemn night
 In silent stillness reigns profound.
 In darkness, mingling with the ray
 Which lingers still on Ev'ning's breast,

That gives this tinge of sober grey,
 And lulls the balmy air to rest.
 Just such a light, so sweet, so clear,
 Sheds its soft influence on the mind ;
 When Heav'n, in pity, pours the balm
 Of holy hope, in hearts resign'd.

MS.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—THOS. ATTWOOD.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

ROUND some fair tree, th' ambitious Woodbine grows,
 And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs ;
 So sweet the song, th' ambitious song should be,
 O ! pardon thine, that hopes support from thee.
 Thee, great Prince, born o'er senates to preside,
 Their dignity to raise, their councils guide ;
 Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
 And kingdoms' fates, without ambition weigh.
 Of distant virtues, nice extremes to blend,
 The Crown's asserter, and the People's friend :
 Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
 To listen to the labours of the Muse.
 Thy smiles protect her, while thy talents fire,
 And 'tis but half thy glory to inspire ;
 Receive, lov'd Prince, her tributary lay,
 That swells to celebrate thy natal day.

MS.

GLEE *for 3 Voices.*—THOS. ATTWOOD.

(2 Trebles and Base.)

WHAT ! blame thee, child,
 Of the woodland wild,
 Who chirpest now so cheerily !
 Oh ! warble again
 Your artless strain,
 That plays on my heart so merrily.

A crown I'll entwine
 Of eglantine,
 On your little brown head to glisten ;
 Its pearls shall be dew,
 And ruddy its hue,
 For, my bard of the grove, I'll pluck it for you,
 Ere the sun be awake and risen.

And bright though it be,
 When I give it to thee,
 Sweet child of content, Simplicity ;
 Its blush will lorn,
 As the moon at dawn,
 At the burst of thy soul's felicity.

MS.

Etonian.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—THOS. ATTWOOD.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

SWEET soothing Hope, allays our pain,
 Bereav'd of those we fondly love ;
 While faith imparts,—we meet again,
 Partaking joy in realms above.

Calm, softly breathing be the gale,
 Impelling life's expanded sail ;
 And smoothly flowing be the tide,
 O'er which, we, to the haven glide.

*MS.**Maddox.*GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—THOS. ATTWOOD.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

HAIL rustic Tree ! for tho' November's wind
 Has thrown thy verdant mantle to the ground ;
 Yet Nature to thy vocal inmates kind,
 With berries red, thy matron boughs has crown'd.

Thee do I envy, for April show'rs
 Will bid again the fresh green leaves expand :
 And May, light floating in a cloud of flow'rs,
 Will cause the to re-bloom with magic hand.

But on my Spring, when genial dew-drops fell,
 Soon did Life's North-wind curdle them with frost ;
 And when my Summer blossom op'd its bell,
 In blight and mildew was its beauty lost.

Yet tho' no sunshine here is giv'n,
 A day of brightness may be mine in heav'n.

MS.

GLEE *for 4 Voices*.—JOHN BAYLEY, Esq.

(2 Trebles, Ten. and Base.)

How fair is the rose ! what a beautiful flower !

The glory of April and May !

But its leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,

And they wither, and die in a day.

So frail is the youth and the beauty of man,

Though they bloom and look gay, like the rose ;

But all our fond care to preserve them is vain ;

Time kills them as fast as he goes.—*Dr. Watts.*

GLEE *for 3 Voices*.—JOHN BAYLEY, Esq.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

To the woods I long to go,

When the leaves are green, and the meadows smile ;

When the hawthorns bud and blow,

And the spring doth the wintry care beguile.

While the birds are melodiously singing,
 And the gold-spotted cowslips are springing ;
 How fresh the flowers, the fields how fair,
 For ah ! I meet my Phœbe there.

To the wake I love to go,
 When autumnal flow'rs her ringlets deck ;
 When the ribbons loosely flow,
 And wavingly wanton adown her neck.
 As she trips o'er the field and the furrow,
 My heart is a stranger to sorrow ;
 For be it wake, or feast, or fair,
 I'm sure to meet my Phebe there.

To the church I long to go,
 With the merry men and the maidens gay,
 All in dresses white as snow,
 And blithe as the spring in the month of May.
 My friends and companions with posies,
 With garlands, and favours, and roses ;
 Shall strew the ground, and braid her hair,
 For I'm to meet my Phebe there.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WITH roses and with myrtles crown'd
 I triumph ; let the glass go round,

Jovial Bacchus ! ever gay,
 Come, and crown the happy day.
 From my breast drive ev'ry care,
 Banish sorrow and despair.
 Bid wine and dance, with sportive joy,
 This delightful hour employ :
 And, while I worship at thy shrine,
 Come, thou rosy god of wine.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

HARK ! from beneath the aged spray
 Where hangs my humble lyre on high,
 Soft music fills the woodlands grey,
 And notes aërial warble by !
 What flying touch, with elfic spell,
 Bids its responsive numbers swell ?
 Whence is the deep Æolian strain,
 That on the wind its changes flings ?
 Returns, some ancient bard again ?
 So wake to life the slumb'ring strings,
 Or breathed the spirit of the scene,
 The lightly trembling chords between,
 Diffusing his benignant power,
 On twilight's consecrated hour ?

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHILE ev'ry short-liv'd flower of sense
 Destructive years consume ;
 Through Friendship's fair enchanting walks
 Unfading myrtles bloom.

Nor with the narrow bounds of time,
 Its beauteous prospect ends ;
 But lengthen'd through the vale of death,
 To Paradise extends.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—Mr. KING.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base)

LONE Minstrel of the midnight hour,
 Who charm'st the silent list'ning plain ;
 A hapless pilgrim treads thy bower,
 To hear thy solitary strain.

How soothing is the song of woe
 To me, whom Love hath doom'd to pine ;
 For 'mid those sounds that plaintive flow,
 I hear my sorrows mix with thine.

Single, Mr. King.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—JAS. ELLIOTT.—*Prize Glee.**

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
 More than wine, or sleep, or food,
 Let each man keep his heart at ease :
 No man dies of that disease.
 He that would his body keep
 From diseases, must not weep ;
 But whoever laughs or sings,
 Never he his body brings
 Into fevers, gout, or rheums,
 Or ling'ring his lungs consumes :
 But contented lives for aye ;
 The more he laughs, the more he may.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

* Glee Club.

GLEE for 3 Voices.

(Con. Ten. and Base.)

WHEN Friendship, Love, and Truth abound
 Among a band of brothers,
 The cup of joy goes freely round,
 Each shares the bliss of others.
 Sweet roses grace the thorny way,
 Along this vale of sorrow ;
 The flowers that shed their leaves to-day,
 Shall bloom again to-morrow.
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,
 Are holy Friendship, Love, and Truth !

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—RICHARD CLARK.

(Con 2 Tens. and Base.)

If gold could lengthen life, I swear,
 It then should be my chiefest care
 To get a heap ; that I might say,
 When Death came to demand his pay,
 Thou slave, take this, and go thy way.
 But since life is not to be bought,
 Why should I plague myself for nought ;
 Give me, to ease my thirsty soul,
 The joys and comforts of the bowl.

*From Anacreon.*GLEE *for 4 Voices.*

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHAT bliss to life can autumn yield,
 If glooms, and show'rs, and storms prevail,
 And Ceres flies the naked field,
 And flow'rs and fruits, and Phoebus fail.

Oh ! what remains, what lingers yet,
 To cheer me in the dark'ning hour ;
 The grape remains the friend of wit,
 In love and mirth of mighty pow'r.

Haste ! press the clusters, fill the bowl ;
 Apollo, shoot thy parting ray ;
 This gives the sunshine of the soul,
 Dispels the sorrows of the day.

Still, still the jocund strain shall flow,
 The pulse with vig'rous rapture beat ;
 My Stella with new charms shall glow,
 And every bliss in wine shall meet

Haste, &c.——as before.

GLEE for 4 Voices.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

MUSIC, Music, heav'nly Music !
 Queen of ev'ry morning measure !
 Sweetest source of purest pleasure !
 Music, why thypow'rs employ
 Only for the sons of joy ?
 Rather let thy numbers pour
 On those whom secret griefs devour :
 Bid be still the throbbing heart
 Of those whom death or absence part,
 And with some whisper'd air
 Soothe the brow of dark despair.

VICTORY.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

WHILE the madly raging nations
 Rush on to furious fight ;

I'll seek the silver moon-beam,
 And wander by its light,
 Beneath yon ivied ruin,
 Where the screech-owl sits on high,
 I'll forget the clangous trumpet
 And the shout of victory !

Yet dare the sons of rapine
 E'er seek thy rocky coast,
 Albion, thou favour'd island,
 Thy people's pride, their boast !
 I'll haste, with ev'ry Briton,
 Where England's banners fly ;
 And hail the clangous trumpet,
 And the shout of victory !

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
 Each simple flow'r that she had nurs'd in dew ;
 Anemonies which spangled ev'ry grove,
 The primrose wan, and hare-bell mildly blue.
 No more shall violets linger in the dell,
 Nor purple orchis vari'gate the plain,
 Till Spring again shall call forth ev'ry bell,
 And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.

GLEE* *for 4 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

COME, lovely nymph ! thy cruel scorn resign ;
 Come, lovely nymph ! and feed thy flocks with mine.
 Happy with thee thro' flow'ry fields I'll stray,
 Or waste, in pleasing toils, the summer-day ;
 Your snowy flock to freshest pasture lead,
 Or by the breezy shore, or verdant mead.
 Irriguous, where the purple vi'lets glow,
 The strawberries ripen, and the roses flow ;
 There soft reclin'd, and banish'd ev'ry care,
 I'll sing, or wreath with flow'rs thy beauteous hair.

* The Poetry by the Rev. Mr. C——, published in a Collection
 of Poems by the Rev. Mr. Blacklock, and other Scotch Gentlemen.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

Go then, fond heart, and speed thy way,
 To the lov'd nymph unkind as fair ;
 With what fierce flames I burn, O say
 How I'm oppress'd with bitt'rest care.
 Tell her what ceaseless torrents flow
 From these sad eyes, the founts of woe.

Each fond solicitude that wears
 My thread of life, I prithee tell ;

Yet, midst this bitterness, these tears,
 If once on me her thought shou'd dwell;
 Then will I think that, to excess,
 My life abounds with happiness.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

SAY, by what signs I might have known thy love?
 My love is fairer than the snowy breast
 Of the tall swan, whose proudly swelling chest
 Divides the wave; her tresses unconfined,
 Play on her neck, and wanton in the wind;
 The rising blushes, which her cheek o'erspread,
 Are op'ning roses in the lily's bed.

The Poetry from the pastoral Tragedy of Dione, by Gay.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

BEAUTY is but a vain and doubtful good,
 A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
 A flow'r that dies when first it 'gins to bud;
 A brittle glass that's broken presently;
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flow'r,
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost, are seldom or never found;
 As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh;
 As flow'rs when dead, lie wither'd on the ground;
 As broken glass, cement can ne'er redress;
 So beauty blemish'd once, is ever lost,
 In spite of medicine, painting, pain, and cost
Shakspeare's Poems.

THE STRAY NYMPH.

GLEE for 4 Voices.—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

CEASE your music, gentle swains!
 Saw you Delia cross the plains?
 Ev'ry thicket, ev'ry grove
 Have I rang'd to find my love.
 A kid, a lamb, my flock I'll give,
 Tell me only doth she live?
 White her skin as mountain snow,
 In her cheek the roses blow,
 And her eye is brighter far
 Than the beamy morning star.
 Tell me, shepherds! have you seen
 My delight, my love, my queen?

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—R. SPOFFORTH.

(Treble, Con. Ten. and Base.)

SONS of Anacreon, hail!

In concord of sweet sounds,

And harmony of soul ;

Let's weave the song of joy,

And drain the gen'rous bowl,

In concord.

Apollo shields our brows,

Great Bacchus is our friend ;

Anacreon smiles from heav'n,

And bliss shall never end.

Sons of Anacreon.

*T. Welch.*ROUND *for 3 Voices.*—W. A. NIELD.

WHAT need of words, to plead the lover's suit?

Love is most eloquent, when words are mute ;

To strive to conquer love, were useless pain,

To strive to hide it, effort spent in vain.

The words from Ines.

Single, Argyll Rooms.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

A FAVOURITE SONG.—T. ATTWOOD.

OUR bugles sung truce; for the night cloud had lowr'd,
 The centinel stars set their watch in the sky,
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpow'r'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
 Reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring fire that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a vision I saw;
 And twice ere the cock-crow I dreamt it again.
 Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
 Till autumn and sunshine arose on the way,
 To the house of my friends, who welcom'd me back.
 I flew to the pleasant fields, travers'd so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn reapers sung.
 Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends ne'er to part;
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 My wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.
 "Stay—stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn!"
 (And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;)
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 The voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

T. Campbell, Esq.

Single, at all the principal Music Shops.

GLEE *for 4 Voices.*—WM. LINLEY.

(Con. 2 Tens. and Base.)

EAE yet we slumbers seek,
 Blest queen of song descend ;
 Thy shell can sweetest speak,
 Good night to ev'ry friend :
 'Tis pain, 'tis pain to part,
 For e'en one fleeting night ;
 But Music's matchless art,
 Can turn it to delight.
 How sweet the farewell glass,
 When music gives it zest ;
 How sweet their dreams who pass
 From harmony to rest. *Thomas Moore.*

FINIS.

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